

CALIFORNIA



MAIL BAG.

NOVEMBER, 1876.

Illustrating the Wealth, Progress and Development of the Material Interests of the Pacific Coast, together with a complete Resume of all Items of Interest gathered from the Weekly issues of the

NEWS LETTER

AND CALIFORNIA ADVERTISER.

DETERMINED TO MONTH WITH

"To be poor
is to be weak;
to be rich is to
be strong."



"Our true in-
tent is all for
your delight."
Shakspere

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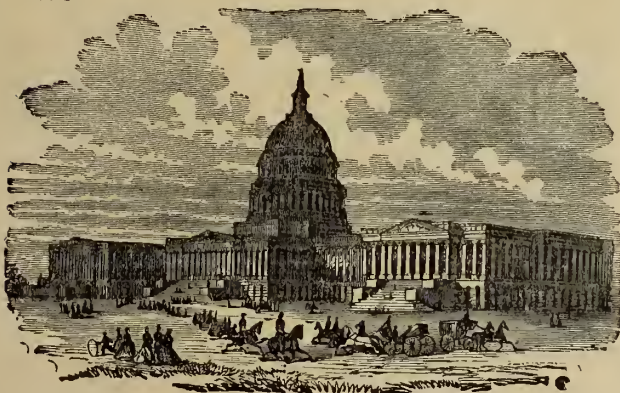
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THE
CALIFORNIA



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CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

OLD LOVES.

It is a trite saying that no man ever marries his first love. As that feverish state generally attacks him when he is about eight years old, the proverb is no doubt correct in most cases. But 'the only woman he really ever loved' does not cross his path until he is pretty well out of his teens; still, in spite of a *bona-fide* engagement and its sweet accompaniments, she rarely becomes his wife. Thirty years after the vows, sighs, protestations, locks of hair, and letters have been forgotten, returned, or destroyed, if he meets her again in the world, he will probably have good reason to congratulate himself that he did not. The meeting is not without its embarrassments and difficulties. He has a hazy idea that he made a fool of himself from the beginning. Moreover, certain high-flown and poetical expressions occur to his memory, which he now thinks must have been singularly inapplicable at any time of her life to the round-faced, jolly, full-bodied woman before him. Or his conscience may remind him that his retirement from the engagement was more creditable to his ingenuity than to that delicate sense of honor of which he flatters himself he is possessed. He undoubtedly avoided her brothers for some time afterwards, and took a short tour to renew that freshness which had long ceased to 'fall upon his heart like dew.' Or, worse still, he may have been the jilted one, and, though he smiles as he thinks of the agony of despair, the sleepless nights, the serious doubts as to whether he should wring her heart by jumping into the Serpentine, or wring the neck of his successful rival, he cannot help wincing at the reopened wound of his *amour propre* and the memory of his despised suit. He feels sheepish and uncomfortable. He is conscious that no man is a hero to her whom he has loved, and by whom he has been hidden to ride away. Women, who, if their cases were reversed, would secure the loudest reverberating legal thunder, regardless of cost, to carry their wrongs to the uttermost parts of the world, and to 'exacerbate' the damages, are often those who rejoice the most over the now rejected lover whom they had lured into their toils only to dismiss severely wounded with ridicule and contempt.

How old loves meet must depend entirely on fortuitous circumstances. If the lady be a mature matron, with half a dozen children at her back, she can afford to meet her first adorer with a dignified and patronizing air. If he be a bachelor, she does not allude in so many words to the former love passages between them, and the tender grace of a day that is passed. But in her grandest manner she extols the happiness and advantages of married life, hints that men never know what is good for them, and that their too feeble grasp often loosens on opportunities that may never occur again. Who wouldn't he the husband of the Gracchi? she seems to say. If he is married, she is not particularly cordial with his wife, tells her that perhaps she was not aware that a great intimacy had formerly existed between her husband and herself. After relating certain highly-interesting passages of their early loves, she produces her children and dilates on the different education they receive from those of other people, as *her* husband will allow no hireling to approach them. She will also be very happy to call occasionally and take Mrs. Jones for a drive in the Park, or to see them in Portland-place to dinner, 'not one of our state dinners, you know, but a snug family one, where your husband and I shall be able to talk over old days.' If the hospitable Mrs. Jones hopes that her rival will allow the girls to come and have a quiet cup of tea some afternoon and be introduced to her boys, the worthy creature bridles up and, with an 'O dear no, we couldn't think of it,' explains that she has had so much experience amongst her own friends of the danger of

allowing young girls to form attachments without the authority or supervision of their parents, that, 'thanks very much, Mrs. Jones must be so kind as to excuse them.' Thus, while the good soul amply revenges the *sprete injuria formæ* executed in youth by the innocent Jones, he lifts up his hands and thanks Providence for the escape he has had, and that he is not as another man is.

But it is a more serious affair when the old love is a widow, whose bereavement has been sufficiently remote to dispense with weepers, though not with the coquettish weeds that set off the pretty hair of which *he* once had a lock. They are terribly suggestive to the conscience-stricken winner of her young affections of that period when, through his *laches*, she became a widow before she was a wife. He minds him of that day when, in a fit of pique or jealousy, he uttered the memorable words which separated them forever, and doomed him, a sullen and disappointed man, to forswear marriage, and devote himself to whist at the club and little dinners in the Temple or Albany. With what a subtlety of voice and manner (especially if they are at the table) does she lead him back to the old times! 'She had heard that he had never married, and she was sorry for it, as he must have led a lonely life. Even she felt more every day the loss of her late husband, although—' This aposiopesis is effective and suggestive. The quarry thus interprets it: 'Although I was always thinking of you, and how fond we were of each other, and how happy we might have been together but for that unhappy misunderstanding.' Or it may be at her pretty house in Mayfair, where she is 'at home' to him only from four to six, that he finds himself again being seduced into the old toils. Sitting by the cosy tea-table, and performing those mysterious rites of Congo which confer a grace on the ugliest of women, he feels the well-remembered fascination stealing over him. 'You see, I've got it still,' she says in her pretty voice, just a wee bit cracked; 'it' being a faded flower, or ring, or tom-cat, or what not, which recalls those early days of love, which somehow are never forgotten; and the miserable waverer sits dumb, staring into the midst of the coals. Of all old loves, decidedly the widow is the most dangerous.

As for the old maid, poor thing, she does not stand the slightest chance unless she be of the gushing bouncer class. She is still *empressée* in her manner, while preserving the coyness of her youth, chastened by the experience of a hundred flirtations. She does not care for young men nowadays, because she thinks married men so much more agreeable, and that they present a greater variety of talents of society. She is very intimate with their wives—at least she says so, and ought to be, if the amount of kissing be any criterion of the amount of affection existing between them. Ill-natured people have asserted that the wife is only the proxy of the husband; and indeed there is often a shuffling and embarrassed manner about the latter in her society. She is never weary of recounting her harren conquests, and, according to her, everybody used to fall in love with her at first sight. But she knows the game is up with the elderly Adonis before her, and that whatever he thought of her once has no affinity, judging from the peculiar expression of his features, with what he thinks of her now. She is perhaps the best of the three, though it makes him shudder to think of what might have been. But as it never came off, and a feeling of gratitude springs in his breast as he contemplates her and rejoices that it didn't, let him send her an opera-box, a basket of peaches, or a Persian cat, and bid her farewell forever.

But what of him who finally does marry his old love? Forty years may have elapsed since he pledged to her those evanescent vows which a frothy glass of pastrycook's champagne and a maddening waltz of Strauss evoked. It may be at the same table in the same house that he meets her again after so many years' separation. The eyes have the former tenderness, lightened by a little art; her affection has mellowed (as she tells him), like wine, with years; his memory has always been as fresh as is the slice of *foie gras* she is savoring appetisingly as her mind wanders back into the past. Whether he be a hermit of the Albany or the astounded spectator of his motherless daughters' performances at Prince's, he thinks that, under any circumstances, many disagreeables may be wiped away by a superior person to look after him and his. The *religio loci* with its old associations is too much for him, and he plunges. After that quiet half-hour at St. George's or St. James's, and they have driven off amidst the speculations of rude boys at the vestry-door as to 'who those couple of old

fools may be,' a vivid fancy only can presume to peer into their future. Do they mutually agree to let the 'dead past bury its dead?' or does the bride of to-day demand inexplicable explanations of the past? It is a fearful subject to contemplate. On the whole, perhaps, old loves, like old graves, had best not be reopened. — *World*.

WHAT THE WORLD SAYS

In the year 1600 William Shakspeare, in his *Chronicle History of Henry the Fifth*, with his *Battell fought at Agin Court in France*, thus imagines the horrors of the sack of a besieged city, and pictures a generous soldier holding back his intemperate forces:

"For as I am a soldier,
If I begin the battery once again
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard at heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range,
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh fair virgins and your flowering infants.
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
.....Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and your people
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of deadly murther, spoil, and villainy.
If not, why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the wall;
Your naked infants spilt upon pikes,
Whilst the mad mothers, with their howls confused,
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen!"

Is not this celebrated speech prophetic of the "Bulgarian horrors" of 1876? and what a shout will go up in the Queen's Theater, London, on the occasion of the opening, when Mr. John Coleman, in the character of "King Henry V.," describes the cruel carnage! It may not be exactly true to say that history has repeated itself, but the imagination of 1600 has found its realistic counterpart in 1876.

Considering that we English advertise more largely than any other nation in the world, it is astonishing what little fertility of invention we show in our advertisements. I confess to finding the supplement of my *Times* at this time of year very enjoyable reading; that is to say, be it understood, after I have gone through all the leaders and the entire war news. But I never see anything new. The excitement caused by discovering that Hekanlogostikon refers to a pair of braces, or that Ionkawletigos is the name of a new string, soon dies away, and the rest of the advertisements are merely bald unromantic facts. They order these things better in San Francisco, where they preface the avowal of their wares with a short anecdote. For example, I saw in a recent number of that bright sheet, the *San Francisco News Letter*, the following: "'You must learn to be manly and resolute my boy,'" said a father to his son; "you must learn to say No." Half an hour afterwards, when that father told his son to go and chop wood, the boy said No with an amount of firmness that showed how he appreciated the parental teaching. He wouldn't have said No, however, if the old man had given him twenty-five cents, and told him to go and have a brandy-cocktail at So-and-so's noted bar.—"*Atlas*," *n the London World*, Sept. 16th.

"A doctor's life, Mr. Ledbury," said Mr. Rawkins, the surgeon in Smith's most amusing novel, "is not a bed of *rose fol.*," and even the career of the editor of a successful journal has its drawbacks. Amongst these is the receipt of anonymous or pseudonymous letters, of which the following is a type :

"64 Princess street, Manchester, Sept. 8, 1876.

To the Editor of the World:—You devote a few columns of your paper every week to humbug and lies, under the head of 'What the World Says.' I have read your article this week on bicycles, and consider it a blackguardly libel. You have never lost an opportunity of having a rap at them, and made a fool of yourself on each occasion. I fancy you must be lame, or a victim of some disorder which prevents your riding a bicycle. That's what makes you envy them so much. I'll be bound you were drunk, too, that night when you were nearly run over on your way from Garrick street to Long Acre. You say bicycles are usually ridden by a low type of humanity. Surely an ex-Chancellor of Exchequer, the Prince Imperial, and other distinguished people who ride them are a higher type than a broken-down stockjobber (Mr. Labouchere).

Yours, etc.,

STANLEY SINCLAIR."

I do not for an instant suppose that there is any such person as "Stanley Sinclair" to be found at the address given; but if there be, I have great pleasure in congratulating him on his communication, which is at once manly and gentlemanly, tasteful and grammatical, as well as tolerably conclusive that, assuming him to be a bicyclist, and a fair specimen of his order, bicyclists are all that they were originally described in this column as being.—"Atlas," in the World.

The American Interviewers have surpassed themselves. "Commodore" Vanderbilt, the American "Railway-king," and a tenfold millionaire, is lying dying, and the New York journals publish a column a day of his sayings on his death-bed about religion, business, and personal acquaintance. Every incident of the sick-room is noted, the place itself described, the talk of the sons is reported, and whenever more matter is required, it is supplied by speculations on the details of the dying man's undertakings. It is true that Mr. Vanderbilt's death is expected to be of public importance, as it may affect the management of his great enterprises, but the indecency of thus carrying a death-bed into the Town Hall is scarcely diminished by that fact. It does not, however, appear to surprise any one in New York, and must be in part at least permitted by the sick man's relatives, who perhaps think that accurate accounts are better than inaccurate gossip. The explanation of it all is, we suppose, that what would be said in England in the club or the dining-room is said in America in the papers; but it is impossible to reconcile European feeling to the practice.

Mrs. S. F. Neill states that the cultivation of the mulberry-tree, which is the first condition of a new production of silk, proceeds rapidly in Australia. The tree was very early imported from the Cape; she herself imported 1,000 plants from Shanghai of the celebrated "Tu" variety, and 120 white Veronese mulberries, and there are now at least 1,000,000 mulberry-trees growing in Australia. Mrs. Neill also succeeded after great effort and expense, in importing healthy European grain from Switzerland, and now the quality of the Australian silk has obtained the highest testimonials from Centennial experts, and—which is the highest testimonial of all—offers of 100 francs per kilo. for the reeled Australian silk. This is most satisfactory to Australians, and ought to be equally so to Europeans, as silk threatens to advance to a price like that it fetched in Queen Elizabeth's reign. The world can live without silk, but it is a pity to lose anything at once beautiful and useful, especially when one woman's energy and brains can do so much to preserve it.

It seems clear that before long we shall require some legislation for bicycles, and especial police regulation for the control of their riders. It is to be hoped that there is no chance whatever of their being allowed in the parks. Everybody knows what a dangerous nuisance they are along the King's road at Brighton in the height of the season, and in the parks they would doubtless become doubly dangerous. I am told that bicyclists have well-nigh spoiled many of the country inns and wayside taverns, so beloved by the quiet pedestrian. They come in half-dozens, they swoop down upon these pleasant little retreats like locusts, they eat and drink everything in the house, they shout music-hall songs at the top of their voices, and make the place unbearable for decent folk. Our beautiful Thames has been not a little injured by the "rowing rough." Surely something might be done to control the exuberance of the "cad on casters."

Activity and intelligence are desirable qualities in a railway servant, but they may be, and are occasionally, almost too strongly developed. Such appears to have been the case with regard to an engine-driver in the employ of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company, who was charged the other day at the Salford Police Court with having on Sunday, the 20th ult., stolen certain articles, the property of the company. It was alleged that while the prisoner was driving a train on the day in question from Liverpool to Manchester, and while the train was running at considerable speed, he climbed from the tender of his engine to a truck behind it and took possession of four ducks which had been consigned to the company for transit to Manchester. Later in the day he was the driver of a train running from Preston to Manchester, and on bringing the train to a stand at Moser Gate Station, he alighted from the engine, went into the porter's room at the station, and stole from it a coat belonging to another servant of the company. Again, on arriving at Stoneclough Station, he went to a truck which was standing there and took out of it three salmon, and when he reached Manchester he collected the ducks, the coat, and the salmon, and carried them to his house in Salford. The following day he was apprehended, and has now been committed for trial. Should the offences with which he was charged be proved against him, the engine-driver will at all events deserve the credit of possessing one of the most valuable qualifications for the post he fills—namely, that of an ever-watchful eye. It is not given to every man to be able to drive an engine safely on two journeys and while engaged in that duty to pick up on the road four ducks, three salmon, and a coat.

One of the correspondents of the *Golos* has been "interviewing" a Kirghiz Chief who formed part of the deputation sent to St. Petersburg "in order to convey to the Czar the thanks of the Kirghis tribes for the decrees regulating their conditions of existence." During the interview this "noble savage," after alluding to the struggle in Turkey, and telling the correspondent that he and his wife each gave twenty-five roubles when they read in the newspapers of the cruelties committed by the Turks, added: "We eastern people mistrust Russia, but for my part, after what I have seen of late years, I can feel nothing but gratitude toward her. Thirty years ago not the Russians only, but the Kirghese, suffered immensely from the depredations of the Khivans and other barbarian races. If a man crossed the Ural Mountains unarmed, he was certain to be made a prisoner and led captive into Khiva, our farms were burned, our cattle carried off, our wives and daughters ravished. Now we can live in peace beneath the protection of the Russian Government and under humane laws." Referring to General Tcherniaeff the Chief said: "His name will never be forgotten amongst us. He taught us to understand and to like the Russians, and impressed us with a respect for order and legality. Now he is fighting against the Turks, and may Allah be with him! He is good and kind; he was our first friend, and there is not a Kirghiz but would sacrifice the last sheep in his flock for him." Thereupon the Chief produced a photograph of Tcherniaeff, bearing his signature and the date of presentation, pressed it to his lips and exhibited no little emotion—an emotion which the correspondent could not help sharing.

How Mr. Gladstone must yearn for the management of American finance! The Washington Treasury has just taken another great step towards the reduction of the Debt, having placed £60,000,000 at 4½ per cent. with an English Syndicate, headed by Messrs. Rothschild and Seligman, whose agents so well represent their respective and respected houses in California, which is issuing the bonds at 103½ per cent. If the operation succeeds, as seems probable, it will follow that the Americans who, as we show elsewhere, have reduced the burden of their debt one-third since the war, can raise money in great quantities at about one per cent. more than the British Government. The only weak place, in fact, in their credit now is the vast amount of their debt held in England and Germany. We recently questioned this statement, but we have since been assured, on official authority, that the proportion of the debt held in America is much less than the proportion held in Europe. Repudiation, therefore, would not directly affect the masses.

Made a Bull-sigh---The marksman who went out to Creedmore, and shot a cow.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

Fabrice Labrousse, a dramatist of great experience, and, at one period, enjoying an unusual share of popularity, died a few days since. He was the great originator of the military dramas which attracted all Paris after the revolution of 1830. In that year he gave "L'Empereur," and afterwards "Le Curé Mingrat; in 1831 "Les Polonais," and "Les Lions de Mysore;" in 1832 "L'Empire et les Cent-Jours," which had a prodigious success; and in 1833 "La Prise d'Anvers," and another popular work, "L'Homme du Siècle." Labrousse wrote about fifty pieces, some of them melodramas, such as "Le Chien des Pyrénées," "Don Pedro le Mendiant" "La Nuit du Meurtre," and other military dramas, as "Le General Marceau," "La Ferme de Montmirail," "Murat," "Le Prince Eugène," "La Prise de Capree," "Bonaparte," and many others. After the revolution of February, Labrousse thought fit to change his system, and on the 29th of September, 1849, in collaboration with Ferdinand Laloue, he gave a grand drama entitled "Rome." The work excited a perfect tempest, as the authors had introduced on the stage Mastai Ferretti, the present Pope Pius IX. At that period no censorship existed, and a piece could not be interfered with unless it produced some scandal. Pius IX. was represented first young and in love with Angela, daughter of the Baron de Western; next as cardinal, and lastly as Pope. The actor, Jemma, who played the part had made up his face into an exact resemblance of the original, so that at first glance every one knew whom he represented. In addition, the assassination of Rossi was introduced, as well as Mazzini and Garibaldi, so that the elements of disturbance were so accumulated that each representation led to greater disturbance, and after the fourth performance the piece was indicted. Of late years Labrousse had entirely withdrawn from the stage.

The Cunard steamship *Abyssinia*, which left Liverpool for New York on Saturday, the 30th ult., has on board her the bearer of a well-known name. Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper proceeds to America to give a series of readings from his own works in the principal cities of the States. Mr. Tupper's writings are popular throughout the New World, and the generous American audiences will be pleased to find themselves face to face with their author. Of his excellence as a poet there may be—there probably will be—much diversity of opinion; but all will unite in paying deference to the frank geniality and *bonhomie* which have enabled Mr. Tupper to treat a vast amount of chaff—not always leveled in the best taste—with dignity and good humor. Their name must be legion who will join in wishing the sage of Albury a pleasant voyage and a "good time." We sincerely hope our Harry Edwards will urge Tupper to come across "the Sierras."

At the British Association a paper has been read by Professor Barrett on some phenomena associated with abnormal conditions of mind, in reality what is called "Spiritualism." Dr. Carpenter took part in the discussion, and he said that he had invited to his house a Mr. Slade, who was stated to be a "medium" from America. If his manifestations were such as to baffle scientific instruments, he would devote himself to a thorough examination of the subject; if they did not, he would consider that this question was not one about which philosophical investigation should concern itself. Miss Lydia Becker related some extraordinary symptoms which she said she had observed in a female cousin of hers when both were children. The discussion was of an animated character.

Cremation is to be suspended; and instead of destroying a corpse by fire, as the ancients did, or making gas of the same, as had been suggested, an inventor of Grenoble, France, proposes the opposite method, and preserves them forever. "At the decease of an individual the body is plunged into a liquid invented by him, and in about five years the individual is turned into stone. The secret of the petrification is known only to the discoverer. But he goes further. He says that in a thousand years' time, if persons will only preserve their relatives and friends, they will be able to build a house with them, and thus live in residences surrounded by their ancestors." Another application of this process has been suggested, namely, to have the petrified corpse nickel-plated, or electro-plated with bronze, and, if a statue of an individual is desired, to place the corpse on a proper pedestal, so as to fulfill the function of being the statue of the party deceased.

"MEN WE KNOW."

James Lick.

The above familiar heading should now read, in this instance, "Men We *Knew*," as last Wednesday saw the funeral of the well-known and much-talked-of millionaire. From a former number of the *Mail Bag* we take some facts regarding Mr. Lick's history, as furnished by himself:

James Lick was born at Frederickshurg, Lehanon county, Pennsylvania, on the 25th August, 1796. His grandfather, who died at the age of 104, had emigrated from Germany, and served in the war of Independence. Mr. Lick remembers, when a boy, hearing his grandfather recount his sufferings at Valley Forge and other places, so that, as will be seen farther on, the narration of the great struggle must have produced a powerful effect on the lad. His father was born near Norristown, Pa.

He went through the usual routine of study, such as was then taught in the small towns of the interior, having entered on his busy life by working for an organ maker named Aldt, at Hanover, Pa., and in 1819 obtained employment in the establishment of Joseph Hiskey, a prominent piano manufacturer of Baltimore. He was working there one day, when he met a young man named Conrad Meyer, seeking employment. Young Lick took a fancy to the stranger, and from that date a firm friendship sprang up between the two young men, while Mr. Lick made a fortune in California, Conrad Meyer, established in Philadelphia, is one of the most prominent piano makers in the United States.

We learn from a communication of Conrad Meyer's inserted in the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, that in 1820 young Lick left Mr. Hiskey's and went to New York to go into business on his own account. He does not appear to have succeeded very well, for want of capital, in New York, for we find him at the end of that same year writing to his old comrade, asking him to join him in an expedition to Buenos Ayres, which at that time had become independent and promised a grand future. Meyer declined, and Lick passed the next ten years in devoting himself entirely to piano making, and his energy and attention to business soon found their reward. Mr. Lick describes the Buenos Ayreans of that time as singularly handsome and refined, both male and female.

In 1832 Lick returned from South America, and brought with him hides and nutria skins to the amount of \$40,000. Nutria skins are obtained from a species of otter found along the River La Plata. It would appear that Mr. Lick's return to his native country gave him for the moment a desire to stay and settle there. He intended settling in Philadelphia, and to this end he rented a house on Eighth street, near Arch, with the intention of manufacturing pianos. In a few days, however, he had given up the idea of remaining permanently in Philadelphia, and though there is little doubt that he would have made a fortune as a Philadelphia piano maker, his thoughts reverted to the freedom and greater scope of action which the southern hemisphere afforded, so that, after buying some pianos from his friend Meyer and shipping them to Buenos Ayres, he went there for four or five months, and after settling all his affairs, sailed for Valparaiso, leaving funds in the hands of his correspondent for future transactions.

For the next four years Mr. Lick worked hard at his old trade in addition to other ventures. At the end of that time, having received good advices from Peru, he determined to go to Callao and thence to Lima. It was the time of the early troubles between Chile and Peru, and the former republic had threatened reprisals for some hostile acts of the latter. A blockade of the port of Callao was imminent. James Lick embarked with all his worldly goods on a Mexican brig, determined if Callao were closed to push on to Guayaquil. He got to Callao and was safe at anchor just one day before the blockade was declared. It was well for him and us that he did so, for the *Brilliant*, for that was the name of the brig, a most decayed specimen of antique naval architecture, fell to pieces in the harbor, and without a moment's warning went to the bottom with all on board. The only persons saved were the captain and the cook, who had landed for fresh provisions, and a passenger named Fabbre, who accompanied them.

Mr. Lick stayed eleven years in Peru, always piano making and otherwise engaged in commerce.

During the two last years of his life in Peru, Mr. Lick's attention was seriously attracted to California, and after the deep thought which it is his nature to give to any undertaking, he determined to go there. His friend, Mr. Foster, the head of the house of Alsop & Co. of Lima, strongly urged him to stay where he was. He represented that the United States would not hold California, that the inhabitants were a set of cut throats, who would murder him for his money, in short, that he was very well where he was, and that it would be folly to go. To which James Lick replied, that he knew the character of the American Government, and that it was not of a nature to let go a country it had once laid hold of, and as for being assassinated, he thought that he could take care of himself, and therefore go he would. Mr. Lick realized everything. His stock, which on the inventory showed a value of more than \$59,000, he sacrificed for \$30,000. This money was in doubloons, secured in a large iron safe which he bought in Peru, and which, on his arrival, Capt. Folsom wanted to store in the custom-house, but it was too large. He arrived in San Francisco in the ship *Lady Adams*, at the end of 1847. His first purchase was the large lot and adobe house on it, on the northeast corner of Montgomery and Jackson streets. For this he paid \$5,000, subsequently reselling a portion of the lot to Duncan, Shermau & Co. for \$30,000.

In the Spring of 1848 San Francisco barely contained a thousand inhabitants. It had just emerged from its pristine condition and primitive name of Yerba Buena, and was becoming, under American rule, a valuable seaport. Upon the discovery of gold being bruited abroad, tens of thousands flocked into and flooded out of the new metropolis of the Pacific. The majority, irrespective of class, rushed to the mines; the sagacious minority remained in the city. Among this latter was James Lick. His shrewd insight told him that a great city would arise on this peninsula; it would be the inlet and the outlet, not only of the commerce of California but eventually of the whole Northern Pacific coast. San Francisco at the end of 1848 was virtually bounded by California street on the south. Beyond that Montgomery street struggled through the sand hills to Happy Valley; small wooden private dwellings were perched on the chapparal-covered eminences to the west; the wharves ran up to Sansome street on the east; Telegraph Hill was dotted with tents and shanties, and passengers landed from Clark's Point to the Potrero, or rather were dumped where they or the skipper listed. Mr. Lick, with his prophetic vision, extended the lines of these streets, and covered the sand dunes with fine buildings. He foresaw the population streaming from every quarter of the globe to this focus of attraction; the ships laden with the necessities and luxuries of life, and he took his measures accordingly. The first thing was to study the natural topography of the city, and the next, where to obtain property cheaply, in suitable locations and with secure titles. Quietly, as is his wont, and carefully, as is his nature, James Lick invested all his money he brought from South America. He sowed his gold broadcast over many a fifty and hundred-vara lot, for which most men would have thought him mad to have paid a dollar. Few knew, as, indeed, to this day, few know how much real estate he secured in those early days, and how much it cost him. The greater part of his purchases were made in 1848. In this year he went up to Sacramento and bought twenty-nine fifty-vara lots of General Sutter; but finding subsequently that the General had parted with the title to all his property to other parties, he foresaw trouble and litigation, and relinquished his purchase, leaving the City of the Plains and coming back to operate in San Francisco. The only trouble in those days was from squatters and trumped-up Peter Smith titles. On one occasion Mr. Lick hired a gang of men to protect some property of his at North Beach; he paid them \$20 each per night. On their arrival they found one of those imported China houses, common in those days, on the lot, and a stranger acting the part of a peaceful possessor. They requested him to leave. He declined. They then showed him the wrong end of a revolver—everybody wore them in those days. He listened to the gentle persuasion and left. Soon after his retreat the neighborhood was disturbed by a strange noise. It was the house, which, in a most mysterious manner, was following its former occupant. Such was the history and risk attached to real estate in those days; but, as we said, James Lick planted his money in the ground and sat down to await the harvest. For many and many a year were large vacant lots, unimproved and apparently forsaken. They were to be found

in the heart of the city, or where the widely extended limits of San Francisco had surrounded them. There they remained in the early days until it began to be whispered about that these mysterious properties belonged to James Lick, and that they had immensely increased in value since he bought them. Meanwhile he had not been idle. In 1852 he had bought a fine property near San Jose and had erected a flour mill on it, which, for solid, expensive work and finish, has not been equaled by any mill in the State. The wood was of mahogany and the machinery of the finest description. The entire cost of the construction was \$200,000. It was called "Lick's Folly," but it turned out the finest flour in California, and Lick's brand commanded the market. Round the mill he planted, with his own hands, a splendid orchard of fruit trees, which in the early days was of itself a fortune.

The land on which the hall of the Pioneer Society now stands was donated by him. A larger and more valuable property on Market street was lately added to his prior munificent gift to the same society. A lot, of equal extent and value, similarly situated, was given by him at the same time to the California Academy of Sciences, coupled, however, in both instances, with a proviso that suitable buildings be erected, to be confined strictly to the several intents and purposes of each society.

The crowning point, however, of James Lick's superlative bounty was the cession of his immense property to seven Trustees—viz: Richard S. Floyd, F. D. Atherton, Sr., Bernard Murphy, John H. Lick and John Nightingale—for the benefit of the State of California and for other purposes.

These Trustees have been changed and the following substituted recently, but not altering the trusts in any way: S. B. Mastick, William Sherman, Richard S. Floyd, of the old Board, George Schonewald, of the Lick House, and Charles M. Plum.

The deed disposing of Mr. Lick's vast fortune, as constituted at his death, covered the following bequests: John H. Lick, of Fredericksburg, Lebanon county, Pennsylvania, in all \$153,000. Henry Lick, of the same place, \$5,000; Samuel Lick, James Lick's half-brother, \$5,000; Sarah, wife of Rev. M. Hepler, of Annville, his sister, \$5,000; his niece, Sarah, daughter of his sister Catherine, \$2,000; his niece, Sarah, daughter of John Lick, \$2,000; his nephew, James William Lick, of Santa Clara, \$2,000; for the construction of the Lick Observatory, \$700,000; to the Protestant Orphan Asylum of San Francisco, \$25,000; to the city of San Jose, for building and supporting an orphan asylum, \$25,000; to the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society of San Francisco, \$25,000; to the Mechanics' Institute, for the purchase of scientific and mechanical books, \$10,000; to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, \$10,000; for the erection of granite monuments to members of his family buried at Fredericksburg, in all \$20,000; to found an Old Ladies' Home in San Francisco, to be expended by special trustees, \$100,000; to erect free baths in San Francisco, \$150,000; for the erection of a bronze monument for Francis Scott Key, the author of the "Star Spangled Banner," in Golden Gate Park, \$60,000; for bronze statuary for the City Hall of San Francisco, to represent the history and resources of California, \$100,000; for the establishment of a school of Mechanical Arts, \$540,000. He reserved to himself \$500,000, and directed that at his death that sum, together with whatever else he might die possessed of, and the surplus of his property after paying his trusts, should be divided equally between the Society of California Pioneers and the Academy of Sciences.

It is generally surmised that the execution of Mr. Lick's will may meet with some opposition from Mr. John Lick, son of the deceased. Of this we can speak with more certainty in our next issue.

In my experience of life, a truth which sounds very much like a paradox has often asserted itself, viz.: That a man's worst difficulties begin when he is able to do as he likes. So long as a man is struggling with obstacles, he has an excuse for failure or shortcoming; but, when fortune removes them all, and gives him the power of doing as he thinks best, then comes the time of trial. There is but one right, and the possibilities of wrong are infinite.—*Huxley.*

THE SLAV AND THE TURK

'Tis not the lordly Crescent that stirs our souls to rage,
 Although in Europe's story it reddens many a page;
 Not Mekka's fervid gospel, though oft its votaries pour'd
 On shuddering Christian valleys the storm of fire and sword;
 'Tis not for us upon that faith to fix a felon stain, [Spain;
 Whose champions brought us lore, and light, and art through conquered
 From Arab schools and Arab skill we've gained too much to damn
 With Catholic anathema the children of Islam!
 No! 'tis the horde from Oxus poured which set the baneful rule
 Of a soulless, hase, and bloody race in the bright lands of Stambúl;
 The race that boasts where'er its hosts of savage conquerors trod
 No grass can grow, no blossom show the fostering breath of God.
 The Crescent-flag on high they flaunt, the gilt Korán they kiss;
 They pray a chiming Arab chaunt, no fast or feast they miss;
 But nought can cleanse their bosoms from the foul, dark blood that ran
 In the veins of their savage fathers from the wastes of wild Turán.
 'Mid squabbling in our homestead, they came in hlood and fire;
 Through squabbling in our homestead they stayed, a presence dire;
 Now Nemesis, awaking, knocks at their robber-gate,
 But squabbling in our homestead avails to stay their fate.
 We form a single homestead, we Celt, and Slav, and Greek,
 Latin, and Goth, together—why, mutual hurt to wreak,
 Should dynasties or statesmen goad on good Christian folk,
 When Christian kin are struggling to break the Tartar yoke?
 What reck's it if our kinsmen in ignorance be sunk,
 Like that in which their masters have lain for ages drunk?
 Though deeds of blood defile them, still shall we deem the same
 Of scrfs by wrong embruted and lords whom nought can tame?
 Ages of power and splendor on these have failed to tell;
 Now comes the hour of Vengeance—who dares forbid its knell?
 Up, Christians! strike for Freedom! God's curse upon the work
 Of villain statesmen plotting to save the ruffian Turk!

It seems to be well established that black-dyed silk is liable to spontaneous ignition, although its real cause has not yet been satisfactorily ascertained. Since the appearance of the contribution in question, a fact has come to the knowledge of the writer, that in all probability will throw some light on the subject, as will be perceived from the item herewith reproduced from *Harper's Annual Record of Science and Industry*, for 1875: viz: The debasement of silks by foreign admixture, if we may infer from the comments of journals devoted to textile interests, has of late reached such a height as to promise shortly to rival that of a class of cotton goods which have added largely to the notoriety, if not to the fame of one of the manufacturing centers of England. A writer in one of the French journals shows that the weighting of black silks—which began with the modest aim of making up for the loss sustained in ungumming—is now carried to the extent of 100, 200, and 300 per cent. This increase of weight is effected by treatment with salts of iron and astringents, salts of tin and cyanides. The bulk is augmented proportionably to the weight. The same writer points out very clearly the evils attending this excessive adulteration. The chemical and physical properties of the silk thus treated are materially modified. What is sold as silk is, in reality, a mere agglomeration of heterogenous matters devoid of cohesion, held together temporarily by a small portion of silk. The strength and elasticity of the fiber are likewise reduced. From being in its natural state one of the most stable of substances, and but slightly combustible, in its adulterated state it burns like tinder if touched by a flame. It is likewise affirmed to be liable to undergo spontaneous decomposition, and to absorb gases with the evolution of heat which sometimes lead to actual combustion. The adulterated silk when burning scarcely gives off the characteristic odor of animal matter.

Here is the verdict of a Kansas jury: "Died of a kick in the stomach from his wife, and he never knew what hurt him."

THE ALMS-HOUSE MISMANAGEMENT.

In a former article we accused Mr. Keating, in a general manner, of jobbery, misappropriation and mismanagement of the institution over which he presides. Without the slightest animus in the matter, and with a desire to do Mr. Keating all justice, the *News Letter* will, from week to week, sift the sworn affidavits and statements of Mr. Keating's accusers, and let the public see with what the manager of the Alms House is really charged. The first witness in the case testified to Mr. Keating's disposal of one hundred and thirty-seven hogs, which "were fed upon the city's feed, by order of Mr. Keating, on an average, for four years, of not less than two sacks of ground barley, middlings, bran and oats daily." The same witness testified that "the chickens kept on the ranch belonged to Mrs. Keating," and "were fed on mush, bread, rice, cracked wheat, etc., offal from the table." These chickens numbered "from 100 to 200," and were taken to the city and sold. The cross-examination of this witness by Mr. Keating only confirmed his testimony. The witness was asked by the defendant about the Supervisors visiting the pig-pens in the middle of the night. "Q.—Didn't you tell me that you told them that it (the food) "was the sweepings of the manger, and not the city's feed?" "A.—No." Fancy a man gravely telling two Supervisors that sixty or seventy hogs were fattened on the sweepings of the manger! The testimony of this witness ends by his persisting that Keating had used two sacks of city feed, *daily*, for four years, and by his admitting that Keating had bought $1\frac{1}{2}$ tons of feed, *as restitution, after the charges were brought*. That the reader may understand how much feed the witness swore to having been used by Keating, it need only be added that two sacks daily for four years amounts to 2,920 sacks taken from the city feed. This, by Mr. Keating's orders, was entered in the reports as *swill*. A point worthy of notice is that, although there were 69 or 70 hogs on the ranch in May last, *during* the investigation, none of them were fat, showing the difference in their diet after the charges were brought. Another witness swears that Mr. Keating brought a crazy woman to the Alms House, without permission or authority, and put her in his room, separating the witness from his wife, and making the latter take charge of this violent maniac for four days. This resulted in the voluntary departure of the witness and his wife, and caused the immediate bringing of the charges against Mr. Keating. The charges relative to the spoiling of hay, valued at \$480 or more, through Mr. Keating's criminal negligence; the death of the mare through his carelessness; the selling of the bones and appropriating the proceeds; the destruction of 350 trees through his fault; the loss of two bulls through incompetency, and the misappropriation of eggs, chickens, etc., will all be reviewed *seriatim*. It will be remembered that Mayor Bryant, in closing the case, expressed himself very strongly in regard to Mr. Keating's dishonesty, and thought that the partial restitution made by him only added to the proof of his guilt.

Those who are working on the invention of steam street cars will be interested in the economical side of the question, as given by the *Philadelphia Times*: The average cost of the horse-car now used in Philadelphia is \$1,100. Eight horses a day are required for each car, which have a combined value of \$1,080, four sets of harness cost \$80, making the entire cost of car and equipment \$2,260. The steam cars, ready for use, can be built for about \$2,800. The horse-cars last, on an average, about ten years; the propelling machinery of the cars will last as long and probably longer, and when it is known that the average life of the horse used in the street railway service is only three years, it is seen that, as regards first cost, the steam cars have a decided advantage. When a comparison of current running expenses is made, the practical superiority of the steam car is still more apparent. The car now running on Market street consumes about 560 pounds of anthracite coal a day, worth about \$1.65; the daily expense of feeding and care for eight horses in the stables of the West Philadelphia railroad is \$4.40, or a yearly difference in favor of each steam car of \$1,003.75. No account is here taken of the cost of stables, etc. The number of men required for running the steam car is the same as for the horse-car, a conductor and driver.

GEO. G. HAMILTON, ALIAS BROTHER ALPHENUS.

Six years ago a small party of religious students arrived in San Francisco. They had been chosen in Ireland to join the Christian Brothers, and were remarkable for their piety and their fitness for their chosen vocation of teaching gratuitously in the schools of the Order. Three out of the six students have, we believe, adhered to their vocation, and are to-day among the most respected members of this useful and charitable fraternity. Two of the band left to pursue ordinary avocations, and the third recalcitrant commenced life in a different way on his own account, after dropping his right name and assuming an alias. A correspondent informs us that this young gentleman, who travels under the title of George G. Hamilton, is rightfully named O'Grady. In the Order of the Christian Brothers he was (if we are not mistaken) known as "Dear Brother Alphenus," or some such name. And a pretty dear brother he was to the community. They paid his passage from Ireland, boarded, fed and clothed him for a year or two, to be rewarded by his disgraceful exit and subsequent bad career. Mr. O'Grady, alias Hamilton, joined the Odd Fellows as soon as he conveniently could, though the Society would probably be very glad to expel him if they could. Amongst the many victims of this ilk are the *News Letter*, Mr. S. Harris Herring, besides several other parties who have loved him not wisely but too well. He is a defaulter to the amount of over \$30 to the Californian Agriculturist, and he owes the *News Letter* over \$100, which he has stolen in his capacity as Agent. At present he is editing a monthly, published in San Jose, known as the *Journal of Education*. In a former reference to this gentleman it was stated he was a Mason. A gentleman in San Jose, who signs himself "A Sufferer," says: "G. W. Hamilton is not a Free Mason. I am sorry to say he is an Odd Fellow, but a disgrace to the Society. Good for you! Expose him. He is a thorough scamp." Another citizen writes us: "I see by your Saturday's issue that you will show up some of the acts of Mr. O'Grady, alias George G. Hamilton, now publisher of the *Journal of Education* here. He is a sweet educationist. You intimate that he, as your agent, swindled you. I can make similar complaint. He is a bilk, and needs showing up." As our correspondents are perfectly reliable, we have no hesitation in quoting from them. If this notice will help Mr. O'Grady Hamilton along in San Jose, he is entirely welcome to it, and should he make his fortune through it, we hope he will remember our little account.

A new fountain nozzle of very ingenious and novel construction has been devised by M. Turrettini, of Lyons, France, which promises to be of great value to cities which have water supplies of considerable head. It has been tried in Lyons and also Geneva, Switzerland, and has met with complete success. It is on the principle of the Giffard injector, the narrow nozzle through which the water issues with great velocity being surrounded by a "petticoat," which bulges just above the interior nozzle and is then drawn out into a larger nozzle; the lowest part of the "petticoat," dipping beneath the surface of the water in the basin. The water is drawn from the basin and carried up with the stream from the interior nozzle, thus augmenting the volume discharged, but, of course, to a less height. As small jets under great heads break up at no great height, this diminution in height of jet is less than would at first be supposed. An additional "petticoat" may be provided, connected with the air by a pipe, the air drawn in converting the jet into a mass of spray. The economy of this jet is said to be 40 to 50 per cent., but of course this will vary much with head, the result to be obtained.

A gentleman caught a negro carrying off some of his fancy poultry the other night. "What are you doing with my chickens?" he yelled. "I wuz gwine fer ter fetch 'em hack, boss. Dere's a nigger 'roun' here what's bin 'sputin' longer me 'bout dem chick'ns. I said dey wuz Coacbin 'Chyniz, an' he said dey wuz Alabamar pullets, an' I wuz jes takin' 'em roun' fer ter 'stablish my nollodge. Dey don't lay no aigs, does dey, boss? Ef dey does, I'm mighty 'shamed er hustlin' uv 'em roun'. Aigs is scase."—*Savannah News*.

THE CITY MUD-CART AND ITS DRIVER

<p>The <i>City Mud-cart</i>—long ago We named the vile old sheet Throughout whose venal columns flow The scrapings of the street; The <i>Bulletin</i>, that acts the part Of Scavenger—but, stay, The <i>Driver</i> of the Ordure-cart Shall be our theme to-day. Behold him! Nay, go not too near, He hath a buzzard's breath. Behold him! doth he not appear The lawful prize of Death? He is,—but no one else would drive The Devil's-cart, 'tis feared, So though by day he keeps alive, Each night he dyes—his beard. It boots not to describe a Thing Despised by honest men; To write the name of PICKERING Defiles the writer's pen; Yet when the rogue presumes to prate Of morals, and to teach, It may be well to demonstrate What right he has to preach. His childhood—God in Heaven for- bid That we of that should treat; Let that stage be forever hid, The picture is complete If for a background you will take A stealthy murderous ghost Shooting a man behind his back— Then dodging round a post. Look now again. Detectives clutch The fleeing rascal's collar;</p>	<p>His pockets to their searching touch Yield many a pilfered dollar; His frantic flight was all in vain— In spite of twist and double, They yanked the coin back again— <i>He</i> wasn't worth the trouble. Next see his Mud-Cart, good and pure, For lucre advertise A deadly nostrum as a cure; Accused of this he lies, And raves, and calls upon the law, When some one strikes his track, And, lo, we find the editor Is partner with the quack. Then see him hounding to his death, And slandering when dead, The noblest man that e'er drew breath, But, proudly be it said, The people tripped the slanderer's heels— They threatened lamp-post law, And nearly stopped the Mud-Cart's wheels From creaking any more. And now, O most appropriate load! The Mud-Cart takes in CLAY; Not common stuff, scraped off the road, But richer soil they say. The Bank which by this Clay was formed Had qualities most rare, For gold placed in it, I'm informed, Would vanish into air.</p>
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Though gold will vanish in this Clay,
 Base metal p'raps will stick;
 If so, the instrument to play
 Upon it is a "Pick,"
 For baser trash you could not find
 Than he whose moral screech
 Stirs up our virtue to remind
 The Devil not to preach.

A Sanguine Inventor.--Mr. Ralph Stott intends to start on his aerial voyage from Dover to Calais and back on Monday, October 9th, and expects to accomplish the feat in 60 minutes, whatever the force or direction of the wind, fog and illness excepted. The apparatus which he will use he states he has tested privately. It is about 3,000 pounds in weight, five feet long, two feet six inches wide, and four feet high. This includes the car and the machinery. There are no wings or tails or rudders. In general terms Mr. Stott describes his machine as a strongly built light frame, in which a peculiar mechanical arrangement is placed, and acted upon by a spring. This spring is compressed by a screw and wheel something like the brake of a railway van, and when it is desired to set the machine in motion one end of the spring is allowed to press against the fore part of the frame, whilst the other part presses a mechanical arrangement.

Match factories are the best places to look for amateur pugilists. The employes are constantly engaged in boxing matches.

A WONDERFUL WEAPON.

The Winchester repeating rifle is the weapon of all others most dear to the heart of the deer and bear shooter. In fact, for every purpose of the field and target, it is simply the one arm most adapted for sure execution and perfect shooting. The new model of this rifle now manufactured by the Winchester Arm Company, includes every improvement, and has resulted in giving the sporting world a gun that is absolutely complete. The famous Buffalo Bill writes this unique letter to the company's office at New Haven:

FORT MCPHERSON, NEB.

I have been using and have thoroughly tested your latest improved rifle. Allow me to say that I have tried and used nearly every kind of gun made in the United States, and for general hunting or Indian fighting I pronounce your improved Winchester *the boss*.

An Indian will give more for one of your guns than any other gun he can get.

While in the Black Hills this last Summer, I crippled a bear, and Mr. Bear made for me, and I am certain had I not been armed with one of your repeating rifles I would now be in the happy hunting grounds. The bear was not thirty feet from me when he charged, but before he could reach me I had eleven bullets in him, which was a little more lead than he could comfortably digest.

Believe me, that you have the *most complete* rifle now made.

W. F. CODY, Buffalo Bill.

Professor J. L. Smith has discovered a new meteoric mineral, of which he says in the *Journal of Science*: I have thought proper to designate it after M. Daubree, who has done so much in the study and elucidation of meteoric minerals. It is found on the meteorites of the Mexican desert. Daubreelite is a black lustrous mineral, highly crystalline in structure, occurring on the borders of the troilite nodules, and sometimes running across the center of them, as may be seen in one of the specimens, where, in a nodule of troilite, a vein of the mineral traverses the very centre of the nodule, which is two millimetres in width and twelve millimetres long. It has a distinct cleavage, but I cannot make out its crystalline form. It is very fragile, and in the attempt to detach it from the iron, it breaks up into small fragments resembling small particles of molybdenite. It is feebly attracted in very fine particles when a strong magnet is brought in contact with it. This may arise from the presence of a minute quantity of troilite which it is very difficult to get rid of. Pulverized, it furnishes a perfectly black powder, the smallest particle of which gives, before the blowpipe, a very strong reaction of chromium. Heated very intensely, it loses its brilliant color and becomes a dull black. The powdered mineral is dissolved completely in nitric acid. The solution is intensely green, and furnishes a strong reaction of sulphuric acid and oxide of chrome. The other strong acids attack it but slightly. This solubility in nitric acid readily distinguishes it from chrome iron. The following would express its true composition: Sulphur, 37.62; chrome 62.38. This mineral is an interesting one, and is found in a very strange place, yet from what is revealed to us by the spectroscope with regard to the vapors surrounding the sun, the element chrome must be widely diffused in the matter of the universe.

M. Felicien David, the well-known composer, who has been seriously ill for some days past, has just died in Paris. M. David was born in 1810 at Cadenet, Vaucluse, and when very young was sent to study under the chapelmaster at Aix. He afterwards went to Paris, and was admitted a pupil at the Conservatoire by Cherubini. He traveled for some years in the East, and on his return wrote the *Desert*, by which his name is best known in England. Among his other most important compositions are *Moise*, *Christophe Colomb*, *The Garden of Eden*, *Herculeanum*, and the comic operas of *La Perle du Bresil* and *Lalla Rookh*. M. David was appointed officer of the Legion of Honor in 1862, received the grandbiennial prize given by the Emperor in the same year, and in 1869 was appointed librarian to the Paris Conservatoire.

THE RECENT ALPINE ACCIDENT.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT ON THE SPOT.]

The story is not quite told about that fatal Alpine accident on the Felik Joch the other day, when Mr. Johnson, a promising young man of twenty-eight, and a brave Swiss guide, were swept down to death by an avalanche, and Mr. Hayman, brother of the ex-head-master of Rugby and one of the literary staff of the *Saturday Review*, frost-bitten, broken, bruised, and demoralized as he was, recovered life and hope through the manly devotion of his plucky countrymen. The scene is quite dramatic; let me picture it. A merry party of mountaineers, guides, and one lady, celebrated for her endurance and climbing skill, have started from the Riffl Hotel above Zermatt to "do" the Castor. They are roped, and proceeding on their way with extreme caution, when, by the mercy of Providence, their attention is directed to a deplorable scene. A Swiss guide, almost powerless from frost-bite, is tending and comforting an English gentleman who is frost-bitten in the hands, frost-bitten in the feet, half starved, almost speechless, and, sitting on his knapsack, gashed and maimed. These are Mr. Hayman and his faithful guide. Down below, in a grave of ice, are Mr. Johnson and his dead companion. It is now ten o'clock in the morning, and here Mr. Hayman and his guide have remained waiting for death since four o'clock yesterday afternoon. At once the party from the Riffl prepare their plans like heroes, with an excellent heroine thrown in. The guide, Ignatz Sarbach, has already performed prodigies of valor. With frost-bitten hands he has clambered out of the avalanche, and has dragged to a place of safety Mr. Hayman, a man six feet high and fifty years of age. But Mr. Hayman is dying, and must be carried down to the Riffl at all hazards. A lump of bread is crumbled in the delicate hands of the lady, and she feeds him with it when it has been soaked in brandy. But how to get him down? The descent is as much as any one can do by himself, every step has to be carefully tested; but here is the dead weight of a heavy and suffering man. They did it though for all that, roped and disciplined as they were. Now in their arms, now on a chair with their ice-axes laced together, over snow bridges and terrible places, with death awaiting them all at every step, they arrived with their inanimate burden at the inn, to find, thank Heaven, the kindly and providential doctors. But the danger was not over when the inn was gained. All of the party thought no more of holidays, and gave themselves up to nursing. They took the duty, turn and turn about, for nights and days; first rubbing animation into the dying man, and then watching him and anticipating every wish as if they were his brothers—and sister, shall I say? for the good lady who had left her climbing was the most indefatigable and affectionate of nurses. But this was not all. Between the watches these fine fellows found time to go off on an exploring party to recover Mr. Johnson and the guide. For hours and hours they worked like navvies on the cruel ice, till exhausted, half-frozen, their provisions and wine all tasteless with the cold, they were compelled in despair to come home and give up the search. I need not tell of holidays broken up, of purses emptied in subscriptions for the Swiss guides, or of devotion on the part of doctors and travelers which does credit to humanity; but when the tale is told in England, as it must be told, the names of Mr. Abercromby, of the Alpine Club; Mr. Davidson, of Balliol College, Oxford; Mr. J. H. A. Peebles, of the Audit Office, Somerset House; and kindly Mrs. Jackson will certainly not be forgotten. Mr. Hayman assuredly owes his life to their nursing and to the skill of the good doctors.

Experiments made by MM. Laussedat and Gaston Tissandier have shown that a pigeon liberated from a balloon at a height of 7,000, 6,000, or 5,000 metres is paralyzed in flight, and falls like an inert mass; if let off successively at heights of 1,050, 800, and 300 metres, it is precipitated towards the earth, describing long spirals. How then (asks M. de Roo in "Science pour Tous") can it be maintained that the pigeon is guided through space by the sight? for by a simple calculation, it appears that a pigeon will have to rise 785 metres to see a distance of 100 kilom.; 3,143 metres to see a distance of 200 kilom.; 7,076 metres to see a distance of 300 kilom.; 12,586 metres to see a distance of 400 kilom.; 19,683 metres to see a distance of 500 kilom.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

BLACK AND WHITE SHEEP.*Evening Bulletin.**S. F. News Letter.**Morning Call.***ALIVE AND KICKING.**

If any man breathing supposes that so much as one hair of our venerable head is about to be hurt, or that the *News Letter* will be forced to deviate so much as the breadth of a line from its usual course, or that it will lose one jot or tittle of its influence, he makes an egregious mistake. Our mission is not at an end—no, not by a great deal. There never was more for us to do, and we never felt more like doing it. The vim that is peculiarly our own, so far from being lessened a particle, is inspired to new, broader, higher exertions by the ever-widening field of usefulness that is open to us. So long as the poisonous weed of wrong flourishes apace in our midst, as it must be confessed it does, so long will there be work enough, and to spare, for our willing hands to do. The little breeze that has lately been gotten up will pass by us like a mere puff of the idliest wind that blows. It will but serve to show how sturdy and impregnable we are. Our roots have struck deep into the soil hereabouts, and, as will be soon seen, they will prove too sturdy a hold-fast to be disturbed by a Pickering, a Fitch, or their allies. The *ex parte* statements those worthies have recently been publishing about us will soon, by the force of irresistible evidence, be exposed as the hollow lies they are. Wrongdoers would do well during the next week or two to watch the easy process by which we shall turn aside the shafts of the enemy. We mean to make it a caution for all time to come to those who would, like these fools, rush in where angels might well fear to tread. We have but told the truth, and if for once it has shamed the devil, that it is his misfortune, and not our fault. In telling it, too, we have been quite as disinterested as our neighbors. We have not sought gain, but if it sought us, then the people who say so necessarily admit that we were in possession of wares which they thought it worth their while to bid for. Accused of fraud, their answer is that they sought, ineffectually, to buy the evidence. The confession is theirs—not ours, and if they like it we can only say that it is one more illustration of the fact that there is no accounting for tastes. When the evidence supplants *ex parte* statements it will be made abundantly clear that we have neither done, nor sought to do, anything in the premises at which an honorable mind need feel ashamed. We have said that we are quite as disinterested as our neighbors. We might have claimed what we can prove, viz: That we are a great deal more so. The *Bulletin-Call* combination fill their columns with profitable death-dealing quack advertisements, and enter into a wicked partnership, by which, for gain, they sought to delude their ignorant readers into the belief that chloral hydrate was a safe cordial, instead of the deadly poison that it is. The *News Letter*, on the other hand, closes its columns against the profitable but always unsightly and dangerous quack advertisements. We exposed quackery, dealt it a death-blow, expended over \$7,000 in the good work, and never sought to be recouped to the extent of one dime from any quarter. This we swore in Court, and it stands as a defiance to our enemies to disprove it if they can. The truth is the *News Letter* does good and disinterested work, and does not brag about it. It also performs honest labor, gets paid for it, and does not deny the fact. Hence it has come to be well known that there are things it will not sell—it will not, for instance, sell a friend or client at any price. A quarter of a century's experience of us has established that fact. We despise hypocrisy, and leave the practice of it to Pickering and Fitch. We figure in no "rogue's retrospect," like Old Pick., neither are we deacons on Sunday, whilst during the week we so act as to need the services of Czapskay. If Fitch likes not the latter intimation we refer him to the *Alta*, which

first printed it, and resisted crying importunities to have it taken back. No, we are not saints, but then we are not nearly as great sinners as some of our neighbors. The public knows that there is much good in us, and that's why it likes us. It realizes that we are an excellent antidote to *Bulletin* poison, and that is one of the reasons, among many, why it supports us and prays that our shadow may never grow less, as, indeed, we mean it never shall.

SEA WATER.

The difficulty of supplying the large cities of England with a sufficiency of pure water at a moderate expense has led to the introduction of sea water for watering the streets, extinguishing fires, the supply of water closets, baths, motive power, etc. The city of Tynemouth, for example, has found the saving of fresh water immense and the cost of introducing sea water very moderate. The water is pumped into a reservoir at a high level, and then it is supplied by mains and service pipes in the ordinary way. For watering the streets, sea water is found to be particularly effectual. Owing to the presence of salt, the water does not evaporate so quickly, and the roads remain longer moist and free from dust. In San Francisco the moisture of the salt would be frequently restored by heavy dews, and thus, by a moderate use of sea water, the comfort of the citizens would be immensely increased. It might seem unnecessary to do more than mention the scheme in order to insure its being taken up by the citizens; but this is not so. The question of water supply has been made the subject of so much party warfare that it is useless to expect the Commissioners to listen to any scheme so cheap and effective as the one now proposed; in fact, the occupation of the Commissioners would soon be gone, for with a sufficient supply of sea water, the Spring Valley Company would be brought to book, and the rates for a supply of water for purely domestic purposes would soon be reduced to a reasonable figure; indeed, the public might readily make temporary arrangements to do without Spring Valley altogether by using the existing artesian wells and making others if required.

JAMES LICK.

The California Mail Bag for August, 1874, contained a lengthy history of James Lick, with the original deed of trust, and brief mention of the first elected trustees. Death removed two of these, and the irrevocable will of the testator has since then twice changed the agents of his munificent donations. Such is not to be wondered at. The tenacity with which Mr. Lick clung to his property during his life he desired to continue even after death, and the anxious suspicion that ever attends frugally acquired wealth was felt by those who would fain have carried out his large views for the benefit of mankind. Increasing age and infirmities tended to increase the almost fretful disposition with which Mr. Lick watched the future application of his great wealth; and now at eighty years of age he, who during life had spared himself every luxury, or even allowed himself more than bare necessities, goes to his grave with all the pomp of funeral ceremony, procession, and music of dead marches. If the intentions of his deed of trust are carried out, James Lick will be immortalized and his memory blest by the aged and infirm who will dwell in the "Old Lady's Home," by the orphans, by those who enjoy the free baths, not to mention the various literary and social societies who have so largely benefited by his bequests. Five millions of dollars sown broadcast through the land may well excite comment. These millions were honestly got and saved. Mr. Lick had not more than from twenty to thirty thousand dollars when he arrived here from Peru in 1847. By judicious purchases in real estate, and through the growth of our city, his fortune arrived at a magnitude which his wildest ideas never entertained, and which has enabled him to confer solid benefits on the State which was the cause of his prosperity.

When does a ship of war become a ship of peace? When she drops her rancor.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

IN MEMORIAM.

DIED September 30, 1876, DR. LEOPOLD HYAMS, aet 60 years.

With the last hours of September passed away the spirit of one who for thirty-three years had labored with untiring patience and fidelity in that arduous field, the profession and practice of medicine. The last twenty-four years of his life were spent in this city. No physician ever devoted himself more sacredly to the daily toil and self-sacrifice which are entailed by an extended family practice. While his professional skill was of a very high order, his gentleness of manner and cheerful, thoughtful face rendered him a universal favorite. Not a patient of his but will long remember his bright, smiling features, his whole presence beaming with intelligence, sympathy and power as it brought into the room of the sufferer the full realization of the expected relief. All of his professional contemporaries who have met him in consultation, or gone to him for encouragement and advice, will most gladly bear witness to his courtesy, promptness and fidelity, while many will retain valuable suggestions and formulas given them as the results of his wide experience.

The wear and tear of long and uninterrupted attention to the needs of his fellow men was at last too much even for his sturdy physique, though he valiantly stood at his post of duty as long as human endurance could last. He left the active scene of his conscientious and valuable life with great reluctance, preferring rather to suffer himself than to let those who were in his charge seem neglected by him. It was fully verified to him that the bread he had so freely cast upon the waters should be in time returned to him, for his own sacrifices, in years gone by, were gladly remembered by a host of devoted friends, who strove with each other, day and night, to smooth the lingering hours of his inevitable fate. During a prolonged period of most intense physical suffering he never once omitted the polite recognition of services rendered, or kind expressions of appreciation of the daily and hourly messages and inquiries to which his failing strength forbade a personal reply.

He truly died in peace with all the world, and fitly may it of him be said, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

REFINEMENT OF PLEASURE.

The old Greeks and Romans were celebrated for nothing so much as their athletic prowess and the luxury of their perfect enjoyment. From the heated scene of their Olympic games they hurried to the tranquil repose of the siesta and the bath. Unfortunately for them the progress of civilization did not then admit of the existence of what is now known as the Turkish Bath. American skill and ingenuity has transformed that institution into such a bed of roses that the Turkish sybarite now owns that he must leave his country to really enjoy the perfection of his far-famed bath. The Hammam in London enjoyed a long reign of popularity, until their American brethren in the Eastern States wrested away the palm from them. Now comes Dr. Loryea with a bath in which all the admirable comforts of his predecessors are combined, together with several new inventions hitherto unknown to the epicure or to the valetudinarian. It is a strange sight to see the sick man reposing by the side of the young athlete in the *sudatorium* of the Hammam in Dupont street; but daily experience proves that Dr. Loryea's institution is of as much benefit to the one as the other. The young gymnast and the crippled rheumatic knows its virtues equally well; and as a resort for the epicure or the sick convalescent, it has no equal in the world. Many a long illness might have been warded off by one Turkish bath taken in time; and where doctors fail to give relief to corpulency, or to invigorate the worn-out frame, the bath steps in and works its wonders.

The journey of the Morocco Ambassador from Rome to Turin was marked by a tragical incident. A sum of 20,000f. was found to be missing from a portmanteau. The guard was arrested and searched, and six rolls of fifty louis in gold were on him. The man, named Giannone, was taken to the Town Hall, and there, taking advantage of a moment when he was not observed, he threw himself from a second-floor window and fractured his skull on the pavement.

[From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter.]

There is a flea at the California. This statement is made without any malice whatever toward the management, nor in the interest of any rival theater. We have an affectionate veneration for that establishment, and use our clipped tickets there with remarkable regularity; but notwithstanding all this, we deliberately, solemnly and impressively make the statement that there is a flea at the California. We first became aware of this painful fact last Monday evening. A young lady whom we escorted to behold the beauties of *Julius Caesar* suddenly turned pale in the middle of the third act, and behaved in an agitated and nervous manner. When asked what was the matter, she snappishly replied, "Oh hush!" which is invariably indicative of fleas on, or remorse in, a woman. The next evening a young man in a mustache that resembled a reminiscence of raspberry jam, tore himself out of the orchestra and rushed frantically into the ladies' toilet room. It was that same flea. The next performance was "Shylock." In the midst of the "pound-of-flesh" scene a sudden and emphatic "dam" came from Box No. 6. It was the result of the researches of that flea upon the anatomy of a hank president. At the Saturday matinee the picturesque corpse of "Desdemona" was observed to still perceptibly move at least five minutes after death. Not to speak it profanely, the fair defunct visibly wriggled. This phenomenon was caused by that insidious flea, from whom the grey head is no protection, and who respects neither the living nor the dead. Last night the writer of this was being thrilled to the core by "Antony's" oration, when suddenly the toes of the great deceased Roman began to work convulsively, and they had hardly carried out his bier when in the right leg of our pants—. But never mind—only if Mr. McCullough doesn't want the auditorium of his theater to become a desert waste, let him abate that flea.

The grief of our prominent men at the obsequies of the late millionaire was pitiable to behold. Tommy Chandler, Mayor Bryant, Jack Stratman, John Wise, Supervisor Shine, Friedlander, John Hemphill and Emperor Norton wept in concert so profusely that they had to borrow the new sewer that is being constructed for Baldwin's Hotel as a receptacle for their grief. Fred McCrellish would have helped, too, but his tears, like the hairs in his whiskers, are few and far between. When it was announced that, among other bequests, the dead millionaire had left John Parrot enough money to paint the old building on the corner of California and Montgomery streets, one mighty sob shook the assembled crowd. The sorrow became more violent when it was added that a further sum was left to pay Michael Reese's taxes. An appropriation to settle the weekly bills of the distinguished foreigners who are being continually fired out of the Lick House, met with silent approval, but the bitter tears flowed again with fresh violence at the announcement of a bequest of three clean shirts to each of the Supervisors. The grief of the gentlemen present was inconsolable when it was ascertained that the following hitherto unknown legacies have been left: To Mr. Keene, of the California Theater, a new dress-coat, with a request that the old one be sent to the Centennial as a relic of the revolution. To the head waiter of the Palace Hotel, one private secretary, one coupé and a Frodshan watch. To the Rev. Otis Gibson is donated the hishopric of Hongkong, which Mr. Lick bought cheap at auction some years ago. Mr. Gibson leaves on the next steamer. The stifled sobs of J. D. Staples and Jim Keene rendered the remainder of the bequests inaudible, and the agitation only subsided on the invitation of Ned Cabill and Lightning Brown to the crowd to smile.

Prophecy has never been a paying profession. In olden times Lacocon and his two sons were chewed up by snakes for their propensities in the vaticination line, and even Brigham Young is not proof against a Sheriff's order. Elijah was an instance of a successful prophet, because he kept two bears who devoured every one who made jokes about his bald head. The San Francisco astrologers, necromancers, clairvoyants and prophets generally find things still worse. They have to pay \$50 for a license to foretell, and things are so dull that not one in ten of their number can foretell how to get a square meal. How careless men are of the future when they neglect to support the aged seer, and leave the omniscient Egyptian prophetess to languish without her hash!

It is generally known that our respected ex-Governor, Stanford, has a very pretty brindled cow. Taking advantage of the Governor's trip East, this misguided animal, in a fit of abstraction, strayed off the premises and wandered fancy free. Her loss was only discovered at night-time, and the Governor's nigger-coachman and two favorite China boys held a hurried consultation. Not to find the cow was to lose their places, so they ran over to General Colton's, where they secured the aid of the General's valet, and all four held a council of war. During their deliberations a mysterious bellowing was heard from the direction of the sea, which was unanimously pronounced to be the voice of the missing one. "Dat ar cow's plagney hungry by dis time," said the coachman, "and dat's just her voice when de poor gal's empty." So out they all started, being guided by the continuance of the bellowing until they reached the sea. Here the noise seemed to come from Goat Island. So it was decided to charter a boat big enough to bring the cow back in and row over. The China boys weren't mad, after four hours rowing, when they reached the island and had thoroughly examined the steam whistle, but General Colton's valet has since given up the acquaintance of Governor Stanford's coachman, as he says he finds no enjoyment in the society of a man who don't know a cow from a foghorn.

Theodore Tilton rises to explain. Unfortunately Theodore's explanations all have a family likeness to that picture-hanging business. This is how he straightens out that little sleeping-car episode: He got out of his berth, he says, of course in undress uniform, for a drink of water. While drinking, he trod on a nut-shell, and stepped hastily into the car from the ante-chamber where he was, sat down on the edge of what he supposed to be the lower berth, which he was to take, to brush off the shell. Then he turned himself over into the berth, and reached out his hand for the covering, which seemed to be in a roll at the back of the berth. Before he discovered that a woman was under that roll, the train had reached Albany, and the young husband was at the berth curtains looking for his wife. The woman awoke at the sound of a voice, and seeing a man in her berth shouted in fear. This is not the first time an old cat has had his feet in nut-shells.

The Lick baths may be said to be reasonably sure of erection, now that their projector is no more. The city's benefactor should certainly be entitled to public gratitude for his bequest, as it is tolerably certain that Pickering will embrace the opportunity to indulge in the novel sensation of a bath, bright recollection of his childhood. Anything he can get and not pay for will be quite in his way, and among the wonderful things time brings to pass, it is possible that even "Dirty Pick" will get a square wash. As the above adjective is popularly applied more to his mental than his bodily foulness, it is to be hoped, for the benefit of other bathers, the former will not leak through.

Mummies are Down. By this we do not refer particularly to the low condition, both nominally and financially, of the *Bulletin's* editor. We simply mean to announce that at a large sale in the Egyptian Department of the Centennial on Wednesday last a large lot of mummies were sold at from \$25 to \$45. These were a really first-class article, the best imported, and it will gladden the heart of many a hard-working mechanic to hear that he can lay in his winter stock of mummies at reasonable prices. Nothing alleviates suffering in these hard times so much as the overthrow of the late grasping combinations in coal, mummies and things.

After all the abuse heaped upon Texas as a lawless, godless territory, it appears that it is the only place in the world where a man can be tried by an intelligent jury. Recently a young Texan was arraigned on the charge of strangling his infant daughter, and, as he had done the deed at the christening, in the presence of over thirty witnesses, it was not attempted to prove an *alibi*. It was urged, however, in defence, that the act was committed in a moment of irritation caused by the resemblance between the baby and the prisoner's mother-in-law. The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty, without retiring from the box.

Another defeat for the Turks is reported by way of Jersey City, where Mrs. Quin threw a bucket of water over Mrs. Turk yesterday, and then knocked her down with a club.

The Turkish general, **Mahmond Pacha**, is pained to think that England is afraid of Russia. Poor man! "It is with regret," he says, "I see her now apparently shrinking before the shadow of a Power not really one-tenth as formidable as is generally supposed. The late Lord Palmerston understood this, and I believe if one was to go to his grave and whisper what is passing he would start and turn in his shroud." If civilized nations could only get a good, square lick at Mahmond Pacha and his gentle compatriots there would hardly be enough shrouds to go round.

Washington may now be said to be given up by the decent element of the country as the very chosen home and habitation of the most corrupt and infamous ring that ever disgraced a nation. Again has the brazen "outside man" of the President escaped his just reward—the penitentiary—by the bribery and intimidation of a jury of Administration minions. The outrages, robberies, plots, and endless festering corruptions of the Shepherd, Kilbourn, Bahcock gang have made the Republic's capitol a bye-word and a shame the whole land over. It is the American *Gomorrhah*!

At an **Indian powwow**, held recently, a certain **Lame Crow** remarked that he had an exalted estimate of the white race, because, as he stated, "they could make rum out of corn." He closed his speech with these touching words: "We were horn and raised in the woods: we could never learn to make rum. God has made the White Flesh masters of the world; they make everything, and they all love rum, especially in the far West." If this is not a covert fling at Frisco we miss our guess.

An enterprising firm advertises "gravestones as cheap as wood." This is a comfort to young housekeepers, because if the price of wood goes up they can always order a cord of gravestones to accompany their half ton of coal. There must be gravestones for kindling and for starting a fire, as well as those not split quite so fine, and as gravestones are often suggestive of fire in the lower regions, it is satisfactory to find they have been adapted to practical use in fires above.

The **Dairymen** held a council this week to discuss the maximum quantity of water which a pint of milk would stand, and the propriety of making all cheese in future from skimmed milk. Samples of butter, milk and cheese were exhibited, but they were all eaten up by the representatives of the daily press before the meeting commenced. A reporter on the morning *Herald* says it is the most interesting council he ever attended.

The **verdict** of the **Wason Court Martial** has just been rendered, and as it occupies two entire columns in the *Daily Court Martial*—formerly *Alta*—it can be no less than instant death. The tyrant **McComb** reckons without his host if he imagines the populace will see the unfortunate **Wason** shot down by his hirling troops. The storm is gathering. Already a desperate plan is on foot to—but hist; we must dissemble!

The **capacious grasshopper** has again been dropping in to lunch with the **Kansas farmer**. It appears from the telegrams that they cleared a two-hundred acre field of corn in twenty-six minutes. We should like to have these hoppers strike the section from which comes the corn served at the *Town Crier's* restaurant. If they get away with that vegetable then the dentists' bills of the grasshopper fraternity are very small indeed.

The **Tabernacle Baptist Church** are trying to sell out, and **P. T. Barnum** is coming out to look at the building with a view of turning it into a circus and museum. His agent says that the building would require no alterations worthy of mention, except taking out the seats and wiring over the minister's room for a monkey cage.

Tobacco has not hitherto been celebrated as an antidote for grief. That it must possess some such power is certain, inasmuch as one of the mourners, a few yards behind **Mr. Lick's** hearse, was quietly smoking a cigar going along **Montgomery street**. There is nothing like knowing how to do the right thing at the right time.

It is amusing to read **Loring Pickering's** whine over the death of **M. B. Sampson**, the late journalist, whose course he deplores. He says: "But in an evil day his desire to make money too rapidly led him into the great error of his life, that is selling his columns," etc. If this is not **Satan** rehuking **Sin** what on earth is it?

BOOK REVIEW.

Talks about Labor. By J. N. Larned. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

In a modest preface the author disclaims all attempts at the solution of the great question—the rights of wealth and its relations to labor. He even speaks of his efforts as “the meagre results of an earnest study of the subject,” when in good truth the volume is teeming with new thoughts and felicitous propositions tending to the reconciliation of the often disturbed relations between capital and labor. The subject is divided into five heads, each of which is pleasantly arranged in the form of an evening discussion between the author and a neighbor. The first two theses relate to the power of capital and the rights of capital; the third to the competition of faculties among men; the fourth discusses the just claims of labor, and the last evening is devoted to a chat about the ways and means of justice. The whole subject is treated in a social way over a pipe in a pleasant cottage, and this alone invests the style of the writer with a charm usually foreign to the examination of so dry a subject. The “Judge” in the story defines slavery as “any condition in which a man is constrained to give the benefit of his labor to another, and exercises less than equal freedom in the arrangement of the terms of compensation upon which he does so.” A constantly recurring suggestion in the work is the principle of giving dividends to labor and reducing the profits of capital. This may be quoted as Mr. Larned’s solution of existing difficulties, and none will deny its force. Co-operative stores he does not believe in, and the workingman may learn much that is good and sensible by studying the writer’s views of what is due to him and expected from him. The whole is a masterly treatise on the great question of the day, and should be read by every employer and employé in the land.

CITY CRIMINAL COURT.

Information is respectfully asked as to what use is there under heaven for the Democratic creation known as the City Criminal Court. The answer is not a lengthy one. This Court is nothing less than a clog on the wheels of justice. It keeps eight or nine policemen dancing attendance on it and thirty or forty witnesses in jury trials which ought to be and could be easily disposed of in the Police Court. Our objection is not to the Judge, who is probably competent in every respect, but to the existence of the Court at all. Instead of being an assistance to the dispatch of police business it retards cases, takes up the time of officers unnecessarily, and burdens an overtaxed city with an immense and uncalled-for expense. The late failure to convict Mugan, the notorious hoodlum, and one of the participators in the late murder of Earle, is an instance of the hindrance this Court is to the speedy and fair course of justice. It is true that Judge Ferral lays it on to a prisoner when he *is* found guilty. Strap game men are not particularly anxious to be convicted in his Court. But for all that the press has known for some time of the utter insufficiency of the City Criminal Court as a tribunal of justice. It is openly talked of by officials, joked about by lawyers, and its speedy abolition is a consummation of its wild career devoutly to be hoped for.

Fifty Miles Bicycle Race.—A large number of spectators was present at the Lille Bridge Grounds, West Brompton, on September 2d, to witness a fifty-mile race between David Stanton, the well known English bicyclist and Camille Thuillet, the French champion, for £50. The Englishman went ahead at the start, and held the command for nearly the half distance—namely, twenty-two miles. Thuillet then went to the front, but soon gave way again to Stanton, who kept the advantage until thirty-nine miles were completed. The Frenchman now made another gallant effort, and assumed the lead for a mile, then Stanton held it for two miles, and in the forty-third mile Thuillet once more passed Stanton. Not for long, however, as the Englishman again went to the front and finally won by twenty yards. Stanton’s time, 3 h. 14 m. 8 sec.; Thuillet’s, 3 h. 14 m. 10 sec.

THE WEB OF LIFE

A weaver sat by the side of his loom
A flinging the shuttle fast ;
And a thread that should wear till the hour of doom
Was added at every cast.
His warp had been by the Angels spun,
And his woof was bright and new:
Like threads which the morning unbraids from the sun—
All jeweled over with dew.
And fresh-lipped, bright-eyed, beautiful flowers,
In the rich, soft web were bedded ;
And blithe to the weaver sped onward the hours—
Not yet were Time's feet leaded.
But something there came slow stealing by,
And a shade o'er the fabric fell ;
And I saw that the shuttle less blithely did fly,
For thought had a wearisome spell.
And a thread that next o'er the warp was lain,
Was of melancholy gray ;
And anon I marked there a tear-drop's stain
Where the flower's had fallen away.
But still the weaver kept weaving on,
Though the fabric all was gray ;
And the flowers, and the buds, and the leaves were gone,
And the cold threads cankered lay.
And dark, and still darker, and darker grew
Each new woven thread ;
And some there were of a death-mocking hue,
And some of a bloody red.
And things all strange were woven in—
Sighs, down-cast hopes and fears ;
And the web was hroken, and poor, and thin,
And it dripped with living tears.
And the weaver fain would have flung it aside,
But he knew it would be a sin ;
So, in light and in gloom, the shuttle he plied,
A weaving these life-cords in.
And, as he wove, and, weeping, still wove,
A tempter stole him nigh ;
And, with glowing words, he to win him strove,
But the weaver turned his eye.
He upward turned his eye to Heaven,
And still wove on, on, on !
Till the last, last cord from his heart was riven,
And the tissue strange was done.
Then he threw it about his shoulders bowed,
And about his grizzled head ;
And, gathering close the folds of his shroud,
Lay him down among the dead.
And I after saw in a robe of light,
The weaver in the sky ;
The angels' wings were not more bright,
And the stars grew pale it nigh.
And I saw, 'mid its folds, all the Iris-hued flowers
That beneath his touch had sprung—
More beautiful far than these stray ones of ours
Which the angels have to us flung.
And wherever a tear had fallen down,
Gleamed out a diamond rare ;
And jewels befitting a monarch's crown
Were the footprints left by care.
And wherever had swept the breath of a sigh
Was left a rich perfume ;

And with light from the fountains of bliss in the sky
 Shone the labor of sorrow and gloom.
 And then I prayed:—when my last work is done,
 And the silver life-cord riven,
 Be the stain of sorrow the only one
 That I bear with me to Heaven.

CLAY'S BANK? LENDING YOUR NAME

How many savings banks have been enabled to rob the poor of their earnings through the influence of the names of respected and substantial citizens as Directors! How many rascally confidence men have been assisted in the same manner in establishing so-called benevolent enterprises, the funds of which were appropriated to their own use! There are thousands of honorable but thoughtless men who will sign almost any document laid before them, provided that it involves no pecuniary responsibility, and who will consent to figure as Directors of institutions in which they exercise no control. This is a grievous wrong, involving criminal negligence of social duty even where it is perpetrated in mere complaisance and good nature, without any anticipation of the evil use to be made of their influence. It is time that business men and leading citizens should begin to realize the moral responsibility they incur when they consent to allow their names to be used as figure-head Directors of such institutions as Clay's Bank, or I. S. Allen's "San Francisco Benevolent Society." However innocent they may be, so far as their intentions are concerned, they in fact make themselves accomplices of all the frauds and robberies which are perpetrated by the designing scoundrels whom they indorse, and who, without such indorsement, would be powerless for evil. (*Bulletin please copy.*)

The following is the simplest method of giving paper and wood surfaces a crystalline coating. Mix a very concentrated cold solution of salt with dextrine, and lay the thinnest possible coating of the fluid on the surface to be covered by means of a broad, soft brush. After drying, the surface has a beautiful, bright mother-of-pearl coating, which, in consequence of the dextrine, adheres firmly to paper and wood. The coating may be made adhesive to glass by doing it over with an alcoholic shellac solution. The following salts are mentioned as adapted to produce the most beautiful crystalline coating, viz.: sulphate of magnesia, acetate of soda, and sulphate of tin. Paper must be first sized, otherwise it will absorb the liquid and prevent the formation of crystals. Colored glass thus prepared gives a good effect by transmitted light.

The *Moniteur de la Salud* published the following method for restoring velvet to its original condition. It is well known that when velvet has been wet, not only its appearance is spoiled, but it becomes hard and knotty. To restore its original softness, it must be thoroughly dampened on the wrong side, and then held over a very hot iron, care being taken not to let it touch the latter. In a short time the velvet becomes, as it were, new again. The theory of this is very simple. The heat of the iron evaporates the water through the tissue, and forces the vapor out at the upper side: this vapor, passing between the different fibers, separates those which adhere together in hard bunches. If the velvet were ironed after dampening, an exactly opposite result would be obtained. It is therefore necessary that the substance should not come in contact with the heated iron.

A correspondent writes to ask who Hahnemann was and what did he do? We are unable to say. No one in the office seems to know anything about the person referred to. There was a Hahnemann boarded next door but one to the office-boy in fifty-nine, but he was drowned fishing for tom-cod. Then there was a Mrs. Hahnemann who did the editor's washing, but she was a widow. He was not a subscriber for this paper that is certain. Perhaps he was a quack.

LIES OF THE DAY.

A lie has no legs, and cannot stand; but it has wings, and can fly far and wide.—**WARBURTON.** With the adaptability of a lie, sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.—**LORD BROUGHAM.** A lie begets others; one lie must be thatched with another, or it will soon rain through.—**LORD THURLOWE.**

“And the Parson made it his text that week, and he said likewise,
That a lie which is half a lie is ever the blackest of lies;
That a lie that is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.—**TENNYSON.**”

San Francisco Lies.—It is not true that large sums are nightly lost and won at the Union Club, and that the morning after Don passes Donner checks for five figures, these being exhibited as the results of the evening's game.—That a lady's voice is ever heard among the audience when Booth is reciting his finer passages.—That the tall President of the California Insurance Company gets his pay in silver and gas for soliciting business for the modest marine surveyor.—That J. T. Fleming and S. Kerr were down to Santa Cruz on a tear.—That Fleming could, after practicing half an hour, walk around a post without falling, when he had only taken “nine glasses of beer at the bath-house.”—That Rev. I. Rowell ever adulterates the milk sold to his customers.

Sacramento Lies.—It is not true that J. G. Estudillo is taking lessons on horseback riding of Prof. Thomas Beck.—That Captain Sidensons has more cheek than a brass monkey.—That F. R. Hogeboom spends most of his evenings in the Capitol Park.—That Brigadier-General Martine threatens to leave the Golden Eagle unless he has quail on toast every morning.—That N. H. Nicholl is about to depart the life of single blessedness, and he don't see why folks should make such a fuss over it.—That S. Rothfield don't give away any more silk dresses—not if he knows it.—That Sites says he never colored his hair in his life, but he wears a wig, and that's his own business.—That Bethell is the very picture of Boss Tweed if it was not for his hands.—That Jim Keller would go to the Centennial, but he don't see how the girls could get along without him.—That Tom Clunie is the best tempered fellow in the world, but when you ask him how's the foot, he gets awful mad.—That Phillips, of the Railroad Commission, wears No. 11 boots, and still he claims to have a pretty foot.—That Dr. Pierson don't want to see any more of Professor S. S. Baldwin.—That Wm. Beck stands in front of the theater every Saturday Matinee just waiting for a friend, you know.—That Ed. Smith's cigars made everyone sick at the Park.—That P. Ross weighs himself every ten minutes in the day.—That L. Crackbon was offered \$1 a day to keep the sun off the benches at the Capitol Park with his feet.—That W. Hubbard says he would like to become a minister.—That H. Moore got disgusted waiting, and shaved off his mustache because it would not come out fast enough.—That Doc. F.'s girl from San Francisco weighs 63 lbs. net.—That Tom O'Cass is learning to sing tenor.—That Ed. Knox is practicing economy. He deposited 10 cents in the Dime Savings Bank out of his month's wages.—That H. Russell wants every one to understand he bought a cut-away coat in San Francisco.—That he paid \$13 75 for it.—That Fred Knox has commenced to starve his appetite, and only eats six meals a day.—That C. Linsley is going to sell his plug hat for old rags.—That Fred Maidley wants to get a divorce case.—That it took Jo. Hamilton two months to learn the address he made at the Pavilion.—That Al. Ramage is in training to fight Allen, the prize-fighter.

Santa Cruz Lies.—That Will C. is going to Arizona “to settle down.”—That the town will miss him and his feet.—That Royal H. has “sworn off” to save expense.—That his motto is “Economy is wealth,” and buys his clothes second-hand.—That he is willing to be treated, but never treats.—That George W. thinks the walk up the coast road very short, and the Moore he goes the Moore he wants to go.—That Nickerson has taken a sudden dislike to muskmelons; he will never eat any more.—That Dr. Vaux kept his appointment Friday evening on the beach, although the “married lady” failed to appear.—That if C. E. had not been sitting on the beach at unseasonable hours she would not have had the rheumatism; ten o'clock is late enough for her to be out.—That E. S. says she won't have Frank E. if he snores.—That Mattie

is inconsolable since Clara left. — That he has grown thin and pale. — That Leroy F. enjoyed his walk home from church Sunday evening. — That he thinks of marrying the widow and becoming proprietor of the "Central." — That H. Peyton and Windsor got enough of the "Centennial" and think they won't go there again (we advise them to try another place next time). — That Ren Gardner was so excited playing "pigeon hole" for the drinks that he forgot the party. — That Christal and Dr. V. are rivals in regard to Miss E. — That E. S. West is in search of another victim. — That Louis H. thinks he would make a good leader for a San Francisco band of "street Arabs." — That we agree with him. — That Parsons does not remember that the worst death in the world is to be talked to death. — That Tanner has not missed calling on Mary S. one night out of six weeks. — That he does not get home till very late. — That Miss W. will no doubt create a big sensation in San Francisco. — That Sweeny relishes scandal better than any man in town. — That Bob E. is a model of virtue and piety. — That Mary S. thinks she is the best swimmer in Santa Cruz; but C. E. beat her in from the raft; she was very much crestfallen and will not swim against C. again. — That George H. is an ornament to the town of S. C. (in his own estimation). — That Cappleman has been sober for the last three weeks, and he is going to join the Good Templars.

Placerville (Eldorado Co.) Lies. — It is not true that Ben Crocker is most popular among juveniles. — That he accounts for the rumor by urging that he "Can't help singing nursery rhymes." — That James M. Anderson always examines hash through a *theodolite* before eating. — That W. A. Selkirk is writing a story for boys. — That he knows it will outlive "Robinson Crusoe." — That the Wonderly family intend establishing an independent "Pioneer" Association. — That they are looking ahead, expecting to find a man with more riches and less sanity than the late unlauded James Lick. — That J. L. Perkins lives on the square in the double sense. — That B. F. Davis hopes to become the guiding star of the State, "some night." — That his friends tell him it "must be very dark when his ambition is reached." — That C. H. Weatherwax means to go into the honey raising business. — That Michael Simon is short-sighted. — That Dr. Kuhu always *looks grave* when he sees a patient recovering. — That Alexander Gordon Stuart ever heard the Pibroch. — That S. J. Alden has discovered an everlasting dye. — That George G. Blanchard is writing a pastoral poem in Lexameters entitled "What was and is Not." — That Jim Oliver is the Hero. — That Tom Stephens is at present in Micawber's most delightful State. — That E. B. Conklin is a believer in "manifest destiny." — That P. C. Nugent ever finds himself between "two fires."

Fresno Lies. -- It is not true that Judge Baley only stops rehearsing the praises of Fresno County when compelled by thirst. — That Fresno City has a basso *profundus*. — That C. A. Heaton is studying Caleb Cushing. — That Tracy ever listened to a scandal. — That his motto in life is — "Walls have ears." — That N. H. Sullivan knows what is "the sweetest thing in life." — That Augus M. Clark is cultivating a Scotch accent. — That Charles De Long wears a look of mystery. — That Kutner & Goldstein are the jolliest merchants in Fresno. — That they entertained our Liar with princely hospitality. — That W. B. Bishop has invented a new disinfectant. — That Claudius G. Sayle made a special trip to San Francisco to see Booth play *Hamlet*. — That he hopes to play the "King" some day. — That J. G. Bell ever found a difficulty in regulating the sun. — That Whitlock says his "hair is gray, but not from years." — That Laurensen is the author of "Smiles." — That he thinks the world owes him an "enduring monument." — That B. S. Booker was ever asked "What's in a name?" — That Sheriff Ashman is seriously thinking of parting his hair in the middle. — That A. S. Goldstein keeps the temperature even by filling up a "No. 9 Diamond" with Mount Diablo coal. — That J. W. Ferguson often utters "Macbeth's" famous soliloquy. — That he charges Hayes and Wheeler with banishing the "sweet restorer" from his pillow. — That H. S. Dixon offered our Liar a standing invitation to breakfast. — That he did so hoping the fact would be kept a profound secret.

Oroville Lies.—It is not true that N. T. Sparks is puzzled to know why insurance agents are so much afraid of him.—That H. Bird was ever compared with an owl.—That D. N. Friesleben has but one hope left—"to meet the *News Letter* Liar before he dies."—That he will stare with wonder at the statement that he entertained him less than a month since.—That Topping has a marked resemblance to "Jack Cade."—That Dr. Miller is going to place three more letters of the alphabet to his name.—That McDermott suggested that he should copy "Dr. Pangloss" and add "A. S. S." as a finale.—That Chas. St. Sure has a brain like Napoleon's.—That John C. Gray claims that his "sweet disposition is the result of a temperate mind."—That J. M. Brock has a voice which would bring a fortune on the stage.—That he was ever "stage struck."—That Rideout, Smith & Co. offered our Liar a confidential position in the firm.—That they believe he has the gift of "second sight."—That the three Millers ever make "a happy family party."—That Jim Jones has invented a new style of wire mattress.—That John B. Leonard ever read *Romeo and Juliet*.—That R. F. Reese ever explained how he rescued his thumb from being crushed into pulp.—That St. John Jackson intends making a pilgrimage to Malta.—That Fogg & Perkins are both clear headed before noon.—That E. Higgins will make his home in Alaska during the Winter.—That Dr. Mansfield is the only person that will regret the move.

Antioch Lies.—It is not true that Martin Hamburg boasts of the "blue blood" of his ancestry.—That George Phyrks is a remote descendant of Noah.—That Pat Griffin can handle "Greek fire" without being burned.—That C. Wild intends visiting Paris this Fall.—That he wants to prove his cutting capacity by comparison.—That one of his friends remarked last week that it was a "wild goose chase."—That J. P. Abbot is preparing a revised history of the world.—That he is plagiarizing the columns of the *Ledger* to supply the material.—That Fred Dahuku was ever heard exclaiming, "Alas! poor Jost."—That he is often supposed to quote *Hamlet*.—That Dr. Parkinson knows he is not mad.—That George M. Carman has given up politics.—That Oliver Walcott has made his last excursion to Mount Diablo.—That Dolan heard the news with joy.—That Tom Sutton is the merriest fellow in Antioch.—That Nan Phillips always wears a look of "childlike innocence."—That the Odens are both poets.—That W. T. O. has a face like Dante.—That he accounts for the resemblance by referring to his frequent exposure to "coal dust."—That Maurice Kahn has renounced the faith of his fathers.—That R. B. Hard is in character like in his wares.—That Joseph Gallaway has but one regret, "the neglect of his early musical training."—That Orso has a voice like the roaring surf.—That Gillespie was ever accused of possessing one *grain* of wit.—That Cruikshank thinks it unkind to refer to the shape of his legs.

Portland (Oregon) Lies.—It is not true that Ike Blum sells good cigars.—That Morse has been in the habit of *pierce-ing* a near neighbor of his.—That Loveridge has the largest mustache in town.—That Charley S—k sings bass at the Methodist Sunday School in a base manner.—That he attends Sunday School from strictly pious motives.—That Carr is expected to return from the East a married and a better man.—That the girls all say that he dresses in good taste.—That the "Gambrinus" entertains the idea of closing since Bob L. and Arthur W. stopped drinking lager.—That Pierce assures people that he sells ten pianos daily.—That Fishel & R. sell shoddy suits at \$5.—That Manciet will accept silver for board without a murmur.—That his son Frank thinks himself a good guitar player.—That nobody else thinks so.—That Wilson ever duns the "boys" for "that little bill of mine, you know, eh!"—That he and "Dobbie" fondly imagine themselves swells, although they do not wear ready made clothes.—That everybody wishes the Amateur Musical Society well—out of town.

San Rafael Lies.—It is not true that to a Town Trustee is reserved the privilege of violating an ordinance.—That Dr. T. does not countenance the discharging of firearms on his premises.—That J. A. Wilson will start a new undertaking establishment.—That Schneider never told a lie.—That it was Miller's "cider" that made our rising young lawyer so "boozy."—That F. H. Pratt never was known to smile.—

That Doubt will lecture on temperance. — That Grant has gone into the gas business. — That it was not for the advantage of a free ride to Saucelito that the Democrats held their meeting on Monday night.

Healdsburg Lies. -- It is not true that George Holcombe is lazy. — That Ed. Albertson overloaded his stomach with crabs. — That one of our girls is *partial* to a preacher. — That the *Flag* is a pictorial paper. — That Charlie Goddard is sailing around the Horn. — That Ike Kowalski can't spell his name. — That Cummings is going to run his water cart all Winter. — That Hi. Alderson is agent for steam pianos. — That it is Owen to attractions he visits Geyserville. — That George Mulligan drives "faster than a walk" over the Russian River Bridge. — That E. K. Vaughn is going to run for County Judge. — That Henry Hudson is like a newspaper, because he is read all over. — That Wince Foster is going to start a junk store. — That Johnny Martin can't see the ground for his feet. — That the Healdsburg wind-jammers have bought a new bass-drum. — That George Hudson is going for Hayes. — That Bill Ferguson is going to run a boat this Winter from his house to Healdsburg. — That Dick Weiberts is going into the circus "on shape." — That Felix Mulgrew is working on another "poem." — That H. W. Peck wears corsets. — That everything is a *mystery* with him. — That John Fitch has obtained a divorce. — That Jonas Bloom ever went back on a promise. — That he is a Democrat only through policy. — That the foregoing are all the Healdsburg lies that can be told.

Knight's Landing Lies. -- It is not true that Sam Bailey and Aleck Laugheour are going to give a sparring exhibition at Union Hall for the benefit of the widows of the Hamburg massacre. — That Robert Huston is going to join the Temperance Legion, provided they make him worthy Chief and allow him to have his regular morning cocktails. — That Fryett, of the Tribe of Solomon, is going to San Francisco if it is not too expensive. — That our Liar ever saw A. B. H. throwing a ham over a fence. — That he complained next day of them having taken a raise. — That Dinwiddie ever got mad at hearing the name of Coleman's brother-in-law mentioned. — That H. M. H. is a musician, and has sent to Boston for a bass drum. — That A. F. B. ever took morphine to cure ennui. — That he has been studying the medical properties of it ever since. — That A. C. T. is partial to houses with windows on the ground floor, cause. — That George T. is the most brilliant man in town since he commenced wearing diamonds.

An Extraordinary Prayer. -- The United Methodist Free Church passed a resolution, at Sheffield, of which the following is the close: — "This Assembly prays that the time may soon come when the State shall no longer take charge of the religious interests of the country." What this implies may be thus expressed: 1. A king or queen of any or no religion. 2. Oaths of any form, kind or character in our courts of justice, or none at all. 3. No clergyman or minister of any kind, in any jail, barracks, or ship of war. 4. No permission even to teach religion in a day school. 5. No fast days or thanksgiving days as a nation. 6. No recognition of the Deity as a nation. 7. No recognition of the Sabbath Day. 8. No recognition of the 20,000 clergy, who, in 20,000 parishes, keep up Christian ordinances. [Must these parishes be neglected?] The United Free Church Methodists have not a twentieth of that number.

Cohen Used Up. -- This precious individual has been tolerably used up by Hall McAllister's thorough unveiling of his innumerable rascalities. Treachery seems to have been the leading element of his crafty nature. The evidence adduced in Court conclusively proves that while the Railroad Company's agent he was secretly interested in Block 9, and advised its purchase. In the conspiracy with the Black Diamond Coal Company, and in a hundred ways that have come to light, he appears to have abused and traded upon the confidence of President Stanford, and coined money out of his official opportunities. The result of the trial has established Cohen's reputation for cunning and underhand strategy, while it but confirms the public idea of his integrity.

THE CITY OF SUDDEN DEATH

Is an ominous title San Francisco seems indisputably entitled to. Every week adds several names to the long list of those whose "taking off" is by their own or other's hands. Suicides are plenty enough, heaven knows, in these days of universal hard times, but of late the Golden City seems to have had more than her share of them. The "man for breakfast" epoch seem to have returned in a different form. The three suicides that occurred in this community last week had little of that semi-heroic quality with which poor humanity strives to invest this last resort of the faint hearted and despondent. Your suicide is generally a very pitable coward. If anything can possible condone self-murder, it is where some terrible disgrace, some irreparable calamity overwhelms its victim. Even then it is surely choosing the baser part not to face the evil with that sublimest of virtues—endurance. Mere pecuniary trouble is the weakest of excuses for this crime. It may happen, and does a thousand times, that the ablest and cleverest of men often come, in the multitudinous changes of life, to look poverty, even absolute hunger, in the face. There is no time, however, when in a civilized land a meal and bed cannot be obtained for the asking, and the pride that would prefer death to that would be better and more nobly gratified by refusing to allow misfortune, however bitter, to fully triumph. The hardest lesson of life is to learn how to stoop to conquer.

Carl Boschau says that if a statue, made of plaster of Paris or *papier mache*, be coated with thick white dammar varnish, and then dusted with pulverised glass, it will have, when dry, the appearance of alabaster. If it be afterwards varnished a second time, and dusted with coarsely pulverised white glass or mica (*marieglas*) and again dried, it will be a very successful imitation of Carrara marble, especially if the marble veins be first traced with some delicate blue pigment. This method of preparation follows that of nature, for alabaster consists of very small crystals of sulphate of lime, and Carrara marble of somewhat larger crystals of carbonate of lime, which in reflected light glistens like white sugar. This effect is obtained with perfect deception by the brilliant white glass in coarse powder.

We are glad to see that Mr. Daniel W. Lake is now connected with an establishment that appreciates his worth, and which, through his influence and the superb quality of the goods furnished by it, now stands at the head of its business rivals on this coast. Mr. Lake (formerly with Chadbourne & Co.) is now agent for the California Cracker Company, and by his energy, wide business acquaintance, and real "push," has already much augmented the business of that company. The following is a list of the leading cracker and cake productions of this great establishment: Extra soda crackers, butter, wafer and Santa Clara crackers, saloon pilot bread, Jenny Lind cakes, ginger cakes, ginger nuts, lemon snaps, Excelsior cakes, Albert biscuits, Nic-nacs, fruit biscuits, water crackers, La Grande, Shoo Fly and Overland biscuits, spice nuts, picnic crackers, navy bread, cabin bread and fancy milk bread.

The Rector of Chedale, Cheshire, writes: "Can you find space to record an unostentatious act of heroism? A poor factory operative had his leg recently amputated in the Manchester Infirmary. The loss of blood was so great that the case was given up as hopeless. He was all but dead, when the surgeon stated that nothing but an infusion of blood could save his life. One of the students (a Mr. Irving, I believe,) volunteered to be bled, and twenty-four ounces of his life-blood were taken from him at his own most serious risk and infused into the dying man. Yesterday I saw the patient, who is now on a fair way to convalescence. Need we wonder that the noble band of English doctors on the battle-fields in Turkey should reflect such credit upon their country?" The Rector forgot to tell us how Mr. Irving is going on.

LIVING.

We can only live once ; and death's terrors
 With life's bowers and roses entwine,
 And our lives would be darkened by errors
 Did we even, like cats, possess nine !
 They would be perhaps all of them wasted,
 And be recklessly squandered away,
 And not half of the joys would be tasted
 That one life can embrace in a day.

Let the lives that we live be worth living ;
 Let the days that we spend be well spent ;
 Let us save for the pleasure of giving,
 And not borrow at fifty per cent ;
 Let us never cease loving and learning,
 And use life for its noblest of ends.
 Then when dust to its dust is returning
 We shall live in the hearts of our friends.

[COMMUNICATED.]

THE LATE JAMES LICK AND HIS "STAR SPANGLED BANNER."

Can anybody tell whether it was the words or the music or melody to which they are attached that infatuated the old man, and moved him to the extent of having one or other, or indeed both, immortalized by monumental perpetuation ? Some years ago he built an organ, and some of his friends (intimate as any ever could be with the man) declared his sole object to be, if possible, the fixation of the sounds in the ear, permanent as colors are in porcelain. But this is melody, and more, the melody which is unquestionably the attraction, is an old English one ; pretty much in the same fix as Bishop's English melody of "Home, Sweet Home," which has been a charm to thousands upon thousands who never heard nor ever cared to hear the words. When will borrowed thunder cease to be noisy ? "America" is the English national hymn of "God Save the Queen !"

The election of editor of the *Morning Advertiser* took place on the 8th instant. At the previous meeting Mr. Ross, Mr. Daly and Mr. De la Fleuriere, all well known as connected with the London press, were selected out of a large number of candidates to contest the office. At the committee meeting the choice fell on Mr. De la Fleuriere, who was considered to have a prior claim as a contributor of articles to the *Advertiser* for some time past. The salary of the previous editor commenced at £800, and was increased to £1,000. The salary of the present editor commences at the former sum.

Last Sunday evening, at the conclusion of Dr. Guard's lecture, Mr. Twiggs (Priscilla's father), who, as our readers are aware, is not a very brilliant man, stepped up to the learned divine and said : "Doctor, why don't you talk louder ? I sat near the door of the church and could scarcely hear a word you said. Didn't you see me ?" "Yes, sir, I did." "Well, didn't you observe the way I held my hands up to catch the sound ?" "Your hands, Mr. Twiggs, why, I thought those were your ears !"

Mr Herbert Johnson, who represented the *Graphic* during the Prince of Wales' tour in India, has, it is said, abandoned for a time, at least, the sphere of black and white for that of color, being engaged upon a large Indian subject for the Academy exhibition of next year. Mr. Johnson is a gold medalist of the Royal Academy, and the brother student of the new painter, Mr. Hubert Herkomer.

From the San Francisco News Letter.

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San Francisco Lies. -- It is not true that Judge George Turner has lost his taste for **GRAHAM** bread, and has no longer any interest in the Emma mine, and instead of singing "**NORA, Darling,**" his favorite song now is "**SALLY, Come Up.**"—That **Leopold Michels** had some of those diamonds set in a ring, which he presented to his betrothed at the **Maison Dorée** last Sunday.—That his brother shed tears of joy at the affecting scene.—That **Archie Borland** wants to pull down the blind since the decline in **Imperial**, and he would like to see the photograph of the man who would put him in the *News Letter*.—That **DAV S** (or mother **Davis**) finds business very dull. Although **Billy** goes to the club every night and tries to drum up the boys, they will not observe **LENT**.—That the widow **P.**'s maternal brutality is a disgrace to humanity.—That the victims of her foul tongue contemplate a suit of tar and feathers.—That **M. S.** is a member of the **Olympic Club**.—That he gave ample proof of it, and intends to do ditto should this fall into the hands of *News Letter* people.—That **Franklin Lawton** pleads the statute of limitation in **Al Snyder's** carpenter bill. He is too good and honorable for that.

Grand Hotel Lies. -- It is not true that **J. C. Flood** has been presented with an elegant *Roskoff watch*.—That "**Peggy**" wears the king's purple.—That "**Peggy**" wears well anyhow.—That **Pillsbury** is an eminent African explorer.—That he is soon to publish a book on **Stanley**.—That a merry Christmas is observed at the Grand the year through.—That "**Hughey darling**" is unwell again.—That he knows any of the ladies in the house.—That any of them sat up with him during his late illness.—That a heavy swell with side whiskers is "**Not for Jo.**"—That your correspondent has been to the Centennial.—That the little brothers and big sisters here will wish he had staid there.

Sacramento Lies. -- It is not true that **W. Govan** and **Jim Chesley** are rivals at Fourteenth street.—That **W. Huntoon** accidentally got a piece of onion in his eyes at the train, Monday.—That **S. Ormsby**, having worn out his welcome at Fourteenth street, is now trying Sixteenth.—That **Al Folger** is the only person in town that sings. Rise you, **William Riley**.—That **Smooth Knox** is going to spend the winter at **McCrory's**.—That **Tom Cass** is despondent since he and **McKune** had that great fight.—That **Beck** does not go to the **Riverside** to load up. He says he can do that at home.—That **Doc Freeman** cut a hole in **Lindsay** to ascertain if there was anything in him.—That **J. M.** is playing *possum* with the **Koon-ers**, or that he suffered an injury of the vertebra, a few evenings since, while looking so anxiously to see *somebody* on the balcony of a certain **K street** hotel.

Eureka Lies. -- It is not true that **J. W. Freese** would like the word "**False**" expunged from the dictionary.—That he knows how seriously it affects his profession.—That **Fred Asce** thinks **Eureka** could survive an "importation of humor."—That **D. E. Gordon** is always deaf to his suggestions.—That the "**West Coast**" ever pronounced any enterprise a "**Signal**" failure.—That **Tom Baird** has invented a machine for skinning rats.—That **P. A. Weck** was ever alarmed at the sight of a buck.—That he has grown accustomed to the apparition.—That **Dr. Barber** knows that his name, not his ability, has secured him success.—That **J. A. Watson** believes that **Humboldt County** will become the cradle of "**Western Art.**"—That **A. P. Flaylor** enjoys discussing the question with him.—That **Charles Jackson** is a disciple of **Malthus**.—That **John Vance** enjoys the society of judges.—That **Fay Bros.** are day dreamers.—That **G. W. Tompkins** is a botanist.—That **Eureka** is justly proud of her **Barnum**.—That the **Thomsons** are all going to spell the family

name with a "p."—That Evans and Co. sent our Liar a special invitation to come and measure that fifteen foot log.—That M. S. Taylor has always got a load on his mind.—That W. A. Dodge is a picture of neatness.—That J. C. Smiley is painting an original "Neptune."—That Belcher alludes to his partner as the "Sheffield man."—That Charley Richardson was ever sea-sick.—That J. Lawenthal would like some one to tell him whether he is a Democrat or Republican.—That W. K. Pratt thinks Edwin Booth displayed poor taste in refusing his invitation.

Monterey Lies.--It is not true that Monterey was a sadder but a wiser place after our Liar's last visit.—That William Laporte's refined manners were acquired in California.—That the Washington Hotel is going to have an extra wall built to keep out the sea breeze.—That Abrego only uses the English language to express scorn.—That E. H. Schmidt has increased ten pounds a month in weight since the last lie appeared about him in this column.—That L. B. Austin ever called any man "brother."—That S. Clerenger is writing "A Song of the Sea."—That he has recovered from the effects of suddenly hearing that the *Ventura* was lost.—That Felipe Gomez ever looked into a mirror.—That the trio of Wells' ever heard of a sick man in Monterey.—That Manuel Silva has forgotten how to sing "A Life on the Ocean Wave."—That James B. Snively ever needs a pilot to find the way to the wharf.—That Metcalfe has given up sea-bathing forever.—That H. Escalle would make up well as "Othello."—That Harris and Wise are getting up a champion swimming match.—That Clemen Tricjo is going to manufacture the medals.—That Peckham will draw the designs.—That Solomon Koffee finds he cannot compete with Salinas City.—That he wishes the railroad went to Castroville.—That B. Mendesolle has a charming voice.—That Bartlett always likes to play accompaniments for him.—That P. H. Masters is preparing some specimens of Monterey art for next Centennial.

Livermore Lies.--It is not true that M. P. H. Love has invented a new style of windmill.—That Joseph Wilkinsou is going to Liverpool to arrange the grain market.—That M. G. Monteverde was born in the *Green Mountains*.—That he is impatient at any illusion to his ancestry.—That Alex. Allen finds his popularity depressing.—That Louis Pink can only tell the quality of wine by its color.—That J. L. Mitchell is a man of great faith.—That he regrets a want of skepticism last week.—That P. H. Angellopulo ever repeated a secret.—That J. F. Poole hopes to meet that young man with the blonde mustache once more this year.—That Anspacher Bros. are the most social fellows our Liar met in Livermore.—That J. D. Smith was surprised to hear a Liar tell him so much truth.—That Dr. Bidlack would like to make Livermore an asylum for quacks.—That with the opportunity he would give them all they deserve.—That George B. Shearer grows merrier as he increases in years.—That D. Scanlan is for any enterprise the most fitting man in Livermore.—That Curtis H. Lindley ever described Livermore Valley as the Gate of Paradise.—That B. Meyer & Co., will keep the next day of atonement as a strict holiday.—That Horton & Kennedy were ever compared to their own structures.—That either of them can "blow" enough in a week to keep a windmill going for a month.—That A. M. Church ever blushed while reading a divorce suit complaint.—That George G. Freeman takes more interest in cradles than any other household furniture.

Auburn (Placer Co.) Lies.--It is not true that Robert C. Poland boasts his skill in rendering "The Heart Bowed Down."—That Albrecht always entertains tramps sympathetically.—That George Willment is a florist.—That the ladies ever weary of his most entertaining lectures.—That Robert Gordon is a good judge of Wool.—That S. C. Willis has eyes like a microscope.—That Sam Bethel is studded with diamonds.—That Ben Gwynn carries a lantern in daylight.—That Andrews intends having all the lies that appear in this column about him illuminated and framed in glass.—That Wernau is a phrenologist.—That his next study will be physiology.—That Craig is suffering from "Tilden on the brain."—That Tom Stephens is a natural orator.—That Saturday afternoon is his speech-making time.—That Austin Bnlard is a monarchist.—That J. A. Filcher knows that destiny compelled him to be an editor.—That Dr. Du Bois visited San Francisco with the

special object of seeing *Richard III.*—That Tom Cain is going to emigrate to a milder climate.—That Louis Hauser can see across the Plaza.—That any other person but himself is interested in the information.—That Walter B. Lyon cannot trace the donor of those fragrant bouquets.—That W. C. Crutcher knows enough Latin to translate *aqua pura*.—That S. M. Stevens wonders why the stars look dim when he walks at night.—That R. G. Rapier is going into the ranching business next Spring.—That Louis Dallman is the idol of the Auburn juveniles.—That C. W. Finley has the patience of Job.—That Alex Lipsett is studying "evolution."

Fresno Lies --It is not true that the Fresno brass band hurls to sleep the infants that are in the vicinity of the rehearsing room.—That the District Attorney ever gets angry; it is against his CREED to do so.—That Dr. Rowell vaccinates free—if they vote his way.—That Whitlock has had his hair cut short, the weather being too hot for him.—That Judge Bailey is going to start a spelling school, like they had back in Missouri.—That since Banker Froelich had his last pair of boots made leather has advanced fifty per cent.—That Judge Tupper is Deputy County Surveyor—office rent free.—That Gundelfinger intends running for public administrator.—That C. G. Sayle intends moving to San Buenaventura.—That Charlie Wainwright ever takes anything stronger than water at birthday parties.—That Sheriff Ashman is about to take another deputy.—That the *Republican* will have any effect on the election.—That J. R. Hooper ever treated a crowd.—That Fitzgerald, the telegraph operator, talks much.

British Columbia Lies. --It is not true that when the water supply gave out "the Colonel" said it did not affect him; he "had almost lost the taste of water," and, upon the whole, preferred "the Dufferin brew."—That my Lord Stephen Blood E. Phool delights in the music of his own sweet voice.—That, upon a general average, his audiences prefer the melody of a mangy cur with the toothache, or the nasal warblings of our street gospel sharps, when they have got religion extra "bad."—That Jacob St. George has a great talent for quarreling with his bread and butter.—That if he does not keep a more civil tongue he may have none to quarrel with.—That virtue, patriotism and modesty have their reward, at last, and "father" is appointed beadle—no, Sheriff of V. I.—That a "venerable" church functionary is "too full of heavenly stuff" to keep his worldly engagements, notably his promise to demonstrate George Columbus' apostolic succession.—That Plumber ("perfumed like a milliner") is appointed Provincial Head Scenter.—That it was feared the Rev. Gobble had converted J. P. D. to Christianity and blessed him with a furniture sale.—That these fears are now allayed by the *Standard's* assurance that he returns from Cassiar re-Jewvenated.

Portland (Oregon) Lies. --It is not true that one of our suburban wastes is to be named—in honor of our classic bard, and as consolation for his blighted hopes—"the blighted heath."

Whatever depression we may suffer from at home, American products are becoming more and more highly estimated year by year abroad. In proof of this, we note that Australian bullocks are being forwarded from Chicago, and other points still further West, to New York, there slaughtered in properly refrigerated slaughtering houses, shipped in the carcass to Liverpool, conveyed thence by rail to London, and sold in Smithfield as first-class Scotch beef and at first-class Scotch prices. Our neighbors, the Canadians, ship the live animal direct to London and realize a profit of from \$15 to \$20 per head on every transaction. This trade has hitherto been conducted almost entirely without a casualty. The cheese of Central New York not only closely competes with the products of Cheshire, Cheddar and North Wilts, but is repacked in London, sent to Australia, India and China, and sold as English cheese at English prices. Canned beef, hitherto looked upon as a specialty of Australia, has had to succumb to Chicago, whilst the salmon of the Columbia River has almost entirely monopolized the English market. This shows how important these various industries are. A low estimate places the money value of the fish canned on this river during the present season at two millions of dollars sterling.

COHEN ANSWERED.

The case of the Central Pacific Railroad Company against A. A. Cohen, of Adams' Express Company notoriety, has been on trial for some time past before Judge Dangerfield. The defendant, appearing in *propria persona*, assailed in a most unprecedented manner the plaintiffs and their witnesses. His attack called forth such a rejoinder from Mr. Hall McAllister as will not soon be forgotten. We give a taste of its quality.

Mr. Hall McAllister said: Now, your Honor, in arguing this case, which has dragged its weary length along, much to your Honor's discomfort and to the interference with other litigation, I wish your Honor to recollect that there have been three counsel here that have argued this case for the defendant, and therefore there is considerable duty imposed upon me in replying to those three. I sought earnestly in arguing this case to avoid anything like

PERSONAL REFLECTION.

I have been too long at the bar to desire to indulge in matters of this character. I simply wish to argue this case upon its merits. In the early stages of it, I was betrayed into some violence of expression, for which I apologized in my opening argument, and I thought the understanding then was made substantially between us that we should argue this case fairly upon the merits; but certainly, your Honor, that understanding has been entirely exploded by the course which has been pursued by the defendant himself. He has come here, and with a kind of half apology for opening his own case, he has, under the pretense of vindicating himself, indulged in the coarsest and foulest and most continuous vilification, vituperation and abuse of every individual, and of almost every witness, concerned in the case. It is quite obvious why he has thus put himself forward to argue his own case. He certainly knew that he could not induce even semi-respectable counsel, and his counsel are certainly of the highest respectability, but he could not induce a lawyer of less respectability to attend here and to indulge in the tirade of abuse and vituperation, vilification and slander which has formed what he is pleased to term his argument in this case. The counsel has just said that this argument will establish Mr. Cohen in the front rank of the profession. God forbid that he, or men like him, should stand in the front rank of a learned profession which has still left respect and decency; which does not indulge in foul abuse, unauthorized and improper, but which observes the courtesies of life; which recognizes the relations to a fellow man, whether he be your friend or your adversary. He in the front rank of our profession? A great and noble profession would be defiled and disgraced by the presence of such

A MORAL LEFER

As that man. I admit his ability; I admit his ingenuity; I admit his tact; but the first requisite for a member of a learned profession is to be a gentleman. That is the first requisite. Now, your Honor, it is well—it is well, I say, in all cases that there should be between the angry passions of litigants in their contention a body of professional men, bred and learned in the law, to represent fairly and justly the interests of their clients. This case illustrates what a bear-garden a court of justice would be if men of the malignant disposition of this defendant were to be continually pleading their cases in a tribunal of justice where they would give vent to passions, to violent abuse, the coarsest language, the most infamous vilification; hence I say it is a practice, certainly honored in the observance, to have between these angry disputants, who may be men who neither have respect for their fellow-men nor, something that is quite as estimable, self-respect, to prevent these angry litigants from indulging in these tirades and this foul defamation which has disgraced the whole speech, otherwise able, of the defendant in this case. Why, may it please the Court, I never in the whole course of my practice, now here in this city for twenty-seven years, have ever seen such an exhibition as we have been treated with in this case. Why, one of those barbarous Bashi-Bazouks would have conducted himself with more decency. Mr. Cohen here spared no one, no character, no reputation, no want of interest, no insignificant witness who simply came to detail the facts within his personal knowledge was spared, but all were abused, and were denounced in

CHOSEN EPITHETS OF VILENESS,

Selected, culled out, carved, a kind of Corinthian column made up of filth. And not only that, but the personal appearance even of these railroad men was attacked here. They were held up in scorn. Even the fact that Mr. Crocker at one time was threatened with loss of mind was introduced as a subject of remark. Why, it seems to me that that subject of personal appearance is one as to which that the defendant should not attempt to draw a comparison between himself and others. I don't think that that is a subject which, if closely analyzed, would bring him off greatly the victor. I don't think, from that cunning, leering, malignant, hangdog expression of his that he can stand here and call himself a beauty. No, your Honor, in looking back for some prototype of some one who fairly expresses the kind and appearance of man such as this defendant, I think as long as we have him among us we shall, in form and feature and expression, because the conduct always gives expression to the feature—we shall have with us, as long as he remains, a living and a striking likeness of the great impenitent thief of the New Testament. His sinister, his villainous countenance will always stay with us when blessed with the presence of Alfred A. Cohen. To the charge of my clients he lays many matters without a particle of proof. But there are some matters which he cannot allege against them. He cannot say that they have been indicted by a Grand Jury of their fellow-citizens for the embezzlement and theft of \$400,000. He cannot say that of them. He cannot say that they have occupied a felon's cell. They have never been indicted. They have never been charged with crime. I think I have shown no disposition in the argument of this case to attack the defendant. In fact, it is entirely distasteful to me to indulge in personal remarks about anybody. I have not the least feeling. But I cannot stand here as counsel and see men whom I deem respectable and decent, who are so regarded by their fellow-citizens, who have reputation and character in this community, I would be a most contemptible counsel if I were to sit here and see them maligned and abused and vilified and make no response. I say then this, that whatever charges have been made against my clients, they have not been charged by a Grand Jury of their county with a charge of

EMBEZZLEMENT AND THEFT

Of \$400,000. They have not been charged with that, neither have they given their word of parole to the Sheriff, and then attempted to abscond under immunity of that parole. Neither have they been taken from the coal-hole of a steamer, covered with soot and dirt, and made a spectacle of as an absconder before this community, not only in their person defiled and disgraced, but more defiled and more dishonored by having broken their promise and violated their word. None of these things have been laid to their charge. There is no language too violent for this man Cohen in denouncing the Stanford party and the Contract and Finance Company and those who composed it. They are conspirators. They are a devil-fish. Their presence is mildew and their touch is contamination, according to his statement. And he, Cohen, is pursued by them because he has sought to protect the people of California from their exactions. Is not this rather a late discovery? Has not this man Cohen for the last seven years been acting with these now called conspirators? Has he not been forwarding their plans, favoring their views, fawning upon their persons as a dog fawneth upon its master? They were not conspirators then. He was their devoted adherent. He was their man Friday. Their presence was not mildew, but it was to Cohen a pleasure and a charm. Their touch then was not contamination, but it was the hand which, above all, Cohen delighted to grasp. They were the men whom

HE DELIGHTED TO HONOR.

Their schemes, their plans and their views he readily espoused, and in the Contract and Finance Company he found a very neat and pleasing little corporation. If he could travel with them in their private car it was an extreme gratification. If he could run about to find a cook for Cbarley Crocker it was a labor he delighted in. And he tells us, all through his testimony, that these men, whose plans, whose schemes and whose conduct have not changed since he deserted their service, that these are the men that he felt as friendly toward as he possibly could. I was ready, says he, at any moment, to undertake any work that they desired to have

done. I was anxious in every way to promote their interest; ready then to do anything the "devil-fish" wanted; ready then and anxious to promote the interests of the now conspirators. He says I felt as warmly to Governor Stanford as I ever did to anybody in the world that was not connected with me by ties of relationship. In his letter to Governor Stanford, less than a year ago, he thus writes about these corporations: "For the many acts of courtesy and kindness received from yourself and your associates, I shall always hold myself your debtor." Now, how is it that these dearly and well beloved friends have suddenly become converted into such villains as Cohen describes them to be? Why, the answer is simple. As long as Cohen could draw \$10,000 a year salary for very slight services, with outside stealings, in the shape of such transactions as Block 9 and the coal transportation, Cohen was the warm and devoted partisan of the railroad and of the Stanford party; but when his frauds were discovered and when he was requested by Governor Stanford to resign his place and his salary; in one word, when

THEY FOUND OUT WHAT COHEN WAS,

Which they ought to have known before, for everybody save themselves did know it; when they turned him away, then the dismissed and discarded agent became their inveterate enemy and the champion of the people. Cohen the champion of the people! Cohen a tribune of the people! Caius Gracchus Cohen, defending the plebeians from the encroachments of the patricians, standing in the breach, the advocate of the Archer bill! How much principle, how much consistency, how much integrity was there in this sudden conversion? A man who had written a report a short time before that in favor of freights and fares suddenly converted into a great champion of the people, and favoring and advocating for the cause and the rights of the people the Archer bill! Why, we undoubtedly ought to have a statue of this patriot Cohen, and under it should be inscribed Caius Gracchus Cohen, the modern tribune. The inscription should be:

Here the modern tribune stands,
With his credentials in his hands;
In his right hand he holds a law
To keep monopolists in awe.

While in his left his old report
Shows matter of a different sort.
So each spectator may rejoice,
For either side can take their choice.

Thus Mr. Cohen comes here on the pretense of protecting the people and advocating himself. He comes here to betray all confidences, all the confidences which an association of seven years has entailed between him and the plaintiffs. He is like, except in a higher position, to some clerk who,

AFTER HE HAS BEEN TURNED OUT

Of his master's employ, goes and denounces his master by means of material taken from his books while in his master's employ. And yet, with all this desire to defame, with all this desire to disgrace, what has he proven, in the way even of conduct which he pretends to charge as illegitimate? He has shown nothing. He has shown nothing but this transaction with Senator McClay, which occurred two years after he had left the Legislature, a transaction in which the only disgraceful part was acted by himself, where this man came to him in distress, being a long-time friend of Governor Stanford, a legislative friend of Governor Stanford, and a man who had advocated the interests of Governor Stanford in the Legislature—and it is idle to say that any of us would not be grateful to a friend who had fairly and justly advocated our interests, whether before the Legislature or elsewhere. He comes there in distress, and his land is about to be sold and the day of redemption is fast closing over him, and then, at the instance of Governor Stanford, Cohen will loan money if Gov. Stanford goes surety. Governor Stanford goes security. The property is ample. He never pays a dollar himself; never took a cent, but simply helps a friend in time of need. And the only disgraceful part of the transaction is that Cohen, instead of charging the ordinary rates of interest which Governor Stanford supposed proper in such transactions, exacted \$2,500 as a kind of special compensation to himself. Now, if there is anything in that transaction which is disgraceful, it is that. He says he knew why that money was loaned. If so, and it was for a wrong purpose, then he was *particeps criminis*. But I say that the whole transaction shows upon its face that it was a legitimate favor from Governor Stanford to Mr. McClay. It was

simply an assistance rendered in a time of need. And there are seven years of transactions between this man Cohen and the railroad proprietors, and this is the solitary accusation he brings up here and seeks to distort into an improper and illegitimate act. But he has quarreled with his employers, and now proposes that for the balance of their lives they shall feel what his enmity means. He has probably seated himself at the feet of Hamilar Scott, sometimes called Thomas. And he has sworn, as Hannibal of old,

UNDYING VENGEANCE

Against the railroad party ; or, perhaps, like Cato, he now intends to make his motto, *Præterea censeo Carthaginem esse delendam*. Cohen's motto now is in every act, in every thought, *Præterea censeo Viam Ferrariam et Stanfordium et omnem turbam esse delenda*. He probably intends, may it please the Court, to stand as persistently as that ominous raven, described by Poe, in Stanford's office. He probably intends to perch there assiduously and continuously as did that grim, ominous and ancient raven—

Ghastly, grim and ancient raven,	Ghastly, grim and greedy Cohen,
Wandering from Plutonian shore,	Prowling round to get some more ;
Take thy beak from out my heart ;	Take thy hand from out my pockets ;
Take thy form from off my door.	Cease to rob me as of yore.

Quoth the raven—"Nevermore !" Quoth the Cohen—"Nevermore !"

And the railroad's refrain certainly will be : "Of the Cohen : nothing more ; quit the Cohen evermore ; deal with Cohen nevermore."

The **Lancet** contains a special report by its Sanitary Commissioner on the danger of the spread of epidemic disease by journeymen tailors, needle women, etc. The greater part of the making up of clothes is done at the homes of the work people, and not only are these homes often abominably unclean and unhealthy, but work is often carried on in them when some of the inmates are suffering from scarlet fever, or some other contagious disease. Many recent cases are cited in illustration of the danger. In Soho, a dressmaker's daughter was recently taken ill with scarlet fever, and lay for a week in a room where twelve sempstresses were at work all day. She had hardly reached the convalescent state before her mother in turn caught the disease. When the medical man arrived he found the girl up, trying to direct the work, and actually handling the dresses while her mother lay stricken by her side. This fortunately did not continue for long, as the work girls, seeing the disease was spreading, refused to come any more, and the business was perforce abandoned for a while. In Marylebone a child recently died of scarlet fever in the room in which his father and mother were working at tailoring. Close by a couple were found by the medical attendant busily engaged on a hunting coat, while two of their children, lying in the same room, were suffering from scarlet fever. Half a dozen streets are mentioned where similar cases can now actually be seen, and it is evident that the danger is more common and urgent than has been supposed. The only real remedy seems to be in an extension of the Workshops Regulation Act, which should compel the registration and inspection of all rooms in which the making of wearing apparel for sale is carried on. It is believed that such a change might be effected.

The inconveniences of London Cabs are minor evils ; a far more serious objection to the popular hansom is the fact that the passenger is on a level with the horse's head. The secretions of the animals nostrils are exceedingly apt to be blown directly into the passenger's face, and it is not at all improbable that many cases of intractable irritation of the more exposed mucous membranes originate in this manner. But a much more dangerous disease sometimes results. Only a few days ago a well-known member of the Stock Exchange took glanders in this way, and only survived a few days. The case was seen both by Dr. Munk and Sir William Jenner, and there was no doubt as to its nature. As diseased horses are often driven in hackney carriages, we would suggest that a screen should always be placed in bansoms, just before the splash board.

From the San Francisco News Letter.

MADDENED FITCH.

Fitch is howling like mad. It is apparent that we have got uro knife into a tender part of his carcass; and so, having established a raw, it is now only necessary to give the handle a twist in order to induce a wail of anguish. It is true that it is somewhat cruel pastime. But then when one remembers the barbarity this Bashi Bazouk has himself so often practiced upon others, it must be confessed that there is a justifiable, even if grim, satisfaction in seeing the torturing instruments he wields so deftly turned with due effect upon his own body. This day week our last wound was inflicted, and he has been crying aloud ever since. To-day we take a fresh turu at the knife. It is a truth, vouched for by higher authority, that that man is foolish who permits the sun to go down upon his wrath. Nursing one's anger to keep it warm is neither a wise nor profitable employment. These are elementary lessons which it might be reasonably supposed a church deacon had duly learned. Yet Deacon Fitch appears to be ignorant of them. Saturday morning last we angered him, and without waiting for at least one sun to set, but whilst yet in the height of his passion, he went for us a three-quarter column leader. A poor, weak attempt it was! Too maddened to aim well, his shots all fell short of the mark. We told him to look on during the next week or two and watch the easy process by which we should turn aside the shafts of the enemy. The assured confidence and cool imperturbability of the announcement riled him, and simperingly he replied, "Yes, we have been watching that same process for these fifteen years or more." That's the truth you have told, Deacon, for once in your unhappy life! For more than fifteen long years you have looked on with tears in your eyes and anguish in your soul at the easy grace with which we laughed you to scorn. The best evidence of our success is that here we are to-day, happy and prosperous beyond precedent, trusted beyond compare, with our temper unruffled and our digestion excellent; whilst you, Deacon Fitch, who dares to talk about "reprobates"—you, fit partner of the oiled, dyed, absquatulating, lang-dog looking Pickering—you psalm-singing, Sunday-go-to-meeting deacon, but Czapsky-treated rotten hypocrite—you ghoul, who gorged yourself with malice upon the dead body of the generous Ralston—you who have hounded many a father to his grave, and so made hard the ways of the widow and orphans—you Arab, with your hand against every man—you Bashi Bazouk, loved by none, but hated by all, as you are—how is it with you to-day? With pity we observe you crouched upon your knees, busily engaged, cur that you are, in licking the railroad hand that whipped you, and, for ourselves, feel proud that we never sold a friend and never failed to get even with an enemy. We notice that you talk about "evading justice." All men will admit that to be a subject with which you and yours ought to be familiar. The goddess must have been very blind, or Pickering had not escaped her when he shot at Frank Blair's back from behind a lamp-post, or when he ran away from his creditors, much less when the spoils were found on him; and to you, saintly Fitch, she must have been a little kind, or else your visit to Czapsky had possibly ended in lawyers' fees, division of property and divorce. Your thousand libels and teu thousand insinuations, too base for full expression, she has also overlooked. But though Justice in her temple, like all who know you, undoubtedly frowns upon you, she yet thinks you are in good hands. She finds you in the custody of the *News Letter*, and she bids that good and trusty officer to have you in his safe-keeping, and to be ready at all times to give a good account of you, and he'll do it, you may depend upon it, even though the heavens fall. Should any man doubt the identity of his prisoner, he knows him all over so well that he will, in the future as in the past, always when called upon expose to view the body-marks of rottenness, roguery, malice, and all uncharitableness which he bears about him.

Josh Billings says, To lie about a man never hurts him, but to tell the truth about him suntime, duz. Gossip that is travelling around loose is a lie or will be, bi the time it has changed hands once more. I wrote 5 years just for glory, and met with some glory, but when I asked for pay everybody found out at once, that I was a kussid phool. There iz lots of pholk who if they should miss their paper wouldn't kno much ov enny-thing for that day.

Table of Production of Leading Metals and Minerals in the United States During the First Century of National Independence.

[PREPARED BY R. W. RAYMOND.]

Yr	Anthracite in Tons of 2,240 lb. Av'd'p'ois.	Pig Iron in Tons of 2,240 lb. Av'd'upois	Lead in Tons of 2,240 lb. Av'd'ps	Copper in Tons of 2,240 lb. Av'd'ps	Ock's'r in Flks 76% lb. Av'ups	Gold, in Dollars. Un'd States Coin.	Silver, in Dollars. U. States Coin.	Petrole'm in Barrels of 42 Gallon.
1819 to 1843	11,640,379							
1827 to 1843		6,089,239						
1824 to 1843			212,780					
1844	1,899,805	394,000	22,000	*2,680				
1845	2,352,984	486,000	26,500	100				
1846	2,707,321	765,000	25,000	150				
1847	3,327,155	800,000	25,000	300	*20,000,000		
1848	3,572,035	800,000	22,500	500	10,000,000		
1849	3,724,806	650,000	21,000	700	40,000,000		
1850	3,863,305	563,755	19,500	600	*25,424	50,000,000		
1851	5,190,000	413,000	16,500	800	24,000	55,000,000		
1852	5,725,148	540,755	14,000	1,000	20,000	60,000,000		
1853	5,940,905	723,214	15,000	1,850	19,000	65,000,000		
1854	6,846,556	662,216	14,000	2,250	27,000	60,000,000		
1855	7,684,542	700,159	14,000	3,000	33,000	55,000,000		
1856	7,999,767	788,515	14,000	4,000	30,000	55,000,000		
1857	7,694,842	712,040	14,000	4,800	28,000	55,000,000		
1858	7,864,230	623,552	14,000	5,200	31,000	50,000,000	*1,000,000	
1859	9,010,726	750,560	14,000	6,300	12,000	50,000,000	100,000	3,200
1860	9,807,118	821,223	14,000	7,200	10,000	46,000,000	150,000	650,000
1861	9,147,461	653,164	14,000	7,500	35,000	43,000,000	2,000,000	2,113,000
1862	9,026,211	702,912	14,000	9,000	42,000	29,200,000	4,500,000	3,056,006
1863	10,953,077	846,075	14,000	6,474	40,531	40,000,000	8,560,000	2,611,359
1864	11,631,400	1,013,837	14,000	6,518	47,489	46,100,000	11,000,000	2,116,182
1865	10,783,032	831,768	13,165	6,811	53,000	53,200,000	11,250,000	3,497,712
1866	14,233,919	1,200,199	14,342	6,978	46,550	53,500,000	10,000,000	3,597,527
1867	14,345,644	1,305,015	13,662	7,774	37,000	51,700,000	13,550,000	3,347,306
1868	15,810,466	1,431,250	14,636	9,407	37,000	48,000,000	12,000,000	3,715,741
1869	16,375,078	1,711,276	15,653	11,858	33,713	49,500,000	13,000,000	4,215,000
1870	17,819,700	1,696,429	15,922	12,650	29,546	50,000,000	16,000,000	5,659,000
1871	17,370,463	1,707,685	17,854	12,546	31,881	43,500,000	22,000,000	5,795,000
1872	22,032,265	2,539,783	23,106	11,948	30,306	36,000,000	25,750,000	6,539,103
1873	22,828,178	2,560,962	40,601	15,573	28,600	35,000,000	36,500,000	9,879,455
1874	21,667,386	2,401,261	53,219	17,548	34,254	39,600,000	32,800,000	10,910,303
1875	20,643,409	2,108,554	53,000	15,625	53,706	33,400,000	41,400,000	8,787,506
Total	341,521,423	40,000,000	855,000	200,000	840,000	1,332,700,000	261,450,000	76,594,600

*Including the whole previous period from 1776.

—From Engineering.

An author in a recently published book, speaking of the direful effect of family intermarriages says:—It is in Germany that the effects of marriages are most severely felt. If money there is in a family, the host or the house insists that it shall not go out of it. Hence, both in the case of gold and land, marriages and intermarriages go on, generation after generation, the relationships growing ever nearer and nearer, more and more confused, and the result, as may be readily imagined, ever more and more disastrous. In no other country does one meet with the same number of goitrous throats, scarred necks, spinal diseases, hip diseases, bad teeth, and generally defective bone structure, as in Germany. In one family, where cousins had intermarried with cousins apparently since the Flood, the sole heir to a vast property was a delicate, spineless boy, a child whose bones had a cruel tendency to work through the skin, and so to slough away to the agony of the little sufferer. It was not possible that he should live, and when, after a few years of terrible existence, death came and mercifully set him free at last, the childless father, looking round, picked out another cousin, took her to wife, and lived to have three more children, whereof two were grievously afflicted in mind and body, but the third, a hectic boy, survived to inherit the estate. Comment is unnecessary.

A PAIR OF THEM.

At the *News Letter* shots at notorious blots,
 In the past of a couple of knaves,
 They both of them squirm, and the head of the firm
 At the cruel indignity raves.
 The wretched old Pickering screws up his snickering
 Unintellectual phiz,
 And raises a howl—the insensate old owl—
 Over *News Letter* notions of Biz.
 While Fitch, the good deacon, an oily and sleek one,
 Is grieved o'er the absence of grace
 Which the *News Letter* shows in its infidel blows
 And its prodigal slaps in the face.
 Thinks the life of Pick, as a friend of old Nick,
 Should escape inconvenient research,
 And argues that he, too, is certainly free to
 Crawl out under shield of the Church.
 So the one in the toggery of common roguery,
 One in the garb of the Lord,
 They counsel together—two birds of a feather,
 To shirk their ill-doing's reward.
 To think they may try, they may rare, they may cry,
 And empty their mud-carts of dirt;
 No asinine braying, no pleading or praying
 The fall of the lash can avert.
 The effort is vain, for as Heaven's soft rain
 Descends on the evil and just,
 So the *News Letter's* blow can no difference know
 'Twixt the thief and the Victim of Lust.
 The worst is, they must own the chastisement just,
 And a fitting result of their sins,
 But in such recollection and gloomy reflection
 A lively repentance begins.
 It is certainly due and, perhaps, may ensue,
 For they yet may have time to repent,
 And if a sound scourging results in their purging,
 Our labor will not be misspent.

Plate. -- The fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries were rich in plate. The question is, what has become of it? You might as well ask what has become of the last winter's snow, for the answer is the same. Melted, not once, but over and over again; so that our shillings and sixpences may contain the very metal which glowed, richly gilt and gleaming with enamels, on Becket's mitre or his pastoral staff. Sooner or later the golden bowl and silver beaker go the same way; their end is the crucible and melting-pot; their form changes, while the red and white substance remains the same. In four successive centuries old English plate had as many arch enemies. In the fifteenth century the wars of the Roses caused many a noble piece to melt; in the sixteenth Henry VIII. and the dissolution of monasteries were even more fatal to gold and silver work; in the seventeenth the great rebellion and the civil war again swept the sideboards and plate closets of each side with equal impartiality; and at the beginning of the eighteenth the need of bullion under which William III. labored brought to the melting-pot much of the old plate which still remained after the ravages it had suffered in three preceding centuries. Taking all this into consideration the wonder is not that so little English plate exists prior to the reign of Anne, but that any of it at all is left to give us some insight into the magnificence with which the halls and tables and sideboards of our ancestors were decked on great festive occasions.

That wasn't bad advice General Sherman gave the Denverites—to put good men in office, and leave the rest to God.

[From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter.]

Mr. John Lick's motions are being watched with keen interest by the public in general and the trustees of the Lick will in particular. No one seems to know whether Mr. John proposes to accept the trifling \$150,000 or is going for the whole pile. The daily reporters have been, without exception, baffled in their efforts, and the *Town Crier* is really the only man in whom John has confided. It is a slight breach of confidence to reveal the intended action of Mr. Lick's son, as he is our bosom friend, and revealed his plans over a glass of milk and a roast apple at the Miners' restaurant. However, here goes. The first thing he will do, will be to get the \$150,000 in gold notes, which will be carefully sewed into the seat of his only pair of pants. He will then borrow four dollars and eighty cents on his prospects, and buy a pair of Kehoe's clubs, with which he will severally and individually belt all the members of the Old and New Board of Trustees over the head whenever and wherever he meets them. Their bodies will be hid in the coal hole of the Lick House. When he is the only remaining trustee, he will invite the whole of the Society of Pioneers to go out sailing in a plunger, from which he will remove the plug exactly in the middle of the bay. There will be just one man saved. The heir apparent will be pulled ashore by a string previously attached to his right leg. He will next invite all the Supreme Court judges to dinner at the Lick House, and do the marketing himself at Wakelee's drug store. His course from this point is tolerably clear; but there will be no baths or observatories erected—not if John knows it.

Cremation is now eclipsed. An enterprising scientist has invented a process by which human bodies are turned into a marble-like substance called "ivoryine." In his prospectus, this enemy of the undertaker suggests that by his method every house can become gradually embellished with statues of the deceased members, as durable as the stone kind, and much better likenesses. There is a wild and dreamy poetry about the idea, but the scheme has some little drawbacks, notwithstanding. It might be the sad duty—nay, pleasure—of the householder to place his solidified mother-in-law on a pedestal in the entry—but how about the clothes? Obviously the dear departed would not look sufficiently classical in the pull-back of the period, and besides the fashion might change, and yet, as it were, what crystalized female domestic autocrat would appear exactly proper clothed in the conventional fig leaf? The corpulent *pater* pensively reclining on a lyre in the costume of the early Greeks, would help furnish the library, but hardly command the respect of posterity; and one's maiden aunt, standing airily on her big toe, and chasing a presumed butterfly, would be anatomically inadequate to the situation, even if embellished with blue streaks over the nose in imitation of the best Carrara marble.

Mr. Donald H. Percy, the clairvoyant, kindly advertises his willingness to discover and locate auriferous deposits of untold wealth in any convenient location, for the miserably inconsiderable remuneration of fifty dollars. At this rate no family need be without their bonanza, which is good news, considering the hard Winter ahead. The *Town Crier* desires also to offer his services to the public as a medium. He holds a few very choice corner lots at Santa Monica, under each of which are huge veins of gold, ninety-nine fine. In some cases these are accompanied by gigantic deposits of precious stones, many of them ready set for wearing. These lots will be flung away for the pittance of three hundred dollars apiece, half cash. He also has a few small farms across the bay, which can be secured by early application at ridiculously low figures, and under which, to make sure, he has buried a first mortgage on the Nevada Block, and four barrels of ready-coined twenties, borrowed from the Mint on purpose. Our prophecies are warranted, or no satisfaction. A prize in every package, and country customers from the mining districts are invited to give us a call before dealing at the rival establishment.

A lady correspondent anxiously inquires who this Mr. B. P. O. Elks is, who is to receive a benefit at the Grand Opera House to-morrow evening. The gentleman in question is the only surviving member of a large family who were engaged in the arduous occupation of blowing bladders for a snuff factory, and who were hurried into eternity by the unexpected bursting of one of the same. Reserved seats one dollar.

Matches which ignite only on the box, are the greatest curse of the present age. The other evening some of them put a sudden end to one of the more ethereal kind which are supposed to be made in heaven. It seems that a young broker innocently placed some of these fratrds in his pocket when he went to see his sweetheart, after dinner. As the old folks had retired, they proceeded to produce the obscurity considered essential to modern courting, by turning down the gas, in doing which it was accidentally put out altogether. They managed to worry along, however, until suddenly the big brother was heard fumbling at the front door latch. The frantic efforts of the agitated young man to scratch off one of the aforesaid matches in time would have moved a statue to tears. It is only necessary to say he was chased home without his hat, and, by a singular coincidence, this week a match manufacturer is *supposed* to have committed suicide. At all events, when that broker goes out calling now he carries a safety lamp in his overcoat pocket.

Mr. Cohen, in the role of the frozen viper, and the Railroad Company as the farmer that warmed it, only to be bitten as soon as it recovered, has been the leading attraction of the week. As an assailant of good reputations and a dealer in invective of the lowest type, Mr. Cohen stands unrivaled. As a humorist he will never equal Mark Twain, though in offensive diatribe he has no peer. Should he care to avail himself of it in the future, he can doubtless command a large practice as attorney for the lower class of criminals. No witness, however pure his career, could be reviewed by Mr. Cohen without serious damage to his character, and this would prove an effective aid to the clearance of his client. Even the furniture of a man's house is not exempt from the lash of his tongue, and as if the grime of the coal-bunker, in which he stowed away years ago, still stuck to him, he exemplifies the truth of the adage that like pitch no one can touch him without being defiled.

Napoleon Bonaparte has perpetrated one outrage upon suffering humanity for which his memory deserves to be execrated. We refer to the young man attached to every social club who imagines he personally resembles the great general. This results in his eternally appearing in tableaux, in which he stands with one foot on a sheet-covered packing box, a felt hat martially flattened over a greasy curl in the center of his intellect, and scowling with folded arms at the awe-struck audience, all of which is supposed to convey a very lively idea of a certain historical performance at Moscow. On the public thoroughfares this fraud on society can always be distinguished by a lofty and mysterious demeanor, and a general expression indicative of a conviction that the public is beholding a dollar and a half show for nothing.

Suicide in itself is often a benefit to humanity. The cur, who has not the heart to face his little difficulties, confers a boon on the community by his self-enacted removal. Of late, however, our city has been treated to a different phase of self-destruction. Men with large families and a long-suffering wife, seem to favor a bullet in the brain as the best known remedy for relieving themselves of all marital responsibilities. The animated bachelor-biped, who severs his jugular vein, is simply a soulless whelp—too cowardly to suffer, and often too lazy to work. But the sniveling wretch who leaves a wife and children and a sentimental letter, deserves to be buried in four cross roads, with a stake fitted into his abdomen in true mediæval fashion. Such frauds on human nature are no good in the planet we inhabit, and even the medical student rejects them as being devoid of muscle and nerve and, therefore, useless in a dissecting room.

The thumb nail of the statue of Freedom intended for New York harbor has arrived from France, and a part of the right foot is on the way. At this rate there is a chance the greater portion of the goddess may put in an appearance by the next Centennial. It will afford our New York friends an awful illustration of the gradual manner in which the modern female is put together.

Great rejoicing was the result of a rumor last week that the editor of the *Bulletin* had died. Unfortunately the report was found to proceed from his barber, whom old Pick, had visited for his monthly rejuvenation. However, it is said he found a Hammam ticket on the street the other day, and we shall keep his obituary in type until he uses it.

A stock actor, who was called upon to make a short country tour during the dull season, was recently interviewed in a small mountain town by the editor of the local newspaper. The editor asked for some particulars regarding his career, which he gave as follows: "I am forty-one years of age, and been on the stage since I was sixteen. In the course of my profession I have been murdered over 4,000 times, occasionally two hundred nights in succession. I have jumped over hundreds of precipices, been married on an average four times a week, fought 1,200 duels, been also an Australian bushwhacker and a Methodist minister. I usually drink out of golden goblets, that is when I am a king, but regal honors suit me so ill that I prefer a bludgeon to a scepter, and a thieves' den to a palace. In private life I am as affable as an auctioneer, and, as you insist on it, I'll take another cocktail with a little less lemon in it."

A torchlight procession is as necessary to a political excitement as soothing syrup is to an infant. Bad music, ungrammatical mottoes and suffocating, smoking lamps are an invariable adjunct of every party fight, however insignificant. During the present campaign no one should go out of an evening without a patent respirator and a letter-clip on his nose. To meet a procession means to go through several blocks of stifling smells, compared to which the Police Court on a Monday morning is Otto of roses. The Health Officer ought to be notified in advance of the intended route of the malodorous torches, and the street should be carefully watered, before and afterward, with a solution of carbolic acid and Florida water. It is rough on an unoffending citizen, who has no ambition to get into the cesspool of politics, to be smoked out this way three or four times a week.

As we have not half enough theaters for this city—there being only six at present—it is satisfactory to notice that several more are to be erected. Maurice Strakosch is to have one on Stockton street, and the Long Bridge hoodlums talk about erecting one on the site of the late fire. Stock is being raised for a large opera house near Lone Mountain, and it is intended to build another at the point where Casebolt's cars transfer. Passengers will have plenty of time to witness a five-act tragedy while waiting for the next car. Inasmuch as Baldwin's, Wade's and Mr. Maguire's houses find it hard work to do a moderate business, the epidemic for building more places of amusement argues either an unaccountable mental obliquity or a surplus of coin which the owner desires to dissipate as speedily as may be.

The Auckland, N. Z., "Weekly Herald" says: "In the maw of a monster shark, recently caught at Port Denison, Queensland, were found a gilt-edged Bible and a tin of preserved salmon, with other miscellaneous articles." The shark may now fairly be reckoned amongst orthodox Christians, since he has swallowed a Bible, though his inability to digest it evidences a tendency to Rationalism rather than a leaning towards the High Church Episcopal school. The tin of preserved salmon evidently bothered him, but he was doubtless waiting for a patent can-opener and a commentary on the Old and New Testament, when, in a fit of religious abstraction, he got too near in shore, and became a martyr to religious persecution.

Now that Colonel Wascn has been executed, we want to know if General McComb cannot kindly spare us a file or so to do duty at this office and protect us from the assaults of the average San Francisco literary idiot. This thorn in the side of journalism walks in every half hour or so with a parody on Poe's Raven—some horrible campaign song or other—which he proceeds to read, after remarking that the production has given exquisite pleasure to his mother and a young lady friend of remarkable taste. A whole week with Hood Alston would be nothing to some of these fellows. However, our new patent nitro-glycerine chair is almost ready, and then—

The Chinese "highbinder" arrested on Sunday night with a coat of mail on gave as a reason for wearing it that a Chinaman, whose wife he had carried away and married, offered \$1,000 for his head. The Caucasian husband doesn't bother himself in this way. Instead of compelling the invader of his peace to sneak round done up in sheet-iron, he cheerfully takes some other man's wife and spends the \$1,000 at the Centennial instead; but "the heathen Chinee is peculiar."

LAMENT OF THE PRINCESS OF MIKAWA, ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND.

[From the Japanese.]

Wanes the white moon, but not the bursting heart
 That brighter grows, and fuller of its woe:
 Time cannot lessen sorrow such as mine.
 * The spring flowers blossom; and the evening air
 Is warm and fragrant; while with honeyed throats
 The Orioles, from a maze of cherry boughs,
 Sing all the sweet love-secrets of their nests.
 But oh! for Autumn with her withering woods,
 And skies that shed a thousand streaming tears!
 The world's best jewel sank in death's dark stream,
 And I, an empty bubble on the wave,
 Live in the sunshine, while its light is gone.
 They laid his body in the gloomy grave;
 He went before me down the dreadful way
 That all men travel, shuddering and alone.
 Soon I shall follow—for the days fly fast:
 Then, oh! my darling, through the mists of time,
 I see our souls together, soaring high,
 Like eagles breasting the blue waves of heaven,
 Rejoicing in the sunshine, far beyond
 The whirling arrows of the hunter, Death,
 And all the many miseries of the world.
 Now comes the quiet majesty of night,
 With sleep's fair frost to hush life's jabbling streams.
 Husbands and wives lie down in blissful rest:
 Like golden lilies dreaming in the sun
 Fond women slumber in the arms of those
 Whose love lies round them, as the sapphire sea
 Circles the fragrance of an isle of flowers.
 Dust is your bed, beloved, mine is pain;
 White are these cheeks where once the roses blew;
 Cold is this breast that once was filled with fire,
 For, till death comes, my own sweet love is dead.

—*Japan Weekly Mail.*

THE SERVIAN SITUATION.

The situation of the Terco-Servian affairs may be said to be at this moment more complicated than ever. All Europe regards the outcome of the elaborate diplomacy in progress with gravest apprehension. Servia rejects the proposed six months armistice. Russia will not consent to be bound by the condition that she shall restrain her people from going to Servia's aid. This she officially announces, together with her active sympathy with Servia and her indisposition to tolerate further trifling on the Turkish part. The situation compels the Powers either to acquiesce in the future Turkish proposals, or assume the responsibility of an armed intervention to enforce it, which England at least will not do, and no Continental Power can. There are now assembled at Livonia, Russia, the Czar, Prince Gortschakoff, the commander of the Black Sea squadron, the Ministers of War and Finance, and the Czarowitz. Russia's reply to the Turkish proposal is under consideration. The Russian residents in Austria and Germany who are liable to serve in the army have been ordered home. The Black Sea squadron is ready to carry 96,000 men from the northern to the western shores of the sea. A detachment of officers has been sent to equip these vessels. The Persian Government has been asked by Russia to co-operate. Persia, in obedience, is sending troops to the Turkish frontier. The reserve is being called out in some of the western provinces of Russia. Troops have been moved toward the northern and eastern frontier of Galicia, in Austria. Twenty thousand horses have been placed on a war-footing in Russia-Poland. These measures are believed to be intended to force Austria and Turkey to concede the independence of the Southern Slavonians. In a word, matters are more mixed than ever, and the end it is impossible to foresee.

LAVER'S ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR THE CITY HALL, NOW BEING CARRIED OUT.

Great public service has been rendered by the *News Letter* in publishing the open communication No. 1 of A. Laver, dated the 29th ultimo, addressed to the Board of New City Hall Com'rs, showing the poor quality of brick used and being delivered on the City Hall grounds, inasmuch as at an informal meeting of the Board, held a few days after, a large quantity of this refuse material was rejected. On being made acquainted with the circumstance, the President of the Sacramento Company, Judge Clark, to whom the contract was given, desired, after the exposé, to throw it up, finding it impossible to conform honestly to the stringent requirements at the low price agreed on. It is of course proper for the Commissioners to accept the lowest bid outside of San Francisco when advertised to the public of the State; but in this case, when a contractor finds it impossible to carry out the terms of his agreement, and to necessitate the work to be re-advertised, it appears to us unjust to our local manufacturers, who were deterred from bidding on account of the large-sized brick demanded, and not complied with by the Sacramento firm, the same not suiting the machinery in common use here. Then, again, when a circumstance of this kind occurs our local makers, who pay taxes to erect this building, naturally feel injured and indignant. They could not carry out faithfully such a contract except at market rates. The contract rate in this case is \$10 50 per M; and it is circulated that, after throwing up the contract, the contractors stated that such bricks are worth at least \$16 per M. But for the attention drawn by Mr. Laver, the architect, it appears to have been the intention to place this unsound material in the building; and although good brick were to be afterwards used, even up to the main cornice, there would always be these weak spots below in the walls; and, as in the case of an earthquake, cracks and rents in the work would appear, and though not now in the counsels of the Commissioners, reflecting discredit to the designer, and perhaps a disposition to hold him constructionally responsible. The work is evidently not being carried out according to the law in very many particulars, as shown by the architect's unanswered open letter, and we advise the City and County Attorney, Burnett, himself a City Hall Commissioner, to put himself right on this matter with the public by replying, if he can, to the plain statements of Mr. Laver.

The Fastest Locomotive Speed. -- The following are the highest authentic instances of high railway speeds with which we are acquainted: Brunel, with the courier class of locomotive, ran 13 miles in 10 minutes, equal to 78 miles an hour. Mr. Patrick Stirling, of the Great Northern, took, two years back, 16 carriages 15 miles in 12 minutes, equal to 75 miles an hour. The Great Britain, Lord of the Isles, and Iron Duke, broad-gauge engines, on the Great Western Railway, have each run with four or five carriages from Paddington to Didcot in 47½ minutes, equal to 66 miles an hour, or an extreme running speed of 72 miles an hour; the new Midland coupled express engines running in the usual course have been timed, 68, 70, and 75 miles an hour. The 10 a. m. express on the Great Northern, from Leeds, we have ourselves timed, and found to be running mile after mile at the rate of a mile in 52 seconds, or 69.2 miles an hour. The engines used are Mr. Sterling's outside-cylinder bogie express engines, the load being 10 carriages. — *Court Journal*.

A new variety of street music has been introduced in Paris. A piano on a low truck is wheeled into the courtyard of a house; a woman takes her seat on a music-stool and plays different pieces with as much self-possession as if she were seated in a drawing-room, while a boy and girl, probably her children, collect money from the bystanders, or pick up the sous thrown from the windows. The performance over, the player rises, the instrument is closed and covered over with a cloth, and a stout fellow drags it off to some other house, where the pieces are repeated.

THE WIFE'S APPEAL

[FROM A JAPANESE PLAY.]

Since honest love lies dead within your eyes,
 And pity speaks not in a single tone,
 And no fond thought makes kind your cruel touch,
 Take a sharp sword and slay me. I must die.
 Ah ! once my heart was like the rounded moon
 Reflected in still waters ; now it breaks,
 Tossed by the whirling eddies of despair !
 Sweet were the days of youth, and sweeter yet
 The golden summers when your love was strong,
 Before ohana blossomed into flower.
 But when that brightness came I saw your soul
 Bend like a slender branch beneath the bird
 That, flushed with Spring and weary of far flight,
 Sinks, soft as snowflake, on the rosy world.
 Dreams the fair dove among the quiet trees,
 Or speeds in sunny splendor o'er the fields :
 What life more free and full of pleasant things ?
 I am a foolish bird whose mossy nest
 Is burned to ashes, and with wounded wing
 I flit through flaming woods in pain and fear.
 Is there a shelter in the withering world ?
 Where shall I go ? What friend can comfort me ?
 O husband, love or kill me where I lie !

—*Japan Weekly Mail.*

POETRY AND TAILORING.

A friendly critic of Mr. Gladstone says of his Blackheath performance that on that occasion his voice was clear, mellow, and occasionally thrilling in its tones—

“Not harsh, or crabbed ; but
 Musical as is Apollo's lute.”

He proceeds from poetry to tailoring, and adds:—“Without professing to be a connoisseur in the art of dressing, I am bound to say that I think Mr. Gladstone rather careless in that direction. He wore a black frock coat—which is always a gentlemanly garment—but it was about the worst fitting coat I ever saw. The late Mr. Poole, the great fashionable tailor of Saville-row, would have been absolutely shocked at the coat. The vest was quite as bad. Perhaps our young readers may be interested in hearing that Mr. Gladstone delivered his Blackheath oration in a regatta shirt, which, by the way, did not fit very well either, especially at the neck. Indeed, it gave the right hon. gentleman considerable annoyance all the time he was speaking, since his neck-tie, which was a narrow black one, would persist in rising above the collar. He had to put up his hand several times in order to hold the tie down, and one or two of his finer passages were marred by this apparently slight circumstance. I felt disposed to give Mrs. Gladstone a hint on the matter. The next time her husband speaks under such circumstances, she would, I think, do him a great service by seeing that his neck-tie is pinned down properly. Perhaps all our readers may not be aware that Mr. Gladstone lacks the fore-finger on the left hand. I believe he lost it in consequence of an accident. The loss of his finger does not apparently interfere with his general action.

The coin and bullion in the Bank of England has now reached £31,845,000, a sum unprecedented in any return issued previous to this week. The reserve is in round numbers £22,000,000, and the same remark again applies in that case. There is a general advance in the price of United States Government bonds. The new 4½ per cent. scrip is quoted at a premium in the market ; but as the available supply of it is small, and transactions much restricted, this quotation is perhaps very nominal.

OUR PLACE AMONG INFINITIES.

Our Place Among Infinities. By Richard A. Proctor. London: Henry S. King & Co.

No popular writer on astronomy succeeds so thoroughly as Mr. Proctor in conveying to our minds an idea of the vastness of Creation, the portion of the subject which he now brings before us being our own infinite littleness. Not the littleness of individual man, with his short span of life and comparatively futile powers, but our aggregate littleness, as shown by the mere speck which represents our planet in the immensity of space, and the vast extent of time during which that planet existed in an uninhabited state, as well as the probably immense duration of its existence after we shall have ceased to be. Such is in brief the matter treated of in the series of essays comprising this volume, the first lecture, "The Past and Future of our Earth," being, as it were, the key of the whole position. In his opening pages Mr. Proctor at once disclaims the association of his subject with religious questions, because as "science deals with the finite, though it may carry one's thoughts to the infinite," he considers it impossible to learn from it anything of the infinite attributes of an Almighty Being. Such teachings, in fact, come entirely within a different province, so that while science is by no means incompatible with them, it is altogether a different branch of study, and without detriment to the former, "we may," as Mr. Proctor says, "proceed to inquire into the probable past and future of our earth as calmly as we should inquire into the probable past and future of a pebble, a seed, or an insect; of a rock, a tree, or an animal; of a continent, or of a type, whether of vegetable or of animal life;" for, as he truly remarks in another place, "we may be perfectly satisfied that the works of God will teach us aright, if rightly studied."

It is a grand conception which is thus placed before us, and one which, if necessarily based on theory, yet carries with it a strong assumption of probability. Reasoning from analogy, the author first shows us our earth in one of its earliest stages as a "rotating mass of glowing vapor, capturing then, as now, but far more actively than now, masses of matter which approached near enough, and *growing* by these continued in-draughts from without." At this period the earth was, according to this theory, preparing to become a sun, and this was in all probability her next stage of existence, the Moon being at that time the abode of life, our earth supplying light and heat to the creatures which then dwelt there. After this a process of cooling and solidification, during which the first mountain ranges were formed and oceans and continents evolved, prepared the planet to become the abode of life, first in the vegetable and then in the animal forms; and before these appeared she was, in all probability, in a condition like that through which Saturn and Jupiter are now apparently passing. But what are the time-intervals which were, according to Mr. Proctor, necessary for the production of all these changes? Hundreds of millions of years. As he puts it, "Hundreds of thousands of years are the seconds of the time-measures we have to deal with." And he says, further on, "Taking as the extremest span of the past existence of life upon the earth ten millions of years, we learn from the researches of physicists that the age preceding that of life (the age during which the world was a mass of molten rock) lasted more than thirty-five times as long, since Bischoff has shown that the earth would require 350 millions of years to cool down from a temperature of 2,000° Centigrade to 200°. But far back beyond the commencement of that vast era, our earth existed as a nebulous mass, nor can we form even a conjecture as yet respecting the length of time during which that earlier stage of the earth's existence continued; and Mr. Proctor goes on to show that by the effect of changes which we know to be slowly progressing, our earth must (unless any sudden catastrophe should previously destroy life from off her surface) fall into a condition similar to that of the moon at present, a condition which would not be attained short of a period so distant as to be represented, probably, by hundreds of thousands of years; after which, again, stretches a period of apparent inutilty of immense duration, when our planet in its stage of decrepitude will still continue to circle round the Sun.

But wonderful as this may seem, nay, taxing to the uttermost our powers of imagination, it is but a mere introduction to—the veriest foreshadowing of—what is to follow. According to Mr. Proctor, while one orb after another is gradually becoming incapable of supporting life, others,

superior in the planetary scale, have been slowly preparing themselves for the same purpose; and if his theory be correct, the longer a planet shall have been in "putting on life," the longer will be the duration of its life-supporting existence; possibly, also, the higher will be the order of beings destined to dwell upon its surface; and this continuous succession of changes will occur until the Sun itself will be the only orb in our system on which life will be possible, and we may look forward to a period, distant almost beyond conception, when it also will be the theater of busy existence. But the sun itself gives evidence of incessant change. Will life cease to exist when that world, the center of our system, shall have become worn out, and effete as its many satellites? No, the end is as remote as the beginning, for both are swallowed up in eternity. Mr. Proctor expresses this so eloquently, that he must be allowed to speak for himself:

"The end, seemingly so remote, to which our earth is tending, the end, infinitely more remote, to which the solar system is tending, the end of our galaxy, the end of systems of such galaxies as ours—all these endings (each one of which presents itself in turn to our conceptions as the end of the universe itself) are but the beginnings of eras comparable with themselves, even as the beginnings to which we severally trace back the history of our planet, of the planetary system, and of galaxies of such systems, are but the endings of prior conditions which have followed each other in infinite succession. The wave of life which is now passing over our earth is but a ripple in the sea of life within the solar system; this sea of life is itself but as a wavelet on the ocean of eternal life throughout the universe. Inconceivable, doubtless, are these infinities of time and space, of matter, of motion, and of life; inconceivable that the whole universe can be for all time the scene of the operation of infinite personal power, omnipresent, all-knowing; utterly incomprehensible how infinite purpose can be associated with endless material evolution. But it is no new thought, no modern discovery, that we are thus utterly powerless to conceive or comprehend the idea of an Infinite Being, Almighty, All-knowing, Omnipresent, and External, of whose inscrutable purpose the material universe is the unexplained manifestation. Science is in presence of the old, old mystery; the old, old questions are asked of her, 'Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven, what canst thou do? deeper than hell, what canst thou know? And science answers these questions, as they were answered of old, 'As touching the Almighty, we cannot find Him out.'"

Passing over Mr. Proctor's interesting chapters on Jupiter and Saturn, on Sirius the giant sun, and on the Comets, which he describes as but frail creatures after all, notwithstanding the terror which they have from time to time inspired, we will touch for a moment upon that which treats of "the Star-depths," for here we are not only brought face to face with facts of appalling grandeur, but enabled to realize more completely that which, as we have said before, is the main subject of the entire work,—the infinite littleness of our orb, when compared with the majesty of that portion of the sidereal vault into which we short-sighted mortals are permitted to gaze. In this essay the author wishes to show "that so far from having penetrated the secret of the star-depths, we stand as yet but on the threshold of that mighty domain which belongs to the astronomy of the Future;" and beginning with the fact that the mighty instruments of our day, wielded with all the skill of men of vast experience, have not enabled us to measure the distance of more than a dozen stars, from the nearest of which the earth's orbit of more than 180 millions of miles would be something absolutely inappreciable, he goes on to divide the stars into two chief classes—leading orbs, like our own sun, of which he supposes millions to exist, or rather, he concludes that the sun is inferior both in size and brightness to the greater number of this class of orbs around him—and minor stars, more profusely spread through space, through which all move in every conceivable direction and at very different rates. Then he proceeds to show that the number and variety of these isolated stars is as nothing when compared to the wondrous galaxy of the Milky Way, with its marvelous complexity of structure, its stars of every degree of magnitude, and its clouds of nebulous light, which clouds may be, says the author, merely vast depths of nebulous matter, or schemes of stars as magnificent as the most splendid of all the star-clusters discernible with the telescope. Referring to the differences of star-colors, some of which are observable to the naked eye, while the telescope reveals to us shades of blue and green, of yellow, of orange, and of deepest red, he argues a marked difference in the condition of the stars so distinguished, and proves it by divergencies presented by their several spectra, showing the wondrous variety presented by the sidereal firmament; and speaking of the double stars, the pairs of one or two colors, which are distinctly seen, he suggests that they may either be double suns, round which other planets may re-

volve, or that each component sun may have its own distinct system of dependent worlds; and he then proceeds to consider the condition of things in those spheres where worlds may circle round the component suns of quadruple or multiple star-systems, where there could be no night at all, save for brief periods at very long intervals. From thence he mounts to the star-clusters, and finds that they all form part and parcel of one and the same scheme, amazing in splendor and sublimity, and asks, in conclusion, "whether we have now better reason than the astronomer had of old time to consider the mysteries of the universe as fully revealed to us and interpreted."

The idea which Mr. Proctor brings before us of seeming wastes in nature is very startling—the Sun, for instance, emitting in each second as much heat as would result from the burning of 11,600 millions of tons of coal; while the heat received by the various members of the solar system corresponds only to that of fifty millions of tons; and all the other suns we see, and the myriads that lie beyond the range of our most powerful telescopes, similarly pouring heat and light into space. What a wondrous expenditure of force and energy is here, showing us that we have but scanned the minutest portion of the work of the Creator, and that all we can ever learn is as nothing! This, then, is the lesson which this book teaches—our infinite littleness, and the grandeur of the system of which our planet forms so almost inappreciable a part; and it is impossible to read it without having our conceptions enlarged, our humility strengthened, and our faith in a Being of infinite power and goodness increased. Mr. Proctor does well not to shrink from inquiries such as these, since they can only tend to raise those who pursue them from a groveling existence to the reverent contemplation of the highest works of God.

COSTUME.

An immense amount of talking is still being done by the American Free Dress League. They declare that the prejudice against trowsers is the result of ignorance and tyranny, and ought to be banished from the earth. Banish away! No one will prevent the adoption of the garment to which Dr. Mary Walker is so conspicuously devoted. The license to wear it would be an inestimable boon to humanity, because the world could distinguish at a glance any one who was not a lady. Frauds in petticoats frequently delude the most experienced of the other sex, which would never be the case if they tried to work on men's feelings clad in a tweed suit with tight pants. Fancy the young lover walking under the shady lime trees with the be-trowsered maiden of his heart, or riding with his betrothed seated cross-legged on a palfrey! By all means let the women try it if they want, and poor dull man will soon have little difficulty in finding out whether he is talking to a sweet gentle woman or a tartar in pantaloons. Washerwomen and cooks might adopt them with impunity, ballet girls might use them with advantage to modesty, but when we are asked to encase our sisters and wives in well-fitting trowsers the question can be set at rest for ever by granting the women permission and leaving the rest to their innate delicacy and good judgment.

Speaking of bathing at Long Branch, the correspondent of the *Chicago Times* says: If a woman is really handsome, wears the complexion which mother nature, good health, and proper exercise and food combine to bestow upon her, and her figure is shapely, her feet not too large, her hair tolerably abundant, and sufficiently long, she defies fashion and the undertow, takes the fashionable prohibition by the horns, her life in her hands, and dives into the surging surf. Perhaps she is afterwards dragged out of it, but that don't matter. She exposes no shams of person, and the chances are that she will not be so far choked with sea-water as to require a rolling upon a barrel, because this style of person is not so abundant at Long Branch but that there will be plenty of manly plungers on the eager watch for her, who are almost praying that some treacherous under-current will make it their good fortune to rescue her from the tidal danger. As I said, this style of lady is not abundant upon this shore.

A JAPANESE SONG.

The woods are green in summer time, A bird, that built its dainty nest
 And bright with blossoms gay: 'Mong branches blossomed-o'er,
 The murmur of the happy leaves Still sings upon the withered bow
 Sounds all the golden day. As blithely as before.

But here a tree, by lightning struck, O, fond and faithful as the bird
 Is black, and bent, and bare. That haunts the leafless tree,
 It lifts its arms like phantom fell, Tho' darkest clouds of sorrow came,
 And dims the sunny air. My sweet love stayed with me!

—*Japan Weekly Mail.*

WAR MATERIAL AT THE CENTENNIAL.

[We take the following from one of the admirable letters of Major Noble, British Judge of War Weapons, which have attracted so much attention in the *London Times*.—Ed.]

The space reserved for Herr Krupp, the celebrated German gunmaker, presents a magnificent spectacle. The monster breech-loading 14-inch cannon which he has sent across the Atlantic is only second in size to the big gun at Woolwich. It weighs 56 tons, and is usually surrounded by crowds, who gaze with wonder at the shapely weapon as it rests on its massive steel carriage and platform. "How far will it carry?" is the invariable question which is put many times a day to the German attendants. "Seven miles." Beside the gun stands the huge bolt, shaped like a sugar-loaf, with a very sharp point. It is between 3ft. and 4ft. in length, and has two bright copper bands on it, one near the bottom, the other near the shoulder; these serve to "take" the grooves when the projectile is forced through the bore. The breech-closing arrangement consists of a large circular shaped wedge, which can be withdrawn by one man in less than half a minute. The charge is 275lbs., and with this charge Herr Krupp claims that he could perforate the "Inflexible" at 1,800 yards. Alongside the monster is a 9½-inch gun of fifteen tons, also mounted on a coast-service slide carriage; it fires a projectile weighing 350lbs, with a charge of 84lbs. Small guns are grouped around with big ones. There are two field-guns of the respective calibres of 3.43 and 2.95 inches, which are similar in type to the new field-pieces recently introduced into German service. The mountain artillery is represented by two guns of 3.15 inch and 2.36 inch calibre, the latter being mounted with its carriage on wooden mules.

Leaving Herr Krupp's gun, a few minutes walk up Machinery Hall brings us to the Russian Section. Russia may well be proud of her military display at Philadelphia. The Imperial Russian Rifle Manufactory at Toola, on the river Oupa, shows some splendid specimens of the Infantry rifles used in the Russian Army. These arms are all made by machinery, and exhibit an exactness of manufacture and perfection of workmanship second to none. Some very fine specimens of Cavalry carbines and Cossack muskets are also shown by the Rifle Manufactory of Sestroretsk, near St. Petersburg. The Imperial Arsenal at St. Petersburg shows two bronze breech-loading mortars, an 8-inch and a 6-inch, the latter mounted on an iron transporting bed; also a specimen of the new Russian field-piece, a bronze breech-loader of 3.42 in. calibre, mounted on its steel carriage. This gun fires a projectile of 12lbs. with a charge of 4lbs., and the muzzle velocity is said to be over 1,500 ft.

Close at hand to Russia we enter the Brazilian Court. The Government Arsenal at Rio de Janeiro exhibits a breech-loading rifle and sword-bayonet on the model proposed by Major Moraes Ancora, which has been adopted for the Brazilian Army; also several bronze guns and mortars and a model of a 300-pounder Whitworth gun, mounted on a carriage on Scott's system, as adopted for sea-coast and harbor defense in Brazil. The Brazilian Government have adopted the Whitworth system of ordnance altogether, and the naval officers speak most highly of the efficiency of their Whitworth guns. These guns, up to 300-pounders, with carriages and ammunition-cars, are all made in Brazilian arsenals from Brazilian steel, the Whitworth process of steel-making being followed. We have now completed our survey of Machinery Hall, so far as weapons of war are concerned; but five minutes' ride in the "Centennial cars" will land us at the Government building, where the military and naval material of

the United States is exhibited. Here we have a very fine show of various specimens, illustrative of American war *materiel* in all its branches. We see the huge 20-inch Rodman gun; two 15-inch guns pushing their black muzzles out of the turret of a monitor; a 10-inch gun—all typical of smooth-bore days now past and gone. Then we have different samples of experimental rifled guns, large and small, breech-loading and muzzle-loading, among the latter an 8-inch rifled gun converted on the system of Sir William Palliser. This gun has fired over 700 rounds of battering charges, and is quite serviceable. The Butler projectile, which was used throughout the trial, seems to have done its work well, and the gutta-percha impressions of the bore, which are exhibited alongside the gun, show that there has been but little erosion. By far the most interesting portion however, of the United States military exhibition is the cartridge machinery in motion. First, the copper band, about three inches in breadth, runs under a punch, which cuts out circular portions about the size of a half-crown; these are taken to the next machine, and pressed into the form of a thimble. Gradually, this thimble is elongated, pared, and pressed until it assumes the form of the shell of what is known as the "solid" cartridge. It next receives a cap, and is finally loaded with its charge of powder and bullet. The manufacture of the bullet, and the machine for lubricating it, are also shown. This building also contains an interesting display of torpedoes and methods for firing them. We have the Ley torpedo, which looks like a cross between a whale and a shark; the fish torpedo, which is all shark; and the well-known Harvey torpedo.

In the Engineer Department there is a beautiful model of the gigantic operations at Hell-gate, in New York Harbor. This rock, which now obstructs navigation, has been completely eaten under by a process of excavation, the upper portion of the rock being supported by hundreds of stone pillars. When the work of excavation is complete, it is intended to blow away these supports by 8,000 simultaneous explosions of dynamite and gun-cotton, and then dredge up the *debris*.*

It is impossible within the limits of a short article to do justice to the very interesting display in the Government building, or even to mention a title of the articles shown. We shall, therefore, again betake ourselves to the "cars" and stop at the main building. Here, on entering, we first meet the Swedish exhibition. Fine specimens of chilled projectiles are shown by the well-known firm of Carl-Ekman, of Finspong, and De Maré of Ankarsrum; also hoops for heavy guns by the Motala Ironworks. The Royal Artillery Department of Stockholm shows a varied assortment of weapons and war *materiel*—field guns, carriages, ammunition wagons, field forges, muskets, and ammunition of different kinds. Excellent models, wonderfully life-like, illustrate the various uniforms worn by the Swedish Army.

Passing down the main building, we come to Great Britain and Ireland. "Where is the 80-ton gun?" Doubtless, doing much better service at Woolwich than by putting Herr Krupp's nose out of joint at Philadelphia. It is a pity, however, that the justly celebrated Woolwich guns are not represented; but if the British collection is poor in ordnance, it is rich in sporting arms. We come upon case after case of splendid guns, beautiful in finish and workmanship. All our best makers are represented. Mr. James Purdey shows some admirable guns fitted with his patent snap action. Alexander Henry, a name dear to the tiger-slayer, has a case full of guns and rifles, the latter expressly designed for deerstalking and for the destruction of all kinds of large and dangerous game. Rigby, of Dublin, is well represented, as is Mr. Lang, of Pall-mall, whose self-cocking guns command special attention. Westley Richards has sent a good specimen of a hammerless gun. Messrs. Lancaster, Scott, Webley, Dougall, Reiley, and others, show also fine instruments. To possess a good English-made gun and rifle, is the aim of most American sportsmen, and, unless the money-market prove too tight in these "hard times," but few of the English guns now on exhibition will recross the Atlantic.

Passing Belgium, which exhibits a fair collection of sporting arms and their accessories, we come next to the United States private manufacturers. Here we have a very fine display of machine guns, especially of Gatlings, by the Colt Company. The Remington Company also shows some very good specimens of military arms and revolvers. Of the latter there are thousands on exhibition, from the tiny jeweled peashooter for a lady's reticule, to the formidable Colt "six-shooter." Magazine guns are rep-

resented by the Evans musket and the Winchester repeating rifle. Altogether, the exhibition of small arms by the United States is highly creditable.

*The explosion has already taken place, and the rock successfully removed.

WHAT THE WORLD SAYS.

The Nicaraguan route for the proposed interoceanic ship canal between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans having been determined upon, negotiations are about to be entered into without delay between the United States Government and that of Nicaragua with the view of commencing the work of construction, and treaties are to be proposed to the principal foreign Powers upon the general basis of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850, guaranteeing the neutrality of the canal, etc. The estimated cost of the work is \$65,722,137, but several practical engineers who have examined the route express an opinion that the many obstacles to be encountered will increase the cost to nearly \$100,000,000. At least five years of hard work will, it is estimated, be required to complete the canal, the total length of which by the Nicaraguan route will be 61½ miles. To this are to be added 63 miles of slack-water navigation by way of the San Juan River and 55 miles across Lake Nicaragua, making a total distance from ocean to ocean, by lake, slack water navigation, and canal, of about 180½ miles. The proposed canal will have ten locks in the western division between Lake Nicaragua and the Pacific, including a tide-lock at Brito on the Pacific coast, to admit ships at any stage of the tide, each lock having a lift of about 10 feet. In the eastern division between Greytown and the mouth of San Carlos River seven locks will be required. From the mouth of San Carlos River to Lake Nicaragua the navigation of San Juan River is entirely practicable with three short sections of canal, each having one lock, at Castillo, Balas, and Machuca. The negotiations with the Nicaraguan Government are for the moment delayed by the detention at home of Don Amelio Bernard, the accredited Minister from Nicaragua, owing to existing "trouble" there; but it is hoped the trouble will be over soon, and that he will be able to return to Washington before December.

The eldest son of Professor Rogers committed suicide at Oxford the other day. Several witnesses were examined at the inquest, but no motive could be assigned for the act. Bertram Rogers, brother of the deceased, said that on the Monday afternoon they played at cricket together, and spent the evening in the house and played a game at cards. Their mother afterwards read aloud to them, and they went to bed between nine and ten o'clock. The deceased slept in a room by himself. The next morning he did not come down to breakfast, and about nine o'clock the witness went to his bedroom and knocked, but received no reply. The door was afterwards pushed open with a little difficulty, and the deceased was found suspended from a hook behind the door by a leather belt and leather strap. The belt was tied round his neck and fastened by a noose. His feet touched the ground and his knees were bent. The deceased had not on the previous day said anything to the witness to lead him to suspect that he meditated self-destruction, and he knew of nothing that troubled him. After some further evidence the jury returned a verdict that the deceased hanged himself, but that there was no evidence to show the state of his mind at the time. The true explanation most probably is, that the deceased was captain of the Westminster School, and his mind broke down under the strain that was necessary to attain that distinction. The case is a melancholy illustration of the high pressure which pervades every section of society, and is gradually undermining both our intellectual and moral power. It is the pace that kills, and that kind of unendurable pressure is the great evil of competitive examinations. Another lamentable case within our own knowledge occurs to us, and we take this opportunity to place it on record. It was the case of a fine, promising young man. He studied hard, he passed his examination with high honors, was gazetted to a lucrative employment; but it was too much for him. The strain had undermined his health, exhausted his brain, so that when the complete triumph came it overpowered him, and the very morning after he had received his appointment he blew out his brains. There is a terrible tale told us now from Edinburgh, to the effect that a father butchers

his two helpless babes, then lays his own neck on the rails, and is decapitated by an approaching train. Where is the explanation of this horrible deed? The murderer and suicide has "lately been in financial difficulties, and suffered from nervousness." City life, as now known among the English, is full of many sad illustrations of our general remarks, and madness and suicide are frequent issues of the insane chase after gold that darkly distinguishes our age and nation. Many of these cases come under our notice, but we throw the pall of charity over these calamities; though we fear the world never *suspects* what *we* know on this subject.

A very uneasy feeling has been excited in Chinese fashionable circles by the doings of the secret society founded, or rather revived, for the purpose of cutting off the pigtail which every Chinaman who respects himself makes a point of displaying. The earliest travelers in the Flowery Empire have told us of the care that the Chinese bestow upon the hair, which is plaited with great adroitness and perfumed profusely, the ends being tied with a knot of blue or black riband. The golden youth of China, like the ladies in countries nearer home, resort even to artificial means to lengthen these pigtails, which are the nearer to perfection in proportion as they come nearer to the ground. It seems that the secret society whose mission it is to remove these baubles has not been formed with a view to gain, nor is it acting in this way as a practical joke. The members of the society believe that the habit of wearing pigtails tends to effeminacy, and they hope by snapping them off to rouse the wearers to a sense of the duties which they owe to their country. The Chinese believed at first, when their pigtails disappeared as if by enchantment, that they were the victims of some evil genii. The Chinese "authorities," more matter-of-fact, at once arrived at the conclusion that the ancient set of "pigtail cutters" had been reconstituted. They have, it is said, accordingly decreed that any person found with scissors in his hand in a crowd shall be strangled, and it is hoped that in this way the evil may be stamped out. The operations of this sect commenced in the south of China several months ago, and have since been extended to the northern part of the empire, and the terror is general. A Chinaman who suddenly discovers that his cherished appendage has vanished while he is taking his walks abroad presents a most pitiable spectacle of distress.

The supporters of London churches, where the ritual in use is, to quote the supporters themselves, "rather advanced," pay well for the satisfaction of eucharistic vestments and altar-candles. This is sufficiently evidenced by the amount of the offertories at the various places of worship in question. It appears that at St. Augustine's, Kilburn, there are no less than seventeen offertories per week, and the average sum which is derived from this source annually is said to be £7,500. At St. Matthias', near Earl's Court Station, although there is only a Sunday offertory, the amount realized reaches £3,200 a year; Mr. Liddell seduces from the congregation at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, some £3,000 per annum; whilst at St. Andrew's, Wells street, the yearly estimate is £3,287 12s. 1d. Mr. Mackonochie's church being situated in a poor district the St. Alban's offertory is nothing remarkable; but that at St. Mary's, Paddington, can boast of an annual average of £5,000. At most of these churches, it seems, the offertories are reserved for the purchase of flowers, candles, and new vestments, on which enormous sums are expended. But the lovers of ritual are not the only supporters of the offertory system, as the accounts of Trinity Church, Paddington, set down £3,900 as the receipts from the same source.

The Duchy of Saxe Gotha has taken the lead in allowing cremation, and the town of Gotha has granted a site for the purpose. The German society for the introduction of cremation has paid a sum of 15,000 marks to the town of Gotha to cover the necessary expenses for erecting a cremation apparatus. Strict regulations have been published by the police, ordering the examination by competent medical officers of all bodies to be burnt, so as to prevent cremation in all cases where the causes of death have not been properly ascertained. Bodies sent from abroad are subject to the same or even more stringent rules. At first no corpse is to be burnt unless the deceased has expressed a wish to that effect, and his relatives have approved of it.

The deaths of two centenarians are announced in Scotland—Mr. Donald Sutherland, of Brough Dunnet, Caithness-shire, farmer, in his 105th year; and Mrs. Hendrie, of Forres, Banff-shire, at the same age. As a proof of the age of the latter, who was familiarly known in the neighborhood of Forres as "Grannie Hendrie," it is stated that she resided as a servant with the late Mr. Grant, of Kincorth, when the present laird, now seventy-eight years of age, was born.

An old sailor named Mitchley, while walking along the beach at Hunstanton, on September 15th, picked up a bottle which contained the following letter: "June 28, 1876.—The *Mary Jane*, Hamburg.—All is lost! Good-bye to all friends, especially to Alice, my love. Tell her I am faithful to the last. Don't forget me. Though sinking, I think of thee; good-bye, dearest.—W. F. J. Love to all. We are just sinking; no time for more."

Before "Daniel Deronda" has ceased to be talked about—and I am afraid it will be less talked of than most of George Eliot's novels—one may remark on the funny fondness its author has for drowning her heroes and heroines. Romola goes out in a boat, and is not drowned almost by a miracle; her husband, Tito, is half drowned. Maggie, in the "Mill on the Floss," is quite drowned; and now Grandcourt is sent out of the world in the same way.

Mr. John Lock, one of the few survivors of the battle of Waterloo, has just died in an almshouse at Rochester, at the age of eighty-four. At the time of the battle Mr. Lock was in the 6th Dragoon Guards. Although he was among the first of the troops engaged, and in the thickest of the conflict, neither he nor his horse sustained any injury.

Mr. Roupell, the ex-member for Lambeth, has received his discharge, and will leave Portland about September 25th. During his incarceration he has conducted himself exceedingly well. For some years he has been placed in the prison hospital, where his kindness to the sick and dying convicts by night and day has been most praiseworthy.

It is stated that Mr. Scott, an iron merchant of Edinburgh, having received an order for 400 tons of iron girders for the new station being erected in Glasgow, is having the girders manufactured in Belgium and delivered in Glasgow at considerably less cost than he can have them made in England.

The most important work in the new forts round Paris has been finished, and some of them have already been armed with heavy guns. The Prussians will have a very hard nut to crack next time. And they never fairly cracked that much smaller one in 1871.

A Spanish capitalist advocates the connection of Africa and Europe by a tunnel under the straits of Gibraltar. He desires to obtain for the enterprise \$20,000,000, and says that, with this tunnel and the one between Calais and Dover completed, the railroad companies might soon be advertising that they would take passengers from London to Calcutta "without change of cars."

The ruins of the Tuileries are to be removed, and an art gallery is to be erected on the site. But before they are taken away, it is said, Gustave Doré will immortalize them by one of his weird designs. The picture will represent the ruined palace by moonlight, with the shadowy forms of its former royal occupants hovering over it, and the mocking shapes of Revolution and Anarchy peering through the hollow windows.

Trade has been driven out of the country by laziness and strikes. There is an enormous incursion of strike men into London just now to live upon the resources of Trades Unions, whose funds are well-nigh exhausted. They are not allowed to want, but it cannot be a comfortable feeling for a workman that he is subsisting on charity.—*Court Journal*.

"**The Pretty Birds that Died**," by Emmeline Jane, is respectfully declined, unless chickens are referred to, in which case we will publish it for a pair, if not too old.

HOW THE NEWS REPEATS ITSELF.

The singular manner in which the news of this little world repeats itself, not only from day to day, but from generation to generation, is illustrated by J. G. Saxe's poem on "The Press."

Letters describing many rural scenes;
 Ship news and often news for the marines;
 Fortune's bright favors and misfortunes shocks,
 The fall of Hungary, the fall of stocks;
 The important page that tells the thrilling tale,
 How empires rise and red republics fail;
 How England's lion loitering in his lair,
 Essays in vain to fright the Russian bear;
 How France, bemoaning the expensive war,
 Would give her "Louis" to save her *louis d'or*;
 While the poor Turk, whom hapless luck attends,
 Cries "Gracious Allah! save me from my friends!"

The last lines are almost an exact picture of Europe to-day. England is still afraid of Russia; France is just getting rid of her debt to Germany; and the Turk trembles far more at the thought of what Russia, Austria, and Germany may do than at the insurrection of Montenegro and Servia. If Mr. Saxe had occasion to write on the news of "The Press" to-day he would have little change to make in the poem written twenty-one years ago.

SITTING ON THE FENCE.

Politics are a kind of pea soup of which this journal does not partake. In common with all lookers-on, we hope that the man who is elected next November may prove good and pure and true, and help to raise our nation from out the clutches of the corruptionists who swarm equally in the Democratic and Republican parties. The principles of a bad man in either party are the same, and what every loyal citizen really wants is to see the tone of our Government raised and the garden of our high places carefully weeded. Not so the *Morning Call*. This second edition of the *Chronicle* has hitherto been a red-hot Republican journal, but the case now assumes a different aspect. Tilden may succeed, or may not, in November next, therefore the plumage of Mr. Pickering (though of a dirty and indifferent hue) is being arranged to suit the result. Democrats may rely on it, that in the event of their winning the fight, Mr. Pickering has laid by, and will reprint plenty of tit-bits, going to prove that the old absquatulator had been a Tilden man from the very beginning. If Hayes carries the day, Republicans will be congratulated on their victory with a warmth that would be irresistible, were it not the echo of a cowardly, false and sycophantic heart. In fact, the *Call* is sitting on the fence. Its position of servility it calls independence, but that is not to be wondered at, as it has often discovered a similarity between black and white. Unlike the *Alta*, *Chronicle* or *Post*, it has no creed, except to keep out of a fight, and while the bitterest partisan can always find room to respect an opponent, all classes of politicians must join in hearty contempt for a guttersnipe sheet whose views for the next four years depend on the success of the coming election. We predict, and we call on the rest of the daily press to confirm our prophecy, that Loring Pickering will issue a Democratic or a Republican sheet in four weeks from now, according as Hayes or Tilden may win the day. His policy has never been otherwise. He cares not who eats the lean so long as the fat falls to him. Both parties will do well to remember that the friendship of this Janus is more deadly than the hatred of their bitterest enemy. Janus is no name for him, for Janus had but two faces and Pickering has a thousand. Our object is not to rob the *Call* of any political weight—for it has none. We merely wish to open the eyes of citizens generally to the course of the old parasite before the election, so that after the struggle they may be able to give his utterances the credit they deserve.

A breed of dogs without tails has been discovered in Africa; and how the mischievous boys there utilize old tin kettles and fruit cans we cannot pretend to say.

"THE ALTA" UPON OUR CASE

Nearly three weeks ago, in the suit of Clay vs. Marriott, Judge Wheeler, of the Nineteenth District Court, issued an order to temporarily forbid the publication of an alleged libelous article in the *News Letter*. This order was issued at the request of the plaintiff and on the basis of his verified complaint, without hearing the defendant. The Court has commenced to hear an argument upon a motion that this restraining order shall be followed by an injunction to stand until the final decision of the case. This question is equivalent to an inquiry whether the Courts of California have power to restrain the publication of libels in newspapers by injunction, and involves the propriety of the first restraining order.

It seems singular that two hundred years after the liberty of the press was established in England, we should now have to contend for its principles in one of the most enlightened Anglo Saxon states, but two District Judges have violated its principles, and a dozen newspapers have given direct or indirect commendation to the illegal conduct. Judge Denson, of Sacramento, still adheres to his injunction to restrain the publication of a libel in the *Coast Review*, and the restraining order issued by Judge Wheeler is equivalent to an injunction. We presume that both Judges acted in the first place under the misapprehension, and after looking at one side of the matter, but it is to be regretted that any Court would issue an order in direct violation of one of the leading clauses of the State Constitution. That document says:

Every citizen may freely speak, write and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right, and no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press.

This clause evidently means that nobody shall be restrained from publishing his sentiments, for if Courts can issue injunctions against libels, then every citizen cannot freely publish. The denial of such jurisdiction as that assumed by Judges Denson and Wheeler will appear more clearly from the examination of authoritative definitions of the phrase of "Liberty of the Press." De Lolme, in his work on "The British Constitution," says: "Liberty of the Press consists in this, that neither courts of justice, nor any other judges whatever, are authorized to take notice of writings intended for the Press, but are confined to those which are actually printed." Mr. Hallam, in his "Constitutional History of England," says it consists merely in "exemption from a licenser." Chief Justice Parker, of Massachusetts, said: "It is well understood and received, in a commentary on this provision for liberty of the Press, that it was intended to prevent all such previous restraints upon publications as had been practiced by other Governments."

It is time that this business of issuing injunctions against libels in California should come to an end. We shall make no objection to the punishment of professional libelers. That is a question entirely distinct from that of the liberty of the Press.

A strange anecdote is related of Félicien David, who died a few days back. A certain Dr. L —, who was a medical student in 1848, had in his service a girl named Rose Gaillon. She died, and the idea suggested itself to him that her skin should be tanned. He accordingly flayed her corpse, sent her skin to a tanner, who tanned it, and then it was fastened upon a drum with silver nails, surrounded by a silver ribbon, and bearing an inscription which gave the details of her history. The first time that a piano was played in the room where this relic was hung up, strange vibrations were heard to break from the skin. This was easily explained. The skin having been stretched upon a piece of wood became an harmonic table, and so subject to the vibration of music. M. David was inclined to connect the matter with spiritualism, but investigation showed that it had nothing to do with the denizens of another world; and soon it became a favorite diversion with him to make poor Rose, though dead, yet speak.

One of the largest droves of cattle ever sent from Texas was a few weeks since driven from Captain King's rancho, in Neuces County, to Kansas. It numbered 30,000 horned cattle, and needed 700 drivers. They were disposed of for £60,000.

HYMN BY A SMALL OFFICIAL.

Hail, great Diplomacy, prim go-between,
 Gloved with soft fur and glib with clever cant,—
 With art of never saying what you mean,
 And skill in rarely getting what you want!
 O great Prestige! to you I bow me low,
 Hero with padded leg and hand on dagger,—
 Swagg'ring, but if you see the coming blow
 Ready with explanation of your swagger.
 Calm *Status-quo*, pursue, majestic friend,
 The even tenor of your rape and slaughter.
 Mild *Laissez-faire*, before your feet I bend,
 And offer up my neighbor's wife and daughter.
 O Balance of all powers, odd and even;
 O pure of heart, can Mercy's self be purer?
 O Balance, all awry 'twixt hell and heaven,
 Can scales of simple Justice be the surer?
 Wheels within wheels, that make long struggles longer,
 A land's a-fire, and you with oil have fed her;
 Strong are men's hearts, but surely words are stronger;
 Red is man's blood, but surely tape is redder!

—J. R. S. in *Spectator*.

LET US HAVE IT!

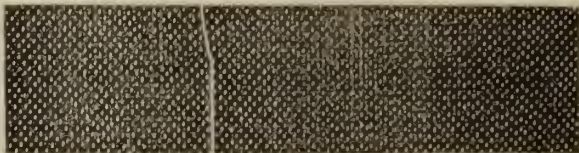
Peaceful pavement must before long become one of the "moving questions," not only of San Francisco, but of most of the cities of the Union. That nearly every city of America is badly paved is one of the most salient points of the situation. New York is bad, Baltimore bad, Washington worse, and that great hive of industry, Pittsburgh, if possible, worse. Chicago is somewhat of an exception, and Buffalo notably so. Our own city of the Golden Gate, although not so bad as some of those named, is, in the particular of pavement, simply abominable. It is bad, emphatically, is becoming worse, and must be improved. This improvement is merely a matter of money, and this money, if prudently expended, would be one of the wisest and safest investments possible—better than our best stocks—and would return large interest in the shape of peace, quiet and content of mind. Paris, London, Vienna, and a hundred other cities of the Old World, have already discovered the secret, and it is a very simple one. The modern roadmaker first of all lays a solid bed of concrete on a carefully arranged surface. Over this concrete he lays layers of deal planking, the interstices between which he fills with tar and gravel. This process is repeated, the top layers of planks being laid at right angles with the lower, and treated with concrete in similar fashion to the first. Then blocks of wood, some six inches by four, and each dovetailing into the other, are carefully laid, concreted over, and, so far as European experience goes, lasts forever. It is as noiseless as asphalt, safe as granite, clean as glass, and saves no end of nervous affections and doctors' bills. If fairly tried in San Francisco, it would be found as valuable as a new big bonanza, and cheaper in the end. In our next issue we shall further dilate upon this great improvement. Meanwhile a company is being incorporated for carrying out this much needed improvement. The *News Letter*, with its usual persistency, will insist on its adoption.

A curious zoological story comes from Berlin. A party of negroes who were visiting the German capital, went to view the Zoological Gardens, and produced the most startling effect upon all the animals hailing from Africa. The giraffes rushed about their cages in a frantic manner, and the negroes were requested to move on, the keepers fearing that their charges would hurt themselves. Then the African lions caught sight of them, and set up a mighty roar. But the elephant seems chiefly to have been moved by the unwonted spectacle, and fears were entertained that he would break loose. The power of remembrance exhibited by these animals is certainly wonderful.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

A MUZZLED PRESS.

When home truths are told to the Russians they carefully cover them with a thick black coating before the newspapers which contain them are allowed to circulate in the domains of the Czar. We have been awaiting the reply of the Russian Government to our temperate criticisms upon their finances. A subscriber kindly furnishes the *World* with it. It is as follows; we print it verbatim:



This mode of procedure is almost as bad as serving an injunction on a journal just as it is going to press, but it has the advantage of transforming an ordinary newspaper into an illustrated sheet. Fancy the *Alta* or the *Chronicle* adorned in this manner by a United States official for criticizing his actions, or the *Post* beautified by a blur of this kind all over its editorial columns. It is true the editors might pretend it was a weather chart illustrating the theory of storms, but a repetition of the scientific exhibition would tax the inventive energies of the press considerably. For the first three or four times a foot note might explain that it was a map of the railroad to Los Angeles, or a plan of the San Francisco tide lands, but even this excuse would hardly satisfy an exacting public. The muzzled Russian dailies must have a lively time of it, and the poor contributors who are paid by the column must frequently be forced into hopeless bankruptcy. A bright idea for the St. Petersburg journals when they are blackened up in this style would be to chronicle the death of some resident citizen, and state that they took this means of showing their respect by going into mourning for him. They could then get even with the Government by sending the family of the bereaved a huge bill for the terrific obituary notice. A free press is not as yet one of the blessings of Muscovite rule, though a free ride to Siberia is frequently the result of a too candid criticism of ministerial and imperial actions.

THE NEW SULTAN.

Nothing seems to be known of the character and opinions of Abdul Hamid II. He is an enthusiastic Mahometan; he has but two wives, and he is not in debt; as to his political sympathies everyone is profoundly ignorant. But the events of the next few days will point clearly the line which he intends to follow. It is evident that he will either be progressive or reactionary, and necessary changes in the Ministry must show the tendency of his views. During the past week the general position of affairs has lost none of its gravity. It is certain that people in England are more hopeful relative to the prospects of peace than we can be here. A steady pressure is being brought to bear upon the Turkish Government; but the military situation as yet gives no basis on which to found any satisfactory arrangement. Severe fighting has gone on throughout the week around Alexinatz, and with results generally favorable to the Turks; and everyone is confident that the fall of that stronghold is imminent, and that it may have a decisive effect upon the war. But even if Alexinatz is taken, the fortified lines of Deligrad and Parralin but prolong hostilities into the Autumn. The open employment of Russian officers is also held to indicate that, notwithstanding all the professions of the Russian Government, the Pan Slavonic party are urging it forward to dangerous extremes.

The paid up capital of the California Farmers' Mutual Insurance Association is to be increased from \$100,000 to \$200,000. The old officers have been re-elected.

[COMMUNICATED.]

ALMSHOUSE MISMANAGEMENT.

We now come to the sworn testimony of a witness examined on the 9th of May last, during the Keating investigation, relative to the disposal of 16 to 20 tons of bones by the Superintendent. The witness declared that he brought in 7 or 8 loads of bones to be sold, each load averaging 2 to 2½ tons in weight. No return was made of these sales in the annual or the municipal report, Mr. Keating evidently considering it a good deed, which he was too modest to chronicle. Coupled with this charge is another to the effect that in 1873 Mr. Keating sold a bull, for which he also neglected to account. The charge against the Superintendent of allowing 30 tons of hay, worth \$480, to rot is not even attempted to be denied—on the contrary, through gross negligence, men were allowed to work on the roads when they should have been employed in pressing and baling the hay. Supervisor Gibbs, who appears to have been thoroughly in earnest and very efficient in the performance of his duties as Chairman of the Almshouse Committee, says, in evidence, "I heard nothing up to the time of the investigation. I certainly disapprove of all the things I have heard here, but my attention had never been called to them before." Mr. Gibbs also stated that he disapproved of the Superintendent of the Almshouse raising hogs of 300 or 400 pounds, feeding and selling them without the knowledge of the Board of Supervisors. A witness named John Hannan, who was shoemaker at the Almshouse, testified that he had made eight pair of boots and one pair of slippers for Mr. Keating and his adopted son. He swore that they were all made out of leather bought for and belonging to the institution. It appears in evidence that the Superintendent used to purchase the uppers, bring them to the shoemaker and have the boots made out of city and county leather. The charges against Mr. Keating of using chickens at his private table are, in justice to him, paltry in the extreme, as he frequently had to entertain visitors to the institution at luncheon time, but it appears more than doubtful whether the sick ever got the eggs and fowls which should have been given them, and negligence in this matter is far from being confined to the Superintendent.

Our letter from London, dated September 25th, whilst dilating upon the accumulation of coin in the coffers of the banks, goes on to say: "Calling upon a banker of our acquaintance the other day he appealed to our sympathy by exclaiming, 'I have just had a great misfortune.'" "Indeed," we asked; "what has happened?" "Well," he replied, "an old customer has just called and left with me £100,000 on deposit." So much for a banker's misfortune. Our friend could not refuse to take money which was offered by an old and valued customer. A little incident of this kind portrays the state of the money market as well as anything that could be said.

No effort has been made in New York to execute the warrant of the Tax Receiver against the property of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to recover the amount due for unpaid taxes. The steamer *Colon* is expected at that port, and upon her arrival she will probably be seized. Until one of the company's vessels arrives nothing will be done.

Berlin, October 12th.--It is officially announced that Count Von Arnim has been condemned to five years imprisonment in the House of Correction for treason and an offense against the Emperor and Prince Bismarck.

A Big Wheat Cargo.--The fine ship *Baltic*, hence for Cork, on the 9th instaut, carried 64,971 cts., valued at \$100,700.

YOUNG MR. BEDROCK BONANZA.

Every one knows Mr. Bonanza, who sent his son to Paris a year ago to finish his education. Young Mr. Bedrock Bonanza has just returned from the French metropolis, where he studied so hard that he has forgotten his native tongue. If you knock at the door of his suite of rooms in the Palace Hotel he says "Ontray," which has nothing to do with the *entree* at dinner time, but means "Come in." A few days ago he invited some old schoolfellows to dine with him at the "Mayzong Dory," because, as he says, "Say lar surl place oo ong poo bong monjay." In the cosiest of private rooms a dainty table was spread, and the party was honored by the personal attention of the proprietor. "Voo savvy parly Frongsay?" inquired young Bonanza. "No, sir," replied the blushing host, "there is none to-day; but I have oyster soup, fresh turtle, and mulligatauny." "Nong, nong!" yelled young Bonanza; "bring us four Eastern oysters first, and send up a waiter with a Parisian accent." The wily Bouifere, understanding the situation, retired, and sent up in his place a young Frenchman named Mike Rafferty, having previously posted him on the part he was to play. After the discussion of the oysters and soup, Mr. B. accosted Mr. Rafferty with "Keskervoozavy?" "Avy lar quail, lar duck, lar chicken broilay ay lar turkey, goose, fritter de lobster." "Bong," rejoined the student of modern languages. "Shiverplay tooosekeyay particulyairemong way up." Mr. Bonanza was so delighted with the waiter that, after ordering "lar artichokes, lar pudding, and lar best wine dong lar mayzong," he presented Mr. Rafferty with a twenty-franc piece "pour boire voo savvy pour old times á Paris," and the enraged Limerick boy ran down stairs, muttering, "How in the devil's name will I know whether this dirty looking coin is worth its weight in Confederate scrip anyway?" Mr. Bonanza often dines at the "Mayzong Dory" now. He says it "reminds him of the 'Jardang Mabeel,' and the waiters talk excellent French, *bet* your life."

The unconscious temptation to casuistry to which the medical man is constantly liable is no slight one. In no case does such a question occur more frequently than that of the accidental suffocation of a child by its own mother during sleep. A woman goes to bed with a child lying on her arm, its face against her breast. She wakes in the morning and finds it in the same position, but it is dead. A half turn in her sleep, a turn back again, and it is done. She does not know that she has moved, and every feeling recoils in horror from the idea that she has been the cause of the death of her offspring. It is doubtful whether a child of average health ought to share the mother's bed until it is of such size as to be safe from the danger of suffocation. Movements in sleep are subject to no control, and an unnoticed turn may be the cause of the saddest of catastrophes. Warm clothing and warm air will obviate all the dangers of isolation.

At a luncheon held in connection with the shorthorn sale at Killhow, Cumberland, not long since, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M. P., told the following story: "There was once a Mayor of an ancient borough who was a staunch teetotaler, and well known to be so. He attended the festivities promoted by a neighboring borough, and somebody who knew the Mayor well put a glass of milk punch close to his plate. The Mayor saw the glass; he could not resist it; he took it up and quaffed it off, and set it down, saying, 'Lord, what a cow!'"

George Winthrop made an ascension in a hot-air balloon at Paxton, Ill., recently, and at the altitude of 500 feet, the balloon burst with a loud report and began to descend rapidly. The wreck formed a parachute, and checked the rapidity of the descent for a short time, but, when about 300 feet high, a collapse occurred, and the man fell, striking upon his knees and driving them into the ground. His forehead was cut open and his nose broken by the basket falling on him; his back was also badly hurt, and it is thought that he suffered internal injuries which will prove fatal.

COHEN'S RAILROAD AGENCY.

A Verbal Decision in Favor of the Defendant.--On the conclusion of the argument of Hall McAllister, Thursday, in the case of the Central Pacific Company *vs.* Alfred A. Cohen, in the Twelfth District Court, Judge Daingerfield said: "I shall write out an opinion in this case in a few days, as quickly as I possibly can, but shall state my views of it now. It is a case of very great magnitude, of very great importance, probably more on account of the fact that character has been aspersed here, as I think, very unjustly, in the trial, than of the money involved in it. But I have looked at this case, and I have thought upon it, and I have examined the law so far as I could. Whilst I do not express any unalterable opinion about the agency of Mr. Cohen, still I think that the facts show that whether he was an agent or not, the plaintiff in this case has sustained no damage; that is, that the preponderance of the evidence shows this, whether he was the agent and whether it was his duty to reveal all his interests to the plaintiffs in this case or not. Still the result of this whole transaction has not been a loss to the plaintiffs; and I understand the law to be that there must not only be a concealment of the agency, but there must be a loss resulting from that concealment. I say I will in a few days, just as soon as I possibly can, write out my views at length. My present impressions are that he did not occupy such a relation of trust and confidence as made it a legal duty to reveal his full interest in block nine, whatever might have been his moral duty in the premises."

THE MOST POPULAR PLACE IN THE CITY.

There is a vacuum about the abdominal regions of a business man towards noon which he cannot always rectify satisfactorily. A stand-up free lunch does not fill the bill, and a restaurant savors too much of dinner. So he walks to the corner of Sutter and Kearny streets, and goes down into the Arion-Halle and interviews Henry Grimm. There he is sure of meeting artists, lawyers, musicians and business men enjoying a Hamburger beefsteak, a sandwich or a glass of Milwaukee. The Arion-Halle has an ice chest which holds six thousand pounds of ice and twenty-four barrels of beer. The connoisseur of fine brews can call for Culmbacher, Wiener, Frankfurter, Budweiser, Svanholm, Cincinnati, Erlanger, Kitzingen, Boca Bay, Milwaukee or St. Louis beer. Henry has them all. The opening of rival establishments in the neighborhood does not affect him at all. A wide circle of friends and an ever-increasing popularity keeps the establishment right in the front rank, and it possesses one advantage over all similar resorts, that, though always crowded, customers are never kept waiting. Not to know Henry Grimm, nor to have trifled with a sandwich and tested his cellar, is to betray an amount of ignorance which is a disgrace to the age we live in.

A royal edition of the "Daily Telegraph" is issued daily, if we are to credit a statement in the *Bookseller*, which affirms that on the death of the Prince Consort, Her Majesty, the Queen, accidentally saw the *Telegraph*, and was so touched by the loyalty exhibited in its obituary notice that she ordered a copy to be sent to each of the royal palaces. Ever since these twenty-five copies have been especially printed on the finest, thickest and whitest paper, and duly forwarded, pressed and folded, in accordance with the Queen's command.—*The Graphic*.

A widow of my acquaintance at the Ocean was emphatic on the horrible figure that the loveliest woman must cut while bathing. I remarked that the Queen of Love and Beauty was fabled to have sprung from the foam of the sea, and that she must have been charming. "O, yes; but she had nothing on. I should look charming—" Here her speech came to a sudden halt, and observing roses blooming all over her face, I said, "I have no doubt of it," and walked away.—*Long Branch Letter*.

THE WORM'S HEAD.

Patient, with folded wings, with lifted head,
 Watchful, ontlooking seaward, sits the Form
 Who Dragon-like defies the approaching storm,
 That gathering in the west moves on to spread
 Rhos-sili's sands with foam—or, gentler, shed
 Its burthen o'er the wardship of the Worm,
 The faery land of Gower, where wonders swarm,
 Of Arthur's might or Merlin's magic bred.
 So frown, ye guardian-cliffs that us surround
 To keep us free within! The tempest's shock
 And the assanltng billows make rebound,
 But not to deafen us!—lest we should mock
 The cries of anguish'd peoples, whose fair lands
 Are ravaged by the lustful Moslem bands.

Californians Abroad.--PARIS, Sept. 23d, 1876.—S. H. Carlisle, Gen. Clary, Mrs. Clary, Mrs. Wm. Cogswell, C. F. Fargo, I. Goetz, Miss E. Goetz, Miss I. Goetz, W. H. Howard, Mrs. W. H. Howard and family, Mrs. Massey and family, C. G. Osgood, Mrs. George Roberts, Miss Addie Samson, Miss B. Sansou, W. H. Tillinghast, Miss Nellie Toomey—all of San Francisco. LONDON, Sept. 23d.—H. Duncan and family, I. Freeborn and family, Mrs. Hassey, Mr. Hassey, E. I. Marina, S. W. Pierce, F. B. Sheet, Miss Shield, Miss I. Shield, Miss Smith, John Wedderspoon—all of San Francisco. GENEVA, Sept. 20th.—David Bixler, Mrs. Bixler, C. T. Crocker, J. R. Hart, Mrs. Hart, E. H. Mayers, Baron Merchant, F. G. Merchant, Mrs. Merchant, A. P. Redding, B. F. K. Simea, S. C. and Mrs. Bigelow, Mrs. S. S. Wright, Miss Lizzie Wright, Mrs. A. Zautzinger and family, Mrs. S. C. Zautzinger—all of San Francisco; Charles McCreary, Sacramento; Mrs. McCreary, Sacramento; Mrs. Mary N. Scudder, Sacramento. LUCERNE, Sept. 19th.—R. Bayley, San Francisco; C. F. Crocker, California; Mrs. A. L. Doyle, California; Charles and Mrs. McCreary, California; G. W. and Mrs. Howe, California; A. P. Redding, California; Mrs. W. N. Scudder and family, California. BADEN BADEN.—W. Bosworth, San Francisco; Misses Bosworth, San Francisco; R. E. Jackson, California. PRAGUE, Sept. 20th.—Peter Moller, San Francisco. ROME, Sept. 19th.—A. Massey, Mrs. Mary Massey, Miss Florence Massey, San Francisco. NAPLES, Sept. 18th.—Atkins Massey, Miss V. Massey, Miss Florence Massey, San Francisco.

Our Dried Fruit Trade.--We are now receiving large quantities of superior dried fruits of many kinds and descriptions cured by the Alden process. They are all neatly and handsomely packed in small boxes and are held by the commission dealers at the following prices, which we think altogether too high to compete with foreign imported fruits or their general introduction. At half the price, the consumption would be increased four fold. Wholesale price list, in gold coin, of Alden Dried Fruits: Apples, 40-lb boxes, 13c; do 10-lb, 14c; do 2-lb, 16c. Peaches, pared, 10-lb boxes, 27½c; do 2-lb, 30c; do unpared, 40-lb, 12½c; do 10-lb, 14c. Pears, Bartlett, 10-lb boxes, 25c; do 2-lb, 30c. Plums, pitted, 50-lb boxes, 20c; do 10-lb, 22½c; do 2-lb, 25c. Prunes, 50-lb boxes, 16c; do 10-lb, 18c; do 2-lb, 20c. Potatoes, 40-lb boxes, 12½c; Beef, 10-lb, 30c; Tomatoes, 40 lb, 50c; Onions, 10-lb, 30c.

California Raisins.--The Pacific Fruit Market now presents Raisins of superior quality that will compare favorably with the very best Malaga Bunch or of London Layers. They are cured in Marysville by George G. Briggs and R. B. Blower. These parties expect to market this year some 15,000 boxes, all of standard quality. They are packed after the most improved style and manner, in whole, half, and quarter boxes holding 20, 10 and 5 lbs net respectively. They are honestly packed, and full weight guaranteed. They are equal in quality to any ever brought here from Spain, and are a credit to any people or nation. Price, \$2 50@ \$3 per box.

BYZANTIUM: 1876.

It is long since Cross and Crown
By the Bosphorus went down,
While a Christian world, too weak
To avenge the dying Greek,
Lay a-rotting in the West,
And while plotting fingers prest
Brow of king, palm of priest,
And the horror in the East
And the fall
Stirred the palsied plotters not,
And dishonor smeared a spot
On them all.

Nearly twice two hundred years,
With a glut of blood and tears
Have grown weary with the work
That was given to the Turk,
And the Greek is still a slave,
And around his living grave
Still dishonor's plague-spot clings
To the plotting priests and kings,
Growling nigh
Like byenas, robed and crowned
Round a prey which they have found,
Till it die.

Would to God that, when it dies,
From the very corpse might rise,
Like a phantom, weird and vast,
Like a resurrected past,
Like a prophecy fulfilled,
The old races they deemed killed,
The old valor they think dead ;
And the blood the Turk has shed
Since its fall
Seal Byzantium's crown again
To a kingdom of true men,
From them all.

—Public Opinion.

BOW-MEETINGS, OR TOXOPHOLITES.

Formerly nearly every midland and western county had its select band of fair Toxophilites, whose thoughts through spring and summer were of bows and arrows, their dreams of autumnal bow-meetings, and their idea of the crowning glory and highest honor of the State the carrying off of the *gold arrow*. In hope of this proud distinction they toiled through long hot hours when their less aspiring sisters were taking their ease and preserving their complexions in the shade, and drove long distances to remote meetings to secure the coveted prize. The wandering habits of modern society have considerably shorn the country bow-meeting of its glory; the implements of archery form no inconsiderable addition to traveling impediments, and those who are perpetually on the move are only too glad to leave them behind, even though in consequence the coveted gold arrow should fall to some less locomotive neighbor. Some damsels cherish a belief that they are going to do wonders in London by practicing in the Toxophilite Gardens in the Regent's Park, London; but the region is remote, and the counter-attractions of Prince's and Rotten Row, shopping and kettledrums, leave little chance of performing so weary a pilgrimage. They go once or twice, and talk afterwards of having done so in a way which makes their country friends tremble for their chance of the prize; but the practice has little effect upon the issue of the competition. A bow-meeting is a source of immense excitement in a country neighborhood. It furnishes, in the first place, that delight of the rural mind, "a nice long day;" for the shooting commences before luncheon, and continues till late, even if there be not a collation and a dance afterwards; so that the festivity occupies the best part of a whole day. The country clergy with their families form a very appreciable proportion of the assembly. Archery is one of their most legitimate pastimes, and the golden arrow falls far oftener to the rectory or the vicarage than to either the castle or the court. The meeting provides conversation for at least a month before and after, and by the time the subject is exhausted another meeting is probably at hand. It is doubtful whether the young ladies would ever have taken kindly to the Toxophilite movement, if it were not for the seductions of a becoming uniform; for the necessary practice is sadly detrimental to delicate complexions, and necessitates in many cases mysterious application of occult cosmetics. But who could resist the green uniform with the club facings? or the bewitching hat with its bewildering verdant plumes? It would be a boon if a censor of costume could be appointed. Worthy ladies, ancient members of the Archery

Club, should be restrained from wearing the uniform at all; still more rigidly should this restriction be carried into effect when they reproduce the dresses worn by their ancestresses in the early days of the First Empire. Without going quite such lengths, many of these estimable ladies appear wholly unconscious of the ravages of time, and cheerfully array themselves at fifty in the identical garments, "let out" to accommodate the exigencies of increasing *embonpoint*, in which they made their *debut* as blooming Hebes at seventeen. Nor will the work of the censor be limited to feminine eccentricities of dress. It may be doubted whether a green coat and white trowsers are absolutely becoming even to the slight form of a young Adonis, but there can be little hesitation on the subject when the former athlete has developed into a middle-aged gentleman of decided rotundity. Having settled the question of dress, the censor should turn his attention to the piteous jokes common on such an occasion, and repress them with a strong hand. If a young lady be possessed of personal attractions, an archery ground forms an excellent field for their exhibition. The uniform and attitude display her figure to the best advantage; the aim her steadiness, skill, *sang-froid*; and the promenade across from one target to the other enables her to show that she possesses the very rare gift of walking gracefully. A bow-meeting has also its advantages, in the way of countless opportunities for flirtation, to those damsels who do not enter into competition for the gold arrow. These it may or may not be desirable that the censor should curtail. There remains, however, one feature in the arrangements which will unanimously be allowed to admit of considerable reform. The luncheon-tent offers abundant scope for his ingenious exertions. He might contrive that on a blazing August day some means of ventilation should be provided; might see that the legs of the benches were even; and, above all, might prevent the canvas being pitched, as it frequently is, over an intricate system of wasps' nests, whence the enraged occupants issue in marauding clouds. It would be a step in the right direction if he could sternly prohibit speeches altogether; but this would inflict so much disappointment and mortification on many worthy old gentlemen, whose sole opportunity it is of airing their eloquence, that the sentence might be commuted into a severe penalty for any one who, carried away by the tide of twaddle or the desire to see his remarks reported in the county paper, spoke for more than five minutes. Such a ukase would be a great blessing to the audience, and would materially hasten the longed-for moment of returning to the tournament of targets.

ADMINISTERING JUSTICE IN THE DARK.

Numerous and strange are the innovations that creep into the practice of law in this city. The lower courts are not the only sinners. Supreme Court Judges hear arguments, and then postpone their consideration until defendants and their bondsmen become bankrupts, or until plaintiffs die, and then they render judgments that have, because of their delay, become useless to any living mortal. Judge Hoffman is the latest sanctioner of a practice that is new, and is as objectionable as it is new. The theory is that all courts are open to the public, in order that not only justice may be done, but that all men may know that it has been done. The fact that it is a weak woman who is seeking justice from a strong and influential man, does not make it any more justifiable that law should order justice to conduct her proceedings in the dark. When the Mordant divorce case was tried in England, the Judges very properly refused to hear it in private, and even the Prince of Wales had to go upon the stand and swear before the public, like any other man. Favors that could not there be gained by a future king, are here easily secured by a Keating. It is said that it is not in the interest of the public or of justice that many things in his and his witnesses' testimony are to be hidden. If that should prove to be true when the evidence is all taken, it will then be as easy as it will be proper for the public to be informed of as much of the case as merits open and public consideration.

"I am going--I know I am!" said a dying Mississippian, "and I believe I would go easier if Jim would get down the fiddle and play 'Sore-heeled Sally' once more!" Jim did.

THE LONDON TIMES AND THE CALIFORNIA WHEAT "RING" SHIPPERS.

We find among our foreign exchanges, particularly the *London Times*, *Economist* and the *Monetary Gazette*, elaborate correspondence from San Francisco, as well as able editorials respecting, what the writer pleases to designate, as the California Wheat Ring, under the able management of Isaac Friedlander, who is termed "the chief" thereof, "a man of brains and energy, and who," as the writer says, "has been connected with the wheat trade of California from its infancy, and has grown and prospered with it, until the trade has assumed large proportions, with Friedlander as its ruling spirit," etc. The writer of this San Francisco letter, dated August 22d, and which appears in the *Thunderer*, of September 12th, is well known in these parts as one of the many disappointed ones who has attempted to get a foot-hold in this very business which he so feelingly explains and illustrates to his English readers. We, in San Francisco, are familiar with his teachings through the "live press" of this city, and other penny-a-liners who profess to know all about the wheat trade of the Pacific coast, when, in point of fact, these very men know barely the outside workings of this vast traffic, and which is so earnestly commended to the consideration of English merchants as one entirely within their grasp, and to be had simply for the asking thereof. In the first place, we remark that there is no "grain ring" in California, neither is there any freight ring, nor any wheat combination, either in this State or in Oregon. The business of buying and selling wheat and flour is here, as elsewhere, free to all who have cash, credit, or the "brains and energy" sufficient to compass the traffic in all its various ramifications; and these, in California, are more complicated than in any other State in the Union. The reasons are obvious. We are living on the very outside boundary of western civilization, our State is sparsely inhabited, farms are large and far distant inland, the tillers of the land are, many of them, at least, tenants at will; they are impecunious, have no capital. They have to borrow money to pay rent of land—borrow or hire money for plows, harrows and seed; in short, they are men of small capital, are chronic borrowers, and have to mortgage their crops to get money to pay for harvesting. Then they have to get credit for grain sacks, and when the harvest is garnered, ways and means have to be provided in the city for its transportation to tide water. The river or railroad passes through the wheat ranch, but freight cars have to be furnished in a way and manner peculiar to a new country, and all this requires brains and capital to accomplish.

As soon as the harvest is well assured, and the State promises a large crop yield, we look around and find, to our astonishment, that there is not half tonnage enough here and en route to move the crop. What is to be done? Ships must be induced to come here, and how can it be accomplished in season. Our man of brains and energy looks about and finds a party able and willing to accept the risk, and he at once communicates with his friends in London and Liverpool, and they proceed promptly to charter 50,000 tons of shipping, to sail at once for San Francisco. But *how* to get the ships to California without loss, is the next obstacle to be removed. The charterers of these ships then proceed to get coal, iron, salt and chemicals for ballast, and sell and contract the same for future delivery in San Francisco; and who accomplishes all this successfully but Friedlander?

The ships arrive under home charter, as "Index" says, at £3 5s@£3 10s. This, then, is the business operation as a starter. Ship owners, the world over, find San Franciscans in the market offering these "high rates" for return cargoes to the United Kingdom, and they, forsooth, try their hand and send off scores of other ships to these far-off shores "seeking," hoping to obtain like charters for their ships. This they do, and in this way, following their file leader, we have abundance of tonnage and low freights with which to move the crops. Already, in less than four months' time, we have cleared for England and the European Continent nearly one-half of our entire wheat surplus—loading 132 ships, all large carriers.

How has all this been accomplished? Not by one man nor by one set of men, but by the co-operation of a number of resident wealthy Scotch, English, and German merchants, not to say American commission houses. These all have had foreign orders to buy wheat and flour under limits. They purchase of whom and wherever they can buy the best and cheapest

goods. We have many grain brokers—grain buyers—not to say commission merchants, and it is not to be denied that the bulk of this export trade is done in one sense by the one man of "energy and brains." In looking over the list of grain shippers and exporters, we see that many of our leading mercantile firms find it decidedly to their interest to do their business directly with Isaac Friedlander—commonly called the "Grain King." From personal knowledge, and without looking at the record, we find the following leading mercantile firms enrolled as employing Mr. Friedlander as their grain and freight broker: Falkner, Bell & Co., Dickson, De Wolf & Co., Balfour, Guthrie & Co., Ammon, Caspari & Co., Williams, Blanchard & Co., George Howes & Co., Muecke, Victor & Co., Degener & Co., Henry Laud, Henry Balzer & Co., Starr & Co., J. W. Grace & Co. These and many others that could be named constitute the leading buyers and shippers of breadstuff hence to Great Britain and the Continent. Some of these firms have uninterruptedly done business of this character with Mr. Friedlander for more than a quarter of a century, and why?—because it is for their interest to do so. Some year ago the writer took occasion to ask two parties, Germans, having wheat to sell on commission in large quantities why they always sold to or gave Mr. Friedlander the preference or first offer of their wheat. The reply was prompt and to the point: "It is because we know our man. We know he will give us the full market price and no grumbling; will pay promptly in gold coin the very day and hour it is due. We never have disputes, but everything is done on the square." This, then, is why the Farmers and Grangers like to do business with the "Grain King." It is because they are treated by him like men, and if they need help or accommodation he is always ready to oblige them.

Again, "Index," in the *London Times* says, "*The Grangers are dissatisfied and intend to ship upon their own account rather than sell wheat at market price to Friedlander.*" Is this true? On the contrary, we believe the Grangers are now his best customers. The Grangers have loaded one ship, the *Dryad*, and have a second one on the berth; and, while doing this, others acting independently of the Grangers, have loaded, since July 1st, a fleet of more than 130 ships. This, then, is the essence of the California wheat movement the past quarter, and is what we are to expect for the balance of the year. *The fruits* of this grain movement have certainly inured to the pecuniary benefit of British ship-owners—few, if any, of their vessels have been chartered this season below £3, and that up to £3 17s. 6d. to the European continent.

As before stated in this article, the bulk of the wheat exported hence is purchased direct from the Grangers in the country and ordered along side ship, by rail or vessel, at the several points desired. We have heard no complaints from the Grangers about the price paid for their wheat. They well know they obtain all the English market will warrant. They have Liverpool quotations daily; they know the rate of Exchange; the current rate of freight, and what it costs to lay down the wheat; cost, freight and insurance in Liverpool. They know the price of cargoes afloat, just shipped, or off the English coast. Our people are all well posted by cable every day and every hour. These rates are posted at the Exchange, and the daily papers, morning and evening, are eagle-eyed to see and proclaim every rise and fall of a penny that occurs the world over. *Has the business* this season been a profitable one to shippers is more than we know; certainly the profits have not been large, and thus far during the season, the market has been free from any violent fluctuation, nor has there been any speculative spirit abroad in the community.

The conclusions to be arrived at are these: Early in the season the wheat crop of this State and Oregon promised so immensely that it became a very serious question as to how and by what means it could be marketed. *First*, came up the monetary question. That was soon settled by Mr. Friedlander, who assured the writer last January, upon personal application, that that matter was "*all fixed*;" "there would be no scarcity of gold coin to move the crop." *Secondly*. We have shown how, by his shrewd management, a sufficiency of tonnage was secured through his personal efforts with English ship-owners; and that too at high freights and risks that no other person or firm would have dared to undertake; but yet it was a necessary risk for the good of all. *Thirdly*. We find that three-fourths of the entire wheat crop marketed the present season has been secured inland, and passed through the hands of the "Grain King,"

he having purchased the same direct from these much-abused grangers, for the benefit of shippers. *Fourthly*. Not a single vessel has been detained on demurrage this season. The business has worked smoothly all through. *Fifth*. Freight has ruled high all the season—moderately so, however—until this date, when American ships to Liverpool are obtainable at £3 and but few charters unexecuted on the market. *Finally*. We may add, without fear of contradiction, that the foreign and American houses employing Mr. Friedlander as their broker to charter ships or purchase wheat and flour had entire satisfaction given them, well assured that they have been better served by him than they could have had like service elsewhere; and in doing this vast amount of business, not less than six millions of dollars have been paid out by Friedlander in a little over three months time. Besides Sterling Bills have also been drawn and negotiated in this city to a like equivalent, and all done without any mishap to any person.

A SMALL OR GREAT WAR—WHICH?

Though war seems probable it is by no means necessary yet to take for granted that its dimensions will equal popular expectations. Russia may, and probably will, cause an independent kingdom to be formed of Servia, Montenegro, Herzegovina, Bosnia, etc, and to achieve a minor war with Turkey appears imminent. The Slavonic idea amounts to a passion just now amongst a large portion of the Russian people, and is the real popelling power which has been urging matters to a crisis; but when that part of Turkey in which the Slave population preponderates is erected into a separate and independent state, that passion will have reaped so full a fruition of the ends it hoped for as to leave nothing further to be honestly desired. With the achievement of a success so signal, the motive which now makes war so popular in Russia, would be gone. If to that end, and to that alone, Russia directs her efforts there is no reason to suppose that she will necessarily meet with opposition from any power save Turkey. Austria alone, of all the great powers, would be likely to look with disfavor upon the establishment of a Slavonic kingdom adjoining Hungary, in which the Slavs almost equal the Magyars; but even she would not interfere, for the all-sufficient reason that Germany looks on ready to take advantage of any emergency that offers an easy opportunity to attach to herself the German speaking portion of the Austrian Empire. England certainly has no adverse interest in the matter. Servia, whether a Turkish suzerainty, ruled by a prince of Russian proclivities, or as a province, erected into an independent state, with the same person as king, presents a difference so slight as not to be worth fighting for. Besides, as the change is one that would probably lead to improved government of the Christians, it is one which the aroused conscience of England inclines her to promote rather than to retard. The Bulgarian outrages have settled that matter. The war localized, and its objects thus defined, what reason remains to lead us to suppose that it will assume the gigantic proportions so often hinted at? We must confess that we cannot see any. It is true that a belief exists, founded upon traditions rather than upon any active present cause, that Russia means to seize upon Constantinople and to thereafter use it as a half way stopping place on her road to India. But that idea is a Russophobic craze that even the English people are fast abandoning. Lord Derby, above all men, ought to know the truth in regard to a matter so vital to England. That cool and unimpassioned Minister of Foreign Affairs informed his fellow countrymen, only a little more than three weeks ago, that so far from there being any reasons to distrust the ulterior designs of Russia, it was a fact that the most perfect understanding existed between the two governments. Unless British ambassadors are at fault beyond all precedent, and unless Lord Derby has been deceived in a fashion unparalleled, it is certain that Russia's present designs, whatever her future ones may be, are limited to the objects we have described, and that being so, there is no sufficient reason to fear a general European war. As we have already pointed out, the fighting idea in Russia is the passion for an independent Slav Kingdom. As that can be gratified without other opposition than that of Turkey, there is no reason why the area of hostilities should be enlarged. No doubt other powers, especially England and Austria, will look on with some anxiety and in a condition of armed preparedness, and the position

will not be one free from danger. A very slight misunderstanding, so easily engendered when war-like passions are inflamed, might, at any moment, lead to war. But barring any such untoward accident, there is every reason to believe that Russia and Turkey will be left to fight it out on their own line if it takes all Winter and Summer.

IF WAR—WHAT THEN?

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. Whether the war be of the smaller or larger dimensions we have indicated, either event will have a market influence for good upon the trade of the United States in general, and upon that of California in particular. Any war whatever that involves Russia secures to us two important ends. First, it removes the opposition of our greatest competitor from the grain markets of the world, and so gives us better prices. Secondly, as a silver-circulating power, Russia's necessities would become our opportunity. She would have to borrow largely, and, indeed, is already stated to be in the market for a vast sum. War prices would be realized, and we should realize them. With from twenty-five to fifty per cent. added to the value of our wheat product, and from five to ten per cent. upon that of our silver, there would be a revival of trade that would permeate and enliven every interest upon this coast. This much may be expected to follow if the war is confined to Russia and Turkey. If, however, it should extend to other powers, and particularly if England should be involved, then a costly and protracted war would result, the beneficial effects of which upon the trade of the United States would be so vast that calculation would be lost in the attempt to set bounds to them. A period of real prosperity to the entire country would ensue that has no parallel in history.

IMMIGRATION AND EMIGRATION

That the agitation against Chinese immigration has not been quite in vain the following figures will show. For 1876 the arrivals have been 64,700, and the departures 38,400, against 84,100 arrivals in 1875, and only 31,100 departures. In the current year the Chinese have added 26,300 to our population, against 53,000 during the previous year. This is of course only the beginning, and the letters of the six companies will do much to reduce the numbers in future. An exchange remarks that it is worthy of note that the departures to China and Japan last month were 881 in excess of the arrivals, though the same thing occurred in August. The statistics of travel for the first nine months of the year, by land and sea, are as follows:

	By Sea—		Overland—	
	Arrived.	Departed.	Arrived.	Departed.
January.....	1,872	488	2,649	1,519
February.....	1,992	572	2,690	1,706
March.....	3,294	761	3,839	2,549
April.....	3,668	1,044	6,054	3,327
May.....	4,863	606	6,863	5,149
June.....	2,204	1,438	5,606	4,166
July.....	1,664	833	4,705	3,076
August.....	1,318	1,353	5,107	4,286
September.....	869	1,397	5,431	4,022

The Colorado Beetle has at length reached Europe. A specimen was found in a cargo of grain just arrived from America at one of the German or Baltic ports. Three more were sent by post from Ontario to a resident in the south of Scotland. One died on the way, the second was crushed by the Post Office stamper, but the third was lively enough for any amount of mischief had it been permitted to live. The incident illustrates the great tenacity of life which this insect possesses, and now that it is overrunning the eastern shores of North America, there is very great danger of its being shipped into England.

When the young ladies hand you a card now-a-days, with the capital letters Y.M.C.A., it means "you may call again."

THE PENDING WAR—RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

Russia has made another step to attain the object of its long-cherished aim. The policy inaugurated by Peter the Great, enforced by the equally great Catherine, and adopted by her successors until it has become a traditional policy and a destiny of the Russian Empire, namely, the sovereignty, or at least the control of the Bosphorus and the opening of the Black Sea, has received unwonted aid this year, by means of the insurrection of the Turkish European provinces. There has never been the slightest doubt as to Russia's sympathy with Servia in her conflict with Turkey. Of late even her assistance in the way of Russian officers and Russian volunteers has been more overt, and now the news hursts upon us that she has declared open intervention and occupation of Bulgaria. Such an announcement, though not positively a declaration of war, is an act of war, and as such has created immense sensation throughout Europe. All eyes look to England not only as the nation most interested, but also as the one that, after the acquiescence with Count Andrassy's note in the early stage of the negotiations with the great Powers, and the rejection of the note of the Berlin Conference, has taken the initiative to protect the Bosphorus by sending a powerful fleet to Besika Bay. Indeed the position of England at this present moment is a very difficult one. Lord Beaconsfield, then Mr. Disraeli, was the hero of the moment, when he so promptly checked any adverse action by other European Powers; but since that time the Bulgarian massacres and atrocities have changed the current opinion in Great Britain, and the cry of Hosanna is changed to crucify. In the same way that Russia has used Servia to further its ends, so has it availed itself and fostered the generous, though somewhat fanatical outburst in England against the Bashi-Basouks and indirectly against the English Government. And yet, when we come to consider the matter coolly, the present execration is somewhat late. The atrocities took place last May. Since then two Sultan's of Turkey have passed away, and from what we know of the present ruler, his nature is not one to allow such barbarities to exist or go unpunished. But Russia has gained by the indignation, and the English Government has suffered in like ratio. The only positive information as to the *casus belli* is that Russia has issued a circular note announcing that in the interests of humanity she feels bound to march troops into Bulgaria. It is somewhat curious, that before the calls of humanity were so pressing, these same troops were conveniently massed on the shores of the Black Sea. The problem of the day then is this: Will the three Imperial Powers—Russia, Germany and Austria—combine to compel the Turk to grant self rule (Lord Derby objects to the word autonomy) to the Danubian provinces, or will they, as in the case of Poland, partition those provinces among themselves, and what is the course England will pursue? There is no doubt but that the Turk will fight, for it must be remembered that the Mahomedan element is strong in the land. One-half of Bosnia are Mussulmen, and, in addition, they are Scclavs by descent, not Asiatics, and are by far the largest landed proprietors, consequently they will not be dispossessed without a struggle. When Soliman over-ran that country in the fifteenth century, all those who embraced Islamism were allowed to retain possession of their lands, and the majority preferred their property to their faith. The Bulgarians are a peaceful agricultural people, their great importance to an army of occupation lying in the Danube and the numerous forts that line its banks. It is almost impossible to foresee what the upshot of the present crisis will be. The least accident or unremediated event may precipitate matters and plunge Europe into a general war. On the other hand, the great Powers may combine with a moral force to compel Turkey to grant such terms as they may agree upon in conference, an armistice in the meantime being agreed upon. Whatever may happen, Russia will not now retire without having gained something, if not Constantinople. It can hardly be the Bosphorus yet. England is too deeply interested in the preservation of its inviolability, and the other Powers are too jealously watchful to allow the holding of that which Russia is not strong enough to take single handed. Even the bribe of Egypt to Great Britain would not compensate her for the cession of Constantinople to the Czar, and as far as can be judged at present, the policy of England is to uphold the sublime Porte. Certainly her preparations at home all point to that as the course of the present Government, and the people, in the excitement of war and the sense of self-interest, will forget the detestation of the past atrocities and only consider the present danger.

A SIMILE.

I saw on the top of a mountain high,
 A gem that shone as fire by night;
 It seem'd a star that had left the sky,
 And dropt to sleep on the mountain's hight.
 I climbed the peak, and I found it soon,
 A lump of ice in the clear cold moon.
 Canst thou its hidden sense impart?
 'Tis a cheerful look and a broken heart.

Picture Found and Lost.—The fate, not of a lost portrait, but of four recovered ones, is exercising the minds of the good people of Greenwich; and they are as much troubled by the discovery of unsuspected wealth in the fine arts line as the world lately was by the mysterious disappearance of the Gainsborough picture. To be sure, their case is a peculiar one, and suggests various reflections. It appears that the parish church of St. Alphage, Greenwich, was formerly decorated by life-size portraits of Queen Elizabeth, Charles I., Queen Anne, and George I. These pictures became gradually dingy and faded, and the loyalty of the churchwardens was overcome by their decorative instincts. The royal portraits were condemned as being no longer worthy of the admiration of the congregation, and were accordingly removed and stowed away in the organ-loft as lumber. Here they were recently discovered during a rummage, probably a "spring cleaning" of the edifice, and three of them were sold, dust and all, to a dealer of New Cross for the sum of £20 15s. The fourth portrait—that of Queen Anne—was disposed for £10 to the Commissioners of the Admiralty, and hung in the Painted Hall, Greenwich, the authorities of which had more respect for their royal benefactor than the churchwardens. With an eye to business, the general dealer, whose name—Dyer—deserves recording, sold the three rubbish portraits to Messrs. Pratt, of New Bond Street, at a profit of £2 15s., and was probably as much pleased with his bargain as the churchwardens were with theirs. They had made the handsome sum of £30 15s., to be expended, probably in decorating the church, and went on their way contentedly till they learned that the despised representation of George I. was being renovated by Messrs. Pratt, and was found to be a magnificent portrait, worth at least £500. The ten square feet of canvas supposed to contain a dirty likeness of Charles I. was now found to be a work of great value, by Sir Peter Lely. It represents the martyred king in a prayerful attitude, and is worth probably a still larger sum than that of George I. Good Queen Bess has not been restored to her former magnificence, but it is more than probable that her portrait was quite worthy of associating with such splendid companions. Such intelligence was enough to fill the hearts of the stoutest churchwardens with dismay. The fact of their having sold Church property without a special faculty from the bishop of the diocese was remembered as being probably involved with no end of pains and penalties, but such considerations were boldly thrown to the wind on the question being raised whether the sale, having been thus unauthorized, was not illegal, and whether the property, now found to be worth over a couple of thousand pounds, could not be recovered by refunding the £30 15s. received for it. The question is a nice one, and will probably have to be decided by a court of law. With regard to the portrait of Queen Anne, no difficulty is anticipated in recovering it from the Admiralty, but whether Messrs. Pratt, to whose judgment the discovery of their worth is due, can be prevailed upon to part with the three other portraits, unless compelled by law, is another point. The churchwardens must be trembling in their shoes, pending the result of the negotiations. If they are successful in defending their right to the picture on the ground that the sale was unauthorized, they lay themselves open to censure from the bishop. If, on the other hand, this defense cannot be maintained, and the pictures are irrecoverable, they will incur the lasting odium of the parishioners.

Elder Evans, the Shaker, says that cats are mediums of evil spirits. There is nothing medium about the noise they make under our window at exactly four A. M.

[From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter.]

Marie Antoinette Nathalie Pollard is advertising for a "Man Agent" to attend to her business in this city. She says, "No would-be-lover need apply, as I am tired of that class of creatures." It is reported that three hours after the appearance of this advertisement there were over seven hundred applications for the position at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, and the clerk was besieged by anxious crowds, waiting to see the famed clocutionist. Business men, clerks, merchants, bankers, ministers, faro dealers and members of the Legislative Assembly, formed a continuous stream leading to the palatial apartments of M. A. N. P. [The compositor positively refuses to set this name up again.] The only condition on which they insisted was that *she* should swear not to make love to *them*, if they agreed to attend to her business. A sigh and a squeeze of the hand was all her answer, and the perspiring crowd retired sadly and slowly, feeling it had been ruthlessly betrayed. At last a man arrived who was destined to fill the happy bill. His eye was large and a little boiled; his shirt was voluminous and wanted boiling. His nails had long been a stranger to a pruning knife, and added to his general appearance of mourning. The lining of his hat served as a pocket handkerchief to wipe his streaming eyes, and, as he advanced to the center of the room, he hung on to a three-legged chair and allowed his front hair to drip gracefully over his one-sided Roman nose. "Marie Antoinette Nathalie Pollard," he said, "my name is Montgomery Grandeville Sinclair Cholmondeley. I come here to offer you my services as an Agent who will never speak of love. Once I adored Sophonisba Ophelia Beatrice Montmorency, but now she is no more. All I desire is employment, where my racked and broken heart may indulge in its despair, combined with the occupation of pasting up bills for your chaste entertainment." With a heavy sigh he drew from his pocket a photograph of Tony Denier, the clown, and wept over it for several minutes. A large hand in a number nine glove was at length laid gently on his shoulder, and the quivering accents of a mellow voice whispered to his doubting heart, "You *shall* be my Agent, and we will never speak of love. I, too, was once the idol of Hubert Grandison Cyril Devisadero, and I feel for you. Go, now, and revive your broken heart with a cocktail. Here is a half dollar, which I shall deduct from your first week's salary, and come again to-morrow at four o'clock, when this poor bosom will have conquered its emotion." He goed, but he comed not again, and Marie Antoinette Nathalie Pollard is out four bits, two large tears and a melo-dramatic speech.

As an instance of the progress of education in America, the following facts will be found interesting: A rich farmer from the interior was recently staying at his brother's house in this city. Wishing to gratify his only niece, a child of five years old, he took her to a large toy store and told her to pick out all the playthings she fancied. The attentive clerks showed her colossal dolls, rocking-horses, jumping-jacks, boxes of bricks, toy pianos, puzzles, and everything calculated to turn a child's life into a practical paradise. She looked sadly at one article after another, and shook her head. Nothing pleased her or attracted her fancy for a moment. At last the old uncle, growing somewhat impatient, asked the little one what there was he could buy her which would give her any pleasure. A smile came over the little lips, and she climbed on to the old man's knee. "Uncle," she said, "I don't like to say out loud, but I will whisper to you, uncle, dear! Go buy me Darwin's Works on Evolution and Transmutation of Species; I should also love to have Huxley's lectures complete, together with the last report of the Aeronautical Society, and uncle! if you don't mind—please take me to night to the Academy of Sciences to hear all about the ravages of the Phylloxera." The old gentleman complied with her request, and was rewarded the following day by the tiny voice lisping to him a full account of the probable age of the fossiliferous rocks in Siberia.

It is a remarkable fact that during the recent visit of the Hayes Invincibles to San Jose the policemen of that enterprising burg had nothing whatever to do but to sit on the door-steps and watch the procession. There was not even a Chinaman stoned, or other evidence of social enjoyment in that vicinity all night. Is the millenium only around the corner, so to speak. Has "tangle-foot" lost its wonted fire, or is the ward politician played out?

A young lady who aspires to histrionic honors writes, asking that we give her full advice and directions as to her exact course. As a newspaper man would rather die the death than not appear to know everything and something over—here goes. In the first place, it will be absolutely necessary to purchase about twenty-five gorgeous dresses. These can be paid for out of the first week's profits as a star. The next step is to get some one who writes the weather reports on a daily—most any one will do—and have the latest novel dramatized. One with plenty of seduction and unlimited sniveling would be best. After this it would be a good plan to take late champagne suppers with newspaper critics, and to walk up Kearny street on Saturdays with a sort of Kemble-Jackson-Overdraw-Check rigidity of deportment. This is all we can think of off-hand, but it might be well to study a week or so, if there is time, otherwise it don't matter much. The result will be precisely the same, and the dresses, which are the chief item, will wear just as well in private life.

The Savages of Fisher's Island, east of New Guinea, are the most fashionable natives in the world. They dye their hair red, green and white, according as their complexion is coppery, black or brown; they abjure rings in their noses, and refuse pipes, tobacco and matches. They have never seen white men till lately, and spurn the proffered rum, the enticing cavendish. They have never seen a looking-glass, they also stick to one wife at a time, and wear olive leaves on their arms as a sign of peace. Here is a chance for the missionaries! A few devoted preachers, with an eye for commerce and an agency for a good brand of whisky, could easily, in the next few years, change this abode of heathen ignorance into an elysium of Christian depravity. They could convert—not the inhabitants, but their possessions—so effectually that the close of the present century might see this aboriginal Areadia flourishing as a fat private sectarian speculation.

A Scotch paper gets a hit at Mr. Gladstone by accusing him of alluding to Holloway's pills in a political speech, and asking if the puff pays as well as writing pamphlets. The Earl of Beaconsfield is advised to get the agency for the far famed "Cockle" bolus, and to combine the pursuit of politics with the acquirement of wealth from this source. To bring the matter nearer home, might not our stump orators arrange matters with leading advertising firms, so as to combine a political harangue with a plea for a cheap boot store or a popular clothing house? If a particular brand of whisky was to be pushed the oration might end: "Vote early fellow-citizens, as well as often, pausing only to stimulate the inner man with that triumph of the nineteenth century art, ———'s unrivaled whisky." In going round the State the orator could take the place of the drummer; and as several parsons are in the campaign the good work should begin at once.

Young ladies addicted to horsewhipping young gentlemen will take warning from the following tale: A damsel thus armed proceeded to inflict summary vengeance on her swain in Sacramento, but the heartless fellow pulled the frock of her skirt over her head and left her standing in the street like a veiled goddess upside down. If the story is true, it is good; but in these days of tight dresses the feat appears impossible. Who ever saw a pull-back the skirt of which could be drawn up over a lady's head. It is a monstrous, wild idea—as improbable as the supposition of purity at an election. If the damsel did not wear a pull-back she could not have belonged to the fashionable world, and the item ceases to be interesting. It would take a Hercules to perform this miracle, and until further proofs of its having taken place are forwarded, the story will be rejected by all thoughtful minds.

The Hongkongites are all agog over the dog question. A native policeman gets ten cents for the capture of every stray dog not bearing his owner's name and address on a collar. The activity of the police has of late been without precedent, and furthermore they are all getting fat. Dog-pie used to be a semi-annual luxury for the Mongolian *plutic*; now they get it every day. Puppy steaks have nothing to do with coursing, and no prize is too mangy for the officers to *manger*. The active "star" who rises early, not only secures a stray bird's nest for his breakfast, but at times pounces on an unwary *helix pomatia*, or edible snail, for his lunch, with an assurance of broiled cur on toast for his well-earned supper.

The "Bulletin's" Columns are not peculiarly noted for their native and original brilliancy, but they *are* noted over the wide land for their utterly barefaced and unscrupulous thefts of other mens' brains. We have no fault to find with even such poverty-stricken journals when they clip matter they cannot produce or afford to pay for, but we have nothing but unmitigated contempt for those who never give credit for their pilferings. Twice within the week have articles taken recently from the *Town Crier* department of this paper been filched by this vampire of the press without credit. The pious Fitch abuses the *News Letter*, that pays its way honestly, but is not too proud to steal its tit-bits. However, trying to make the *Bulletin* honest or decent is like attempting the manufacture of the silk purse from the sow's ear.

A silver half dollar of 1852 is exhibited in a broker's window near this office which can be purchased for \$5. This settles the question of demonetization. All you have to do is to keep a half dollar twenty-four years and it appreciates just nine hundred per cent. in value. Acting on this idea, the *T. C.* has laid by this week twenty half dollars, which in the year 1900 will be worth \$100. This will be expended in the purchase of a monument to the memory of the next man who brings a libel suit against the *News Letter*. Since writing the above it was found necessary to expend one of the half dollars just put by at a neighboring saloon, but the other nineteen are still safe in our back pants' pocket. [How long will they stay there?—*Ed. N. L.*]

The genial Edwards was the victim of a put-up job, one night last week, while Booth was fumbling around among the dark ages at the California Theater. There is a scene in *Julius Caesar* where Edwards, as "Brutus," remarks: "Let me have men about me that are fat." As he said this, instantly the fairy formed Bishop and the mist-like Mestayer stepped on either side and solemnly took his hand. The effect on the audience may be imagined, when it is stated that the former of these two sylphs weighs 843 pounds, while the latter turns the beam at 1,604. Edwards looked dumbfounded for a moment, but instantly recovering himself, he knitted his Romanesque brows and interpolated: "What's this—another uprising in grease?" The oleaginous jokers concluded to fall back.

Hoodlums, male and female, congregate on the hill back of the Reform Asylum, where, by means of a peculiar whistle, they communicate with the girls detained in that institution. The whistle is made up of long and short sounds, to designate the letters of the alphabet, and those familiar with the system, it is said, can readily hold converse. This fully explains the horrible noise made by the "devil" at this office. He produces a piercing discord, which he says is an humble rendition of "In the Sweet Bye and Bye," but which we shall hereafter look upon as a rehearsal of an incendiary phonetic system of crime and misdemeanor.

A gentleman, surnamed the American Flag, who is stopping at the Palace Hotel, was the other day the victim of a fearful outrage. It seems this gentleman, who is tall, commonly wears the highest collar ever seen in Frisco. He received a note from a firm of bill-stickers, asking if he did not wish to let out the backs of those articles for advertising. Insults like this are offered to unprotected strangers, and yet General McComb vaults into his foaming buggy and talks about "our troops."

The Khedive of Egypt, to avoid falling out of bed, sleeps on the floor, the cable tells us, and yet people talk about the incompetence of the Egyptian ruler. The ingenuity of ages has been exhausted over the problem of keeping securely anchored in bed, and now this lineal descendant of Solomon quietly settles the whole question by rooting down on the floor. Nightmares avaunt! Ye threaten now in vain!

A curious typographical error appeared in a morning paper recently. In giving an account of an inquest, it was stated "the deceased bore an accidental character," and the jury returned a verdict of "excellent death."

Lemmon says he went to the California Theater the other night, and got there at 10:30. He was just in time, however, to hear that Justice was satisfied and Rome free, upon which he went home feeling better.

A good man up in Hawley, Mass., once prayed: "O, Lord, we wouldn't presume to dictate, but, O Lord, we want rain, not likely tearin' showers, but a gentle sizzle-sizzle."

"BAY BILLY."
A Veteran's Story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PRIDE OF BATTERY 'B.'"

You may talk of horses of renown,
 What Goldsmith Maid has done,
 How Dexter cut the seconds down,
 And Fellowcraft's great run.
 Would you hear about a horse that once
 A mighty battle won?
 'Twas the last fight at Fredericksburg--
 Perhaps the day you reck,
 Our boys, the Twenty-Second Maine,
 Kept Early's men in check.
 Just where Walc Hampton boomed away
 The fight went neck and neck.
 All day we held the weaker wing,
 And held it with a will.
 Five several stubborn times we charged
 The battery on the hill.
 And five times beaten back, reformed,
 And kept our column still.
 At last from out the center fight
 Spurred up a General's Aid.
 "That Battery *must* silenced be!"
 He cried, as past he sped.
 Our Colonel simply touched his cap,
 And then, with measured tread,
 To lead the crouching line once more
 The graud old fellow came.
 No wounded man but raised his head
 And strove to gasp his name,
 And those who could not speak nor stir,
 "God blessed him" just the same.
 For he was all the world to us
 That hero gray and griu.
 Right well he knew that fearful slope
 We'd climb with none but him,
 Though while his white head lead the way
 We'd charge hell's portals in.
 This time we were not half way up,
 When, midst the storm of shell,
 Our leader, with his sword upraised,
 Beneath our bay'nets fell.
 And, as we bore him back, the foe
 Set up a joyous yell.
 Our hearts went with him. Back we swept,
 And when the bugle said
 "Up, Charge, again!" no man was there
 But hung his dogged head.
 "We've no one left to lead us now,"
 The sullen soldiers said.
 Just then before the laggard line
 The Colonel's horse we spied,
 Bay Billy with his trappings wide,
 His nostrils swelling wide,
 As though still on his gallant back
 The master sat astride
 Right royally he took the place
 That was of old his wont,

And with a neigh, that seemed to say
Above the battle's brunt,
"How can the Twenty-Second charge
If I am not in front?"

Like statues we stood rooted there
And gazed a little space,
Above that floating mane we missed
The dear familiar face,
But we saw Bay Billy's eye of fire,
And it gave us heart of grace.

No bugle call could rouse us all
As that brave sight had done.
Down all the battered line we felt
A lightning impulse run.
Up! up! the hill we followed Bill,
And captured every gun!

And when upon the conquered height
Died out the battle's hum,
Vainly mid living and the dead,
We sought our leader dumb.
It seemed as if a spectre steed
To win that day had come.

And then the dusk and dew of night
Fell softly o'er the plain,
As though o'er man's dread work of death
The angels wept again,
And drew night's curtain gently round
A thousand beds of pain.

All night the surgeons' torches went
The ghastly rows between—
All night with solemn step I paced
The torn and bloody green.
But who that fought in the big war
Such dread sights have not seen.

At last the morning broke. The lark
Sang in the merry skies
As if to e'en the sleepers there
It bade wake, and arise!
Though nought but that last tramp of all
Could ope their heavy eyes.

And then once more with banners gay,
Stretched out the long Brigade.
Trimly upon the furrowed field
The troops stood on parade.
And bravely mid the ranks were closed
The gaps the fight had made.

Not half the Twenty Second's men
Were in their place that morn,
And Corp'ral Dick, who yester-noon
Stood six brave fellows on,
Now touched my elbow in the ranks,
For all between were gone.

Ah! who forgets that dreary hour
When, as with misty eyes,
To call the old familiar roll
The solemn Sergeant tries,—
One feels that thumping of the heart
As no prompt voice replies.

And as in falt'ring tone and slow
The last few names were said,

Across the field some missing horse
Toiled up with weary tread,
It caught the Sergeant's eye, and quick,
Bay Billy's name he read.

Yes! there the old bay hero stood,
All safe from battle's harms,
And ere an order could be heard,
Or the bugle's quick alarms,
Down all the front from end to end
The troops presented arms!

Not all the shoulder-straps on earth
Could still our mighty cheer.
And ever from that famous day,
When rang the roll-call clear,
Bay Billy's name was read, and then
The whole line answered, "Here!"

FRANK H. GASSAWAY.

San Francisco, October 21, 1876.

THE NUDE AT THE CENTENNIAL.

In the main corridor of the Memorial building's annex, where the most casual visitors are not likely to miss it, a wax figure of Cleopatra is displayed. She reclines upon a sort of throne, and is almost naked. The workmanship is of the best and the effect startling. The flesh tint is natural, the hair life-like, and every detail is carefully done. Interior clock-work heaves her bosom, moves her arms at intervals, stirs her legs, turns her head languidly from side to side and rolls her eyes. Her face and form are beautiful, and the accessories are in artistic harmony with a conception of the Egyptian Queen, yet her features are not Egyptian, being rather those of a beautiful French woman. An Ethiopian slave, equally nude, stands at her side and fans her. At her feet lies a naked little boy. A bird flutters on the arm of her seat. A golden canopy hangs above the group, all being enclosed in a glass case. The whole is surprisingly natural—so much so that it has a natural effect upon the spectators. Young girls come suddenly upon it and draw back appalled. They have nerved themselves to look at the statuary and pictures, but this sight is too unexpected and realistic to be borne with steadiness. They escape without delay. Women inspect the group shyly. Men are, of course, so modest that, when alone, they remain transfixed to the spot from a sheer shock to their modesty. Such waxworks, and worse, are common in European museums; artistically they are to be commended as triumphs of skill, being totally unlike the effigies usually shown in this country, but they ought not to be thrust unwarningly upon the sight of mixed congregations. Some of the Commissioners are of this way of thinking, and Cleopatra's stay on the grounds may be of short duration. President Hawley stops in front of Cleopatra. "What do you think of her?" asks a friend. "A thing of beauty," he answers, "but not a joy forever. I guess we will have to get her out of sight. I must talk to Sartain about her." Mr. Sartain is the Superintendent of the Art Department. The fourteen rooms set apart for France are not open. Mr. Sartain says he does not know why, unless the French Commissioners are waiting for more pictures to arrive. Hundreds of paintings are there now, piled with their faces toward the walls. Glimpses of a few confirm the presentiment that nudeness will be the striking feature of the display. Those permitted to turn a frame so as to see what it holds, find a life-size picture of an utterly naked woman, the subject not classical. She is a French woman of the present time. Of course, she is not there for her anatomy, for nature follows no changes of fashion in molding human forms; nor by clothing, for there isn't a vestige of any; but by the fact that her hair is arranged in one of the elaborate styles of the present. The catalogue simply tells she is a woman, and there could be no mistake about that. Another turn of a frame shows a recumbent woman—the other is erect; and a third reveals one who has stripped herself to the waist to pray, as a pugilist would for a fight. This is too much for the United States, and it ought to be too much for France. The remarks of the philosophizing are not to her advantage in this respect.

A CLERICAL DON JUAN.

Not long ago the hero of this sketch, the REVEREND I. S. KALLOCH, pastor of the Metropolitan Baptist Church in this city, brought an old lady and her son to a boarding house, No. 915 Market street, requesting board and lodging for them, for which he was presumably responsible. The lady of the house is an old resident of this city, highly respected, and her name is only withheld out of courtesy. Knowing that he was a minister of the gospel, and supposing that she was accommodating the Church, she took the old lady and her son, boarded and lodged them for two weeks, at the expiration of which time they left. She presented her bill at the rate of \$4 50 per week, for board and lodging for each of his friends, making a total of \$18 for the whole period. Presenting a bill to Mr. Kalloch and getting the money from him are evidently two entirely different matters, as we next hear from the reverend gentleman himself:

SAN FRANCISCO, September 29, 1876.

MADAM: You have entirely mistaken your man in writing to me as you do. I shall pay no more attention to your threats. Make your bill right and address me properly and I will see that you collect it. But your bill is a *fraud*, and you know it, and I can *prove* it; and my advice to you is to go a little slow in your threats or you will find yourself in trouble for making a fraudulent claim. I. S. KALLOCH.

There is considerable truth in Mr. Kalloch's remarks. The lady had mistaken her man. She thought he was a gentleman and a christian instead of a beat and an exposed adulterer of the worst type. The bill will be placed at once in the hands of an eminent collector, and the public shall be duly informed how he gets along with this disgrace to the cloth. From a morning contemporary we learn that the Rev. Isaac S. Kalloch was indicted by the Grand Jury of Middlesex county, Mass., in January, 1857, for criminal intercourse with the wife of a Mr. Stein, in a hotel in East Cambridge. It was shown that he called for a private chamber, had whisky sent up and remained there for more than an hour with the lady. The details are not fit for publication, but the jury disagreed, and the defendant slipped through the meshes of the law. At this time he was Pastor of the Tremont Temple Baptist Church in Boston. His congregation stuck by him until he was detected in an amour with a young lady member of the choir. He was charged by a Mr. Hayes with having the young lady in his study in the temple all night.

The pastor at first denied the charge, but, finding it could be proved by two witnesses, he admitted it, and agreed to resign his pulpit at once and leave the ministry forever, if Mr. Hayes would spare him the disgrace of a public exposure. Mr. Hayes agreed to do so on those conditions.

Kalloch did resign, stopped preaching and emigrated to Kansas, but returned the next year to New York city, and began to preach in the Laight St. Baptist Church, when Mr. Hayes gave the facts of his detection in the amour with the young woman to the *Boston Herald*, and they were published in that paper of March 14, 1861.

The same paper also published a statement made by the Rev. Dr. Murdock (pastor of the Bowdoin Square Baptist Church, Boston) that, having heard that Kalloch had been guilty of a criminal intimacy with the wife of a sea captain in Rockland, Maine (where he had been pastor previous to his coming to Boston), he went to Kalloch about it, and after some prevarication he confessed that "the wicked woman had reduced him into an indiscretion, but that nothing criminal occurred."

Mr. Kalloch's ministry in New York was a brief one, and he returned to Kansas. With regard to his course there, we have seen, says the *Sunday Argus* of October 15, 1876, a letter from a prominent Republican official of Leavenworth, stating that, disgraceful as Mr. Kalloch's record was in Boston, it was "ten times more so in Kansas." It need only be added that though Mr. Kalloch has recently come to this city, he has twice been ordered by the courts to pay his honest debts, and he has twice pleaded poverty, though he acknowledged being in receipt of a salary, as pastor, of \$5,000.

If the Baptists of this city still persist in their adherence to a gentleman with his unsavory record, their faith must indeed be able to remove mountains.

The young ladies in Boston are so learned that when they wish to use a derisive phrase they say, "Oh, my Ego!"

[The following charming lines come from the Rio Grande to our readers:]

"DOLCE FAR NIENTE."

[BY G. O. FREEMAN.]

Up in the woodland where the long green hills
Hem in the brook that dips and sings to me,
In fluttering swifts as down it runs and spills
Its heart out in the sea.

The sugar maple and the sumacs glow
Like dying embers in the amber haze,
Forever fanned by fragrant winds that blow
Through all our autumn days.

Far o'er the purple brows of distant hills
The opal vapors drop like bridal veils,
While dragon-flies in myriads o'er the rills
Dart forth in gleaming mails.

Deep in the tasseled corn the reaper stands
And pulls his sickle through the trembling stalks,
While singing round him many merry hands
Bind up the sheaves in shocks.

The measured strokes that sounding strong and true
Come up in muffled echoes from the wood,
Proclaim the axmen busy as they hew
Deep in its solitude.

Anon, the winding of a distant horn
Comes faintly borne upon the languid breeze,
Hinting that noon hath closed the golden morn,
The toiler's hour of ease.

When, suddenly, with one great puff of wings,
A cloud of birds swarm up from off the wold,
And surge away with noisy chatterings
O'er field and fell and fold.

The butterflies drift down the noon-day tide
And listless cling to swaying thistle plumes,
The pollen dusted bees roam far and wide
To fill their waxen rooms.

So, all day long, here let me idle be,
With naught to fret the mind or thing to do.
But watch the wings of birds so silently
Skim through the tranquil blue.

Far o'er the spire that point like spikes of gold
To those clear pools of light where clouds are riven,
Pointing to other worlds above the mold—
The mystery of heaven.

Here let me lie—a little while to feel
The joy of other years return again—
A calm and melancholy pleasure steal
Athwart the sense of pain.

Knowing the years roll on as He decreed:
Tides ever ebb and flow: moons wax and wane:
While our last summer sleeps within the seed
To bud and bloom again.

And grant, that at the close of life's short lease,
When autumn on my brow her finger lays,
Like to the dying summer it may cease
With Indian summer days.

September on the Rio Grande, 1876.

A Touching Appeal—Said a Denver prisoner to His Honor: You've sent me up every summer for four years, and I've missed the Fourth of July every time. Now I want you to make it short this time. Make it so I'll get out before the Fourth. This is the last Centennial I expect to spend on earth, and I don't want to spend it in jail.

“MEN WE KNOW.”

J. F. Houghton.

The subject of the beautiful engraving given last week was born in Cambridge, Mass., December 1st, 1827. Here he resided until he entered the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, from which he graduated with the degree of Civil Engineer in the Class of 1847. In the same year young Houghton's engineering abilities attracted so much notice that he was chosen to take charge of the construction of the Boston Water Works, the first section of which was finished entirely under his supervision. In 1849 he left Boston for this coast in the well known *Richmond*, the pioneer vessel of Otis Rich's line of California Packets. He arrived here early in 1850, and at once joined the house of B. D. Baxter & Co. as a member of the firm. He afterwards succeeded to the entire business of the house. About 1856 Mr. Houghton became interested in politics, and in 1861 was elected Surveyor-General on the ticket with Governor Stanford. In 1863 Mr. Houghton was selected for the important duty of fixing the boundary line between California and Nevada. While engaged in this onerous service he was re-elected for four years under Governor Low. Our subject was also the author of—and mainly instrumental in passing—the Act of Congress of July 23d, 1866, to quiet land titles in this State, generally known as the Conners or Bidwell Act, which has saved millions to the State, and millions more in the avoidance of litigation among our citizens. From 1852 to 1872 Mr. Houghton was engaged largely in the lumber contract trade. On the retirement of John H. Redington, Esq., he was elected to fill the important position of President of the Home Mutual Insurance Company, and may justly claim a large share of the credit due to the very prosperous and conservative business of this Company. Mr. Houghton is one of our most sterling and substantial citizens, and of a kind of which San Francisco cannot have too many.

THE NEWEST WONDER.

Speaking by the Electric Telegraph.—Sir William Thompson, the learned President of the Physical Science Section of the British Association, at Glasgow told an attentive and admiring audience how, in a recent investigation of the United States Telegraphic Department, he saw and heard Elisha Gray's splendidly worked electric telephone actually sounding four messages simultaneously on the Morse code, and equally capable of sounding yet four times as many with very moderate improvements of detail—how he saw Edison's automatic telegraph delivering 1,015 words in 57 seconds—how in the Canadian Department he heard “To be or not to be?” recited through the electric wire; and how, scorning monosyllables, the electric articulation rose to higher flights, and gave audible passages taken at random from the New York newspapers, such as “The Senate has resolved to print a thousand extra copies;” “The Americans in London have resolved to celebrate the coming Fourth of July” and a number of other utterances. “All this” Sir William continued, “my own ears heard spoken to me with unmistakable distinctness by the thin circular disc armature of just such another little electro-magnet as this which I hold in my hand. The words were shouted in a loud and clear voice by my colleague, Professor Watson, at the far end of the line, holding his mouth close to a stretched membrane carrying a little piece of soft iron, which was thus made to perform, in the neighborhood of an electro-magnet a circuit, with the line, motions proportional to the sonoric motions of the air.” These are indeed mighty marvels, sufficient to have made the hair of the “scientists” of forty years ago stand on end, and which, performed three centuries since, would have exposed the premature electricians to the peril of being burnt alive as wizards.

The “Times” of India says: An “Empress” rupee for India is in contemplation. But some one at the India Office having suggested that the royal image on coins of the realm at present in vogue shocked native prejudices by its decapitated look, a proposal has been made to extend the imperial figure the length of the bust.

A PLUCKY CONTEMPORARY.

The subjoined article from the *Springfield Republican* should be read by every one who dares fight for right and has not sold his soul. Dare any of our local press lessen their weekly income by throwing over the frauds they fatten on? Undoubtedly, no! Their advertising columns are onemass of filthy quack puffs, which alarm the nervous and often kill the ignorant. The *Springfield Republican* has always held its own in the front rank of well edited American newspapers; now it claims precedence of all as a fearless rejecter of the impure shekels which the unlicensed poisoners are ever ready to offer a venal journal:

"A notable feat in journalism on the Pacific coast has been the exposure by the *San Francisco News Letter* of the quack doctors in practice in that city. A long list of pretenders to a medical education was published weekly for a long time. The *News Letter* now supplements this information by a list of the three or four hundred doctors who have pursued regular courses of medical study, and claims to have verified the list by writing to the institution conferring the degrees in every case. As many of them were European and Mexican institutions, no small amount of labor was involved. The *News Letter*, having verified its list and weeded out the fraudulent claimants, has printed and distributed 15,000 copies of it gratis. Meantime, the Legislature of California has passed a law securing the public from imposition and punishing the unauthorized use of the title of M. D. We think this is quite as creditable journalism as the exploration of Africa. The California habit, by the way, of enjoining the publication of libelous matter in a newspaper has again been tried, this time on the *News Letter*, which, at 2 o'clock in the morning, as its last issue was going to press, was enjoined from the publication of an article exposing the operations of Frederic Clay, a defaulter from Australia, who had set up a now bursted bank in San Francisco. The use of the injunction against the press has been extinct in English jurisprudence for about two centuries."

LORD DUFFERIN.

Lord Dufferin undoubtedly deserves to take high rank among the many able men who, as Colonial Governors, are extending, consolidating, and popularizing their country's power abroad. Just before leaving British Columbia, he delivered a great speech that fills two sides of a Victorian daily, and in its way it is certainly a matchless production. To him fell the seemingly impossible task of reconciling irreconcilable things. But he did it. Oil was successfully thrown upon the troubled waters, and now British Columbia, if not perfectly happy, is altogether resigned. *Apropos* of Lord Dufferin, a story is told which, though it has no necessary application in this connection, is too good to miss this opportunity of repeating it. The Governor has had the misfortune to lose one of his eyes, but by wearing a glass substitute and an eye-glass, the useless eye appears "as good as new." While traveling through Ireland, his native land, some years ago, Lord Dufferin, to get to his destination, made use of the national jaunting car. Paddy, the driver, was on that day particularly loquacious, and during the journey volunteered a great deal of information on the different subjects that presented themselves, and his flow of conversation was all the more easy since he had not the slightest idea of the rank of his passenger. Not to be unsociable, the future Governor-General asked Paddy what news he had to tell of the neighborhood. "As for news, yer Honor," replied the unsuspecting driver, "shure I know no news that would interest a gentleman loike yerself, unless it be that one-eyed Dufferin is going to marry Kate Hamilton." Though the Governor inwardly enjoyed the joke, he was gracious enough to deny himself the privilege of seeing the state of consternation the talkative car driver fell into when he found that the "one-eyed Dufferin" he had spoken so familiarly of and his passenger were one and the same person. Despite his glass eye, the Governor has the reputation of being quite "a ladies man," a weakness often united to genius.

It is reported that a patent has been obtained at New York, by Mark Twain, for a newly-invented machiue to make haste.

WINE MAKING AT LOS ANGELES.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., October 15th, 1876.

Messrs. Editors:—Of course the large quantity and excellent quality of California wines produced in this section of the country are known to many, and yet I doubt if the number is not very small who realize the extent of either. By the assessor's returns for 1875 the quantity for that year was placed at 1,328,900 gallons of wine, and of brandy 17,000 gallons, while the quantity is estimated to be much greater for the present year.

In Los Angeles county there are several very large wine manufacturers, principal among whom are the following: Messrs Kohler & Frohling own twenty acres on the westerly portion of the city, about a mile therefrom; have about 17,000 vines in full bearing, besides purchasing every year the product of some seventy or eighty other vineyards, thereby consuming some 2,500,000 to 3,000,000 lbs. of grapes annually. In this establishment the greatest care and attention is paid to cleanliness, the newest and best machinery of Europe being imported, and men of great experience and ability being employed, the consequence naturally being that Messrs. Kohler & Frohling's wines are rapidly gaining honor, wealth and fame for their manufacturers, and the confidence in the integrity which these gentlemen have deservedly obtained in the minds of connoisseurs causes their wines to be in great favor not only in San Francisco, but in Boston, New York, and elsewhere where their branch houses are established; also in London, England, where their "fine fruity port" is deservedly popular among those celebrated epicureans, while the diseases of the Oporto wines, and the barefaced adulterations of that once famous wine is bringing it rapidly into disfavor and discredit. Thirty years ago the statistics of Parliament showed that there was "more wine consumed every year in the city of London alone than was produced in the whole island of Oporto," and a decoction of logwood supplied the place of the juice of the grape.

I claim to be a judge of good wine, and many a time I have tasted some of the best imported wines at the London Dock cellars (nine acres in extent), with cobwebs like large umbrellas pending from the ceilings; and, allowing for difference in age, I never tasted better wine than the old brands of Kohler & Frohling of California.

In crossing the Isthmus of Nicaragua some ten years ago, my attention was first called to their port wine by the surgeon on board the old *Moses Taylor* as the only remedy to save my wife's life. I paid the steward five dollars (greenbacks) for a single bottle; but it saved her life, while another lady, similarly situated, died shortly after landing, refusing to take it. Hence I appreciate its value as a medicinal agent.

Any connoisseur in tasting Kohler & Frohling's port wine will appreciate its *vinous* flavor, especially if he has been surfeited, as I had been, with logwood juice. With this experience, consequently, connoisseurs can realize the pleasure I felt at being at last at the fountain head of the establishment at Los Angeles. Here were the vines and the luscious grapes upon them. There was a large force of natives—Mexicans or Spaniards—gathering them. Here were numbers of wagons carrying the boxes to the press. There were other natives pouring them into the hopper above the rollers; there were the rollers grinding them to a pulp and liberating the juice. There was a pump which carried the juice into bran new barrels, where, after fermentation, it was pumped into immense large vats, holding between two and three thousand gallons each; then, after further clarifying, it was pumped into other barrels and stored ready for market when properly aged.

The old style of wine making was very slovenly, if not positively disgusting, but Kohler & Frohling's method is in the highest degree cleanly, and inoffensive to the most delicate susceptibility.

The remarkable abundance of the vine crop of California renders grape juice so cheap that the danger which would ensue from adulteration renders it ridiculous to imagine they would endanger their wines by the least adulteration. I made very particular inquiries, and was assured by every one that the *easiest, cheapest and best way* to make wines was to make them *absolutely pure*. Any adulteration would prove far more troublesome and expensive than the pure juice of the grape.

It is a remarkable fact that out of twenty-two vintages, during which K. & F. have been engaged in the business, there has only been one season of partial failure, and that from frost. While the grapes of Europe

ripen at differing periods, the grapes of California ripen within a few days of each other, and while the foreign grapes are usually partly unsound, or rotten, every berry of the California grape is sound and sweet. This fact is scarcely credible in Europe, but I saw it with my own eyes.

Messrs. K. & F. have large cellars at a distance from each other, so that if one burns down the other will be saved. They are kept at an equal temperature all the year round—about 70 deg.—by stoves, when necessary in Winter.

The casks are nearly all new, and everything in neat and trim order.

The daily consumption of grapes is between 150,000 and 175,000 pounds.

The still with which Messrs. K. & F. manufacture their brandy is a masterpiece of ingenuity, but incapable of being understood by the general reader without complicated diagrams.

Messrs. K. & F. manufacture various styles or brands of wine, but mainly confine themselves to port, sherry, angelica, muscatel, claret and hock—all first-class articles. Every facility was offered me to make a thorough investigation, and every door was opened for me. Thine. M.

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

The divers find that the rock which formerly constituted Hallett's reef has been thoroughly broken up into manageable bulk, and in some places so small as to lie quite flat and even upon the bottom. This is one of the most remarkable results of Gen. Newton's explosion, and proves that against a backing of solid water, so to speak, the glycerine explosives demolish rock, all to pieces. It is as though the ledge had been loaded into a great cannon, plugged up and fired off—only the cannon instead of being composed of any such frailty as iron or steel, was solid salt water. The improbability of any use of the channel by European steam ships is now generally admitted, that route offering very little advantage over the outside route, and the channel being still too tortuous for the long hulls that plow the high sea.

And now the tape-worm doctors amuse Fitchburg's gamins by planting their collection of cestoda pickles in front of the hotel, and the Sentinel announces that C. R. Casavant (case 498) and N. B. Stone (case 499) have just been relieved of worms, 163 and 145 feet long. The patients are doing as well as can be expected.—The number of September arrests, 66, is the largest of any month since the police force was established. Whiskey and bad morals tell the story.

The largest shoe manufactory on the Pacific coast has lately discharged all its Chinese help, and employed 300 white men, women, and boys, finding them more profitable. That is the true way to settle the Chinese problem. When the cheap white labor of California is ready to take its place and drive it out by its superior intelligence and profitability, the question soon settles itself.

The rush for the Centennial exhibition continues from all parts of the country; and the number of people on the grounds every day, is now about 100,000; but a few weeks ago, when the Pennsylvanians kept a special centennial of their own, the attendance ran up to the enormous number of 250,000. The whole number of paid admissions in September was over 2,000,000; and the total receipts, to October 1, are \$2,200,000.

They have some queer names in South Carolina. Here is one of the Charleston papers containing an account of a great popular outpouring at Lower Hell Hole Swamp. If troops are ever needed in that locality, we suggest that General Newton go as commandant.

An enormous school of mackerel, a mile long and a fourth of a mile wide, was struck by fishing smacks off New London, lately, and, though many of the nets had to be cut because of the weight, 300,000 fish, worth \$10,000, were taken.

The regular codfish fleet is now all in. The 7 vessels of the fleet of 75 reported a catch of 504,000. Arrangements have been recently made to take fish all the year round, and a station has been opened at the Choumagin Islands, whence the fish will be shipped to this port.

There is going to be a large European demand for American hops of this season's growth, particularly from Germany, but it looks as if most of the yield would be needed at home.

LEAL SOUVENIR!

[Words under a Portrait in the New Wing of the National Gallery, by John Van Eyck.]

Is it a friend who is painted here,
 Rugged of feature, and homely of dress?
 Did he inspire such a leal souvenir,
 All those years back on the banks of the Lesse?

Was he a friend as a friend should be—
 Loyal alike in praise, and in blame—
 Prone to be silent, yet prompt to foresee
 Every call upon friendship's name?

Was he so steadfast that no one could e'er,
 E'en for a moment, his constancy doubt?
 Honest and faithful—so just and so fair—
 His whisper meant more than another man's shout?

It was ages ago, and mankind, we are told,
 Has since become selfish, and hard, and austere;
 Yet I think it were strange, if 'twixt friends, new and old,
 We did not own, too, just one leal souvenir!

From a recent review of Rev. Dr. Houghton's experiments regarding the muscular force exerted by the human heart, we condense as follows: The heart is composed of innumerable muscular fibers, arranged like two balls of twine, each with a cavity in its center, and both completely enveloped in a third ball. These fibres are, however, not continuous as in the case of twine wound in a ball, but work independently. By calculating the force exerted by these fibers when either contracted or extended, and expressing the result in "foot tons"—that is the force required to lift a ton to the height of one foot—it appears that the daily work of the left ventricle alone, which lifts at each stroke three ounces of blood through a height of 9,923 feet, is equal to about 89,706 foot tons. Estimating the relative power of the right ventricle to that of the left, in the proportion of five to thirteen, the total daily work of both is 724,208 foot-tons. Although the average weight of the heart is about 9.36 ounces, the work done by it in a given time exceeds that accomplished by all other muscles exercised in a boat race during the same period. Helmholtz, the German physicist, proved that the heart could raise its own weight 20,280 feet in an hour, while the best locomotive engine could only raise its own weight 2,700 feet in the same time. An active climber, with the full exercise of all the needed muscles, could only accomplish 9,000 feet in nine hours, or one-twentieth the work done by the heart.

The ownership of physicians' prescriptions is being warmly discussed at Portland, the druggist and the patient being the other contending claimants. Druggists in New England generally file away the prescriptions sent them to be filed, in order to protect themselves from the errors of the physician in its composition, by being able to show his order. It is plain, however, that such a right is subject to the right of the patient, who has bought the medical service and is entitled to the original memorandum of advice. The proprietary right to the manufacture and sale of the remedy prescribed is more difficult of settlement. It would not seem to belong to the druggist; it clearly belongs to the patient, so far as he can use it in his own case or that of his family. Beyond that, it would seem to belong to the physician, but it would not be professionally proper for him to keep the prescription a secret in order to enhance its value and derive a greater revenue from its use. In some other countries, the druggist has to content himself with a careful and full memorandum of the prescriptions, which are returned to the patient, and, in case of death, the health officer examines them carefully before giving a burial permit. This is a good subject for our State Board of Health to investigate.—*Springfield Republican*.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS

The Government dockyards of France have for months past been unusually active. Shipbuilding is being conducted with vigor, and great efforts are being made to place the French navy on an efficient footing. Evidence of this is not wanting, for a short time ago our correspondent at Paris noticed the *Redoubtable*, a powerful ironclad, which has just been added to the navy, and only a fortnight ago the *Annamite* was launched at Cherbourg. Up to the present time the French navy, both in construction and administration has been content to move in a narrow groove; and the Government, relying, apparently, on the prestige of success in ironclad construction fifteen years ago, has been blind or indifferent to the rapid progress of modern ideas, and has disregarded the steadiness of their advance. Thus the navy of France has been singularly deficient in two classes of vessels which were introduced in the United States, and have been brought to a high state of perfection in this country. Powerful ironclads for coast defence and swift unarmored cruisers for ocean service have been recognized as important features in modern naval organization; but of these France has no vessels to compete with our *Destruction* and *Inconstant*, and the impotence of its fleet, exposed by the limit of its capacities, was painfully proved in the late war. Now, however, efforts are being made to supply these deficiencies, and the Government has authorized the construction of a fleet of these two classes of vessel, to be completed in the course of the next five years. In the early part of the year Mr. Reed drew attention to the present state of the ironclad fleet of foreign countries, and referred at some length to the revival which was visible in France. In doing this he explained that the Government had authorized the construction of three or four vessels—one with 12-inch armor and 35-ton guns, and two others with 11½-inch armor and 24-ton guns; and that altogether it was intended to build fifty new vessels of various kinds, of which twenty would be armor-plated.

The French Superior Council of Commerce, Agriculture and Industry has been gravely studying some facts ominous to the wine interests of France. Official statistics show that in 1871 Italy took but 53,000 to 54,000 hectoliters of French wines (1,426,561 to 1,452,979 gallons) against a previous aggregate of 250,000 hectoliters (6,604,450 gallons), while the French import of Italian wines has risen from 12,000 hectoliters (317,013 gallons) to 129,000 hectoliters, or 3,467,896 gallons. The Spanish wine trade presents still more discouraging features. The French importations from the Peninsula had risen from 179,000 hectoliters (4,728,786 gallons) in 1872, to 541,000 hectoliters (14,292,030 gallons) in 1873, and 559,000 hectoliters (14,767,550 gallons) in 1874. The annual export of French wines to Spain ranged from 6,000 to 8,000 hectoliters, or from 158,500 to 211,300 gallons. In view of this disproportion, the Council was unanimous in demanding that the import duty upon Italian wines be raised to 5 francs per hectoliter, about 3½ cents per gallon, for common wines, and 20 francs per hectoliter, or 15 cents per gallon. The cheapness of French wines at home is significantly indicated by the fact that so small a duty is regarded as sufficient for the protection of the home product from destructive competition in the home market.

A French correspondent of *Les Mondes* relates the following curious incident in natural history, from the Transvaal Republic. The coffee plantations there are much exposed to the ravages of large cynocephalic apes, and a good guard has to be kept in order not to lose, through these animals, the fruits of long labor. Among the coffee trees there grows a shrub (whose scientific name the writer did not know), the fruits of which are borne very close to the trunk. A species of wasps, whose sting is extremely painful, had chosen several of these shrubs to attach their nests to, and the baboons had often been observed casting envious glances toward the fruit, but not daring to touch it for fear of getting stung. One fine morning the writer heard terrible cries, and, with the aid of a good opera glass, witnessed the following scene: A large, venerable baboon, chief of the band, was laying hold of the apes and pitching them into the shrub, and doing this again and again, in spite of the most piteous cries and groans from his victims. The shock brought down the nest of wasps, which attacked the unhappy aggressors in swarms; and during this time the old wretch proceeded quietly to feed on the fruits, deigning occasionally to throw the remnants to some females and young a little way off.

According to a statement received from Spain very strenuous efforts are at present being made to displace Señor Canovas del Castillo by the political coalition formed against his Ministry. Three Courts may now be said to exist in Spain—the first, at La Granja, is presided over by Queen Christina, who is supported by the remaining partisans of Espartero. The official Court is installed at Ildefonso, where Señor Canovas del Castillo has recently been using every effort to maintain his influence with the young King. The third and most active Court is that of Queen Isabella, at Santander. The ex-Queen, who is actively intriguing, follows the promptings—first, of the clergy, and next of Señor Sagasta, Marshall Serrano, and General Novaliches. Notwithstanding their constitutional principles, it is believed that they would not hesitate to adhere to a policy of religious intolerance in order to secure the alliance of the Isabellist party. Queen Isabella has distributed her portrait and those of the Royal Infantes to all the generals of the army. The present object of the intrigues of both Queens is to obtain the restitution of their property from the Spanish Treasury. Queen Christina claims 40,000,000 of pesetas, and the ex-Queen Isabella 36,000,000. Señor Canovas del Castillo, however, positively refuses to accede to these demands, and will only allow 3,000,000 to Queen Isabella. The latter is now forming her household, of which Señor Lapuente is appointed controller. Her Majesty has accepted for secretary a person specially recommended by the Papal Nuncio. A personage belonging to the party in power, on being asked his opinion respecting Article XI. of the Constitution, replied that Señor Canovas del Castillo only obtained this Article from the Governmental majority in the Cortes in order to give satisfaction abroad, but that, nevertheless, the Government would not allow any non-Catholic creed to attempt to establish itself in Spain.

If the antiquity of the earth be diminished by a probable argument, one mainstay of evolution is broken. The theories of development, uniformitarianism, and vast antiquity are all branches of one stem. Darwin himself, whatever Huxley may say, finds enormous periods of time necessary for the changes he believes in. Organized life has changed, but imperceptibly under natural selection in the historic period, and but little more since the glacial period. The follower of Lyell cannot now consistently urge a faster change in a given period as he did once. If time be cut off, the philosophical evolutionist is in a dilemma. To the believer in the Scriptures, the length of the "day" of creation is a matter of indifference. The sacred narrative allows boundless time for "the beginning;" the various "days" may be periods of greater or less extension, and the creations, or appearances of life in them, may correspond more or less closely with the very uncertain conclusions of modern geology, without disturbing his faith in the spiritual object and inspiration of the good book.

For the coloring of articles of food and confectionery the Parisian police authorities have recently prescribed the exclusive use of the following matters: Blue, indigo and its derivative Prussian blue; red, cochineal, carmine lake, Brazil wood lake, archil; yellow, saffron, berries of Avignon, Persian yellow berries, yellow wood, quercitron, tumeric; green, mixture of logwood and Prussian blue, violet and carmine. Forbidden are cupric oxide, blue carbonate of copper, oxide of lead, cinabar, chrome yellow, gamboge, Scheele and Schweinfurt green, and white lead. For the coloring of drinks are recommended: for Curacao, logwood; for absinthe, soluble indigo blue with saffron; for blue liquids, soluble indigo blue, Prussian blue, and ultramarine.

The Secretary of the Treasury has called in \$10,000,000 of 5-20 1865 bonds, on which the interest is payable in May and November, and \$7,000,000 of coupon bonds. The following are the numbers drawn: Bonds of \$50 each, Nos. 651 to 718; bonds of \$100 each, Nos. 8,691 to 12,400; bonds of \$500 each, Nos. 15,001 to 19,000; bonds of \$1,000 each, Nos. 35,951 to 46,850. All these numbers are inclusive. The interest on them ceases on the 21st of December.

The Supreme Court decides that nothing can be recovered from the endorsers of the notes in the Pond forgery case at Worcester—which he raised by erasing with chemicals the smaller figures and writing larger ones—on the ground that each note, paid by the banks, was not the one signed by the individuals. Thus, Willard Richmond signed a \$500 note; the Citizen's bank paid it as \$2,000, but Richmond pays not even the \$500 worth that he signed, under this ruling.

Among the many amusing reminiscences of the Prince of Wales's tour, we must not forget to mention an experience of the cleverness of an Indian jeweler in one of the great cities. His Royal Highness was desirous of adding to his store of jewelry for presents—never very large, and then running short—a bracelet which he might present, either to the Viceroy's nieces, the fair cousin of the Commander-in-Chief, or some other young lady of high officialism who had been his partner in the dance on two occasions. Inspecting the stores of one of the most celebrated jewelers for this purpose, his Royal Highness was shown a bracelet composed of magnificent emeralds, a gem now of the highest fashion in the East, as was the opal with us some few years ago. The Prince became possessor of the choice gems at once, and took the earliest opportunity of presenting them, with some kind and gracious words—as is his wont—to the young lady. Proud of the royal gift, flattered by the royal esteem, and delighted with the fine emeralds, the lady wore the bracelet on her arm at the next hall. After two or three dances, becoming exhausted with the heat of the room and her exertion in such a temperature, she had retired to the conservatory, where her companion and partner suddenly accosted her with the question, "Why, madam, what can that be on your arm!" She looked, and with a horror that can well be imagined in that country of snakes, beheld trickling from her wrist a serpentine stream, minute but palpable, green and slimy! The emeralds on the bracelet had melted with the extreme heat; they were glass, artfully pierced and peuced with some green fluid, or of some composition soluble with heat! Need we say, that on the Prince hearing of the miserable catastrophe, the fictitious gems were returned with somewhat more than royal indignation to the tricky tradesman, thenceforth divested of all courtly patronage.

Don Carlos, who is at present in Paris, is said to have remarked, in an interview with M. Louis Veuillot, that his flag was only furled for the present. He is also about to start a newspaper to be called *La Pensee Catholique*. Its leading articles are to be printed in French, Italian, and Spanish, and it will advocate the union of the Latin races under an infallible Pope and the Bourbon Princes. One of the reporters of the *Estafette* has had an interview with Don Carlos, and was informed that that Prince intends to stay for only a few weeks in Paris. He has signified to the French Government that he does not wish to make a long stay, in order not to affect its relations with Spain. Don Carlos added that he had formally declared to the French Government that he would not re-enter Spain at the cost of another civil war. He intends proceeding to Belgium or Switzerland, leaving his wife and children in Paris.

M Bode writes to *Dingler's Journal* that he has several times observed a lead-boring insect, whose scientific name is *Sirex spectrum*, in lead chambers. It has an uncommonly powerful biting apparatus, and a prong-like prolongation of the after end of the body. Fresh pine wood is an especial object of its attacks, and it is known to bore its way through the pine used in the outer walls of the lead chambers in sulphuric acid works. On meeting the lead it continues its operations, producing a perfectly round hole, which is contracted conically in front; but of course is killed by the issuing vapor and acid as soon as the plate is perforated. The insect does not enter old or dry wood.

"Within a week or so there may be quite a different army in the Servian field from the last. Some four or five hundred officers arrived by steamer at a very late hour. The vast majority of them come in Russian uniform and wear their swords. For the one officer you see at Belgrade in the Servian uniform you meet twenty in the Russian, and nearly all the leading commands are now held by Russians."

The **Sound pilots** seem to agree that the navigation of Hell Gate is worse than ever. It is not to be hastily presumed, however, that General Newton will be required to replace the valuable reef which he has so carelessly injured, but merely that he will have to go on with the work, tearing out Flood rock, the debris of the recent explosion, and some other obstructions which now play the mischief with the tides.

The **Pool of Siloam** is now an unattractive sinkhole of dirty water, surrounded by modern masonry.

The Duke of Westminster has fallen into the habit of admitting the workmen on Sundays to the picture galleries and museums of his magnificent residence. He sends tickets to all the workmen's clubs and trades-unions, which distribute them as they please. This leads M. D. Conway to note the fact that the nobility and the established clergy are much more liberal in their treatment of the Sunday question than the commoners and the dissenters. Mr. Conway thinks it is because the latter are more subject to popular prejudices, while the former do not hold their places by popular tenure. The Bishop of Manchester rejoiced that 17,000 people in that city had seen Irving's "Hamlet;" another Episcopal cleric lectures in behalf of evolution, and Rev. Mr. Haweis of the same church is a great advocate of the opening of museums and places of recreation on Sunday.

The Bank of France.-- The latest return of the Bank of France shows the following results:

ASSETS.		
	September 28th.	September 21st.
	F.	F.
Cash and Bullion.....	2,111,625,444	2,107,771,762
Bills Discounted and Advances.....	461,987,254	445,771,757
Treasury Bonds.....	350,875,000	350,875,000
LIABILITIES.		
Active Note Circulation.....	2,465,492,795	2,452,390,525
Public Deposits.....	107,608,621	88,800,468
Private Deposits.....	360,275,849	366,736,250

Mr. Gladstone has acknowledged the receipt of the telegram from the Naples meeting of September 17th, on the Bulgarian massacre, in an Italian letter, of which the following is a translation. It is addressed to the chairman of the meeting, Count Ricciardi:

DEAR COUNT:--To you and your associates in philanthropic meeting I render a thousand hearty thanks. Next to the English demonstration I experienced the highest pleasure in seeing the Italian. *Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.* That Bourbon Government which in other days seemed to me so black looks to me almost white beside the nefarious conduct of those fiends. With every sentiment of respect, your devoted, humble servant, W. E. GLADSTONE, Hawarden Castle, Chester.

Lord Holland gave Macauley an account of a visit which he paid to the Court of Denmark, and King Christian, the madman, who was at last deprived of all real share in the Government on account of his infirmity. "Such a Tom of Bedlam I never saw," said Lord Holland. "One day the Neapolitan Ambassador came to the levee, and made a profound bow to his Majesty. His Majesty bowed still lower. The Neapolitan bowed down his head almost to the ground, when, behold, the King clapped his hands on his Excellency's shoulders, and jumped over him like a boy playing at leap-frog!"

One of the Boston horse railroad companies, which has been puzzled to account for the sudden and great fall in the cash fares, found that a barrel-full of punched tickets, that they were going to sell for old paper, had been stolen by the conductors, who returned them for cash fares received. One conductor made six hundred dollars by the operation.

The Academy says that Sir Charles Dilke will have an article on "English Influence in Japan" in the forthcoming *Fortnightly Review*, and one on "English Influence in China" in the forthcoming *Macmillan's Magazine*. Each is called an "additional chapter to 'Greater Britain.'"

Professor Westbrook, after delivering a temperance lecture at Painesville, Ohio, got intoxicated, and falling in front of a locomotive was run over and killed. It is said that the Professor was widely known in the West.

In addition to the night sentries round the prison at Chatham being strengthened to prevent a surprise for the release of the Fenian prisoners, the military are now ordered on duty outside the prison walls during the day. This is in consequence of fresh information which has been received.

The Jardin des Plantes at Paris has recently received a Chinese plant which has not hitherto been seen in Europe. It changes color three times during the day, and naturalists have in consequence termed it *Hibiscus mutabilis*.

CHOOSING THE FLOWER.

[SONG FOR LITTLE GIRLS.]

I have a present, child, for thee—
 A flower; you will not lose it?
 Come choose you one from out these three,
 And tell me why you choose it.

The poppy—oh, 'tis beautiful,
 The brightest flower that blows!
 But, mother, I had rather smell
 A violet or rose.

The poppy makes me sleepy, too,
 So I will choose some other;
 But these two flowers—what shall I do?
 I want them both, my mother.

And I, my gentle child, want one,
 And surely you'll not grieve me
 And take the pretty ones, and none
 But this dull poppy leave me.

No, mother, no, the *rose* is thine;
 How sweet! here, only breathe it;
 I choose the *violet* for mine
 Because it grew beneath it.

THE NATION'S DILEMMA.

This is the title of a pamphlet embodying the address of Governor John G. Downey, delivered before the Tilden and Hendricks Club, 23d Sept., 1876. The Governor's speech is of course democratic to the core, and enters largely into subjects with which this journal never interferes. He gives a history of the term "bloody shirt," which will be of interest to other than political adherents of either side. Governor Downey says:

"The clan McGregor were a brave and warlike tribe, who never submitted to feudalism, bordering on the more civilized Low Lands. In the reign of James the 6th of Scotland and James the 1st of England, there was organized under Sir Humphry Colquhoun an expedition, formidable in character, composed of gentry, nobles, and the chivalry of Lennox. The expedition amounted to double the available force of fighting men belonging to the whole clan. McGregor looked aghast at so formidable an invasion. Gallant knights, plumed and mounted on the finest chargers of the realm, while the gallant McGregors were barefooted and armed with their big knives, or, in translation, claymores. The contest that ensued was fierce. The ground was soft and boggy, the horses were of little use, so that the fierce Celt had an easy victory, not one of the gallant Lowlanders escaping, save Sir Humphrey himself, who was so well mounted that he escaped to his castle of Banachor, only to be in a few hours afterwards slain in a cell in his own castle.

"James the 6th of Scotland, or if we may be permitted to say, *our* James the 1st of England, was at Sterling at this period. His parliament was convened on this terrible occasion. Eleven score ladies presented themselves before his Majesty, mounted on white palfreys, dressed in black, each bearing the bloody shirt of their husbands slain by the McGregors, and crying for revenge. The revenge was granted. A decree abolishing the clan of McGregor from existence was passed, forbidding those brave fellows to bear that name. This was a cruel punishment for brave men, whose only fault was to repel invasion; but it was only one of poor James' paper decrees, for the McGregor's still fought on, and there are many a McGregor left. The once hated McGregor is now the pride of the empire."

The speech throughout is full of brilliant metaphor, terse language and vigorous thought, showing that Governor Downey has lost none of the fire which has ever marked his efforts as an orator.

OUR RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

The fall meeting this week was not calculated to impress the ordinary looker-on with any great respect for the Association which presides over our militia and amateur sharpshooters. The almost utter absence of ladies and the dullness of the entire proceedings was enough to damp the ardor of the average visitor and cause him to return by the first available train to the city. The shooting of the various companies was excellent—in some cases exceedingly meritorious, but the management of the meeting was wretched, listless, and deserving of condemnation. Prospectuses inform us that the Association is composed of members who pay an entrance fee and dues amounting to \$10, and of life members who pay \$25. Where this money goes to is a mystery, as the Club must long ago have paid for its targets, and can be under no further visible expense. During the fall meeting of the present week, two irresponsible youths (one of them an impertinent one), were placed in charge of the pool shooting. Youth No. 1 received the money, and youth No. 2 the tickets. Holders of bulls-eye tickets are supposed to be paid out of a dividend derived from *half* the net gross proceeds of the pool firing *within thirty days*, but there is no assurance that either tickets or money are not tampered with. We saw youth No. 2 receive money for shots, for which, no tickets were deposited in the box. One of these shots gained a bulls-eye, for which the youth issued a certificate torn from one of the tickets given him by another person. These tickets should have been placed in the box. There is no telling how many shots he may have sold on this principle. The pool shooting might be made an attractive feature of the fall meeting. As it is conducted at present, it offers no inducements to the citizen "on pleasure bent," who has all possible evidence of having paid for his tickets, but not the slightest security for the *pro rata* justice of the prizes. Many men who never fire off a rifle would gladly go down for a day's fun, if the Association would provide it. As things stand, the managers seem to run a money-grabbing club, devoid of interest to the general public, and of little satisfaction to the members. What becomes of all the five dollars, entrance fees, the annual dues and the life subscriptions? We *might* have in San Bruno a popular place of resort, and an elegant suburb in which to spend a half-holiday. At Wimbledon and Creedmoor all the world turns out to witness and enjoy the meetings. As the matter stands there is neither sport, fun, nor attraction of any kind here, and the indifference of the public at the last meeting is a good indication of the well-deserved lack of interest evinced. In the pools a pull of six pounds was insisted on, although the programme only called for a pull of three pounds on the trigger. Any one who went down to San Bruno for a day's amusement this week must have been thoroughly convinced that the whole system is one of "take-all-in-and-give-nothing-out." Nothing could be more flat, vapid and uninteresting. To pay ten cents every shot without any assurance of ever getting a true dividend on *half* the proceeds, requires the purse of a Croesus. To invite the general public down to join in the contests arranged by this singular Association, is to drag citizens into the worst managed *menu* ever gotten up by an institution which claims the name of California as its title.

TRAINING CANARIES.

A gentleman named Wall, residing at Phoenixville, says the *Reading Eagle*, Queensland, has several fine canary birds to which he has given much attention. One of the birds he has taught to sing "Home, Sweet Home" clearly and distinctly. His mode of instruction is as follows: He placed the canary in a room where it could not hear the singing of other birds, suspended its cage from the ceiling, so that the bird could see its reflection in a mirror. Beneath the glass he placed a musical box that was regulated to play no other tune but "Home, Sweet Home." Hearing no other sounds but this, and believing the music proceeded from the bird it saw in the mirror, the young canary soon began to catch the notes, and finally accomplished what its owner had been laboring to attain, that of singing the song perfectly. Mr. Wall has been offered and refused twenty dollars for this yellow-throated soprano.

An intelligent and gentlemanly young gorilla, for which the Berlin zoological garden had been offered \$37,000, has just died on its hands.

HARRIET MARTINEAU AS A WOMAN.

For my part, I intensely regret her avowal of her latter convictions. if it were only on account of the false views that it has generally given of her character. People began to speak of her as "hard," "unchristian," "cold," "a man in petticoats," etc., whereas no more gentle, kindly, and, if I may say so, "motherly" nature ever existed than that of Harriet Martineau. She delighted in children, and in the friendship of the good wives and mothers; one of her chief virtues, indeed, was a simple domesticity, that gave her a wonderful charm with those who prefer true gentle women to literary lionesses. To my mind Harriet Martineau never seemed to greater advantage than with her knitting-needles in her hands, or, like "Sarah Battle of blessed memory," playing at "the wholesome and athletic game of cribbage," which the writer of these lines had the honor to teach her. How many a time in the summer nights have I sat with her under the porch of her beautiful cottage, looking at the moonlit mountains and silver Rothay, which she loved so well, although she never heard its music. "It is all so beautiful," said she, on one occasion, as we looked upon this charming scene, "that I am afraid to withdraw my eyes from it, for fear it should all melt." Her love of the beauties of nature was intense; as keen as her sympathy with human wrongs and struggles. It was when she had first built her lovely home at Ambleside that the incident occurred which I think I revealed to the American public years ago, upon no such sad occasion as the present—how, being in want of turf for her lawn, and unable to procure it, two car-loads of that rare commodity were thrown over her wall in the night, with a few ill-spelled words to the effect that this was the gift of a poor poacher who had read her *Forest and Game-law Tales*. This instance of gratitude (albeit the man had probably stolen the turf to show it) was very dear to her, and moved her both to tears and laughter, for her sense of humor—though she always affected not to possess any, and to regret its absence—was keen enough. Perhaps she enjoyed nothing so much that arose out of her literary fame as the letter the school-boy wrote to her when she lay dangerously ill, and "The Crofton Boys" remained in consequence unfinished:

"My Dear Miss Martineau:—I am very sorry to hear you are so bad. I hope you will get well; but I do hope, if not, that some of your family will finish 'The Crofton Boys.'"

This notion of a hereditary taint of authorship always tickled her very heart-strings.—*James Payn, in Harper's for October.*

A REVERIE ABOUT ROADS.

The people of China, instead of building roads, built huge walls to intercept communication, and show thousands of years of almost undisturbed crystallization. But the railroad is the wedge which is destined, sooner or later, to disintegrate this, and to wake up also, by its terrific scream and prophecy, the many-centuried sleep of Egypt.

While the necessity of the rail to modern thought and industry is now confirmed by general affirmation, there is occasionally a solitary thinker like Ruskin who bemoans its arrival, and sighs for the Arcadia it has replaced. "People will discover at last," he says, "that royal roads to anything can no more be laid in iron than they can in dust; that there are, in fact, no royal roads to anywhere worth going to; that, if there were, it would that instant cease to be worth going to." Elsewhere he says: "Your railroad, when you come to understand it, is only a device for making the world smaller; and, as for being able to talk from place to place, that is, indeed, well and convenient; but suppose you have, originally, nothing to say? We shall be obliged at last to confess, what we should long ago have known, that the really precious things are thought and sight, not pace. It does a bullet no good to go fast; and a man no harm to go slow; for his glory is not at all in going, but in being."

But, on the other hand, charming as is the idyllic picture which Ruskin is so loath to lose, does he suppose the world will go willingly back to Corydon and Phillis, to Ruth and Boaz, to the homespun times, to shepherding and weaving, to the cottage and the coarse brown crust? He is making an experiment which he thinks is to bring this about; and there will be no harm, at least, if, in one place, it shall succeed. I do not doubt—

may, I deplore with him—the gross materialism which sometimes seems to be the predominant note struck by our English and American civilization. For there are moments when these remorseless Juggernauts of trade and travel, and the mammoth warehouses, and gorgeously-bedecked palace-stores, weigh down the soul by their very earthiness; and when multitudes who are absorbed by them seem to forget, in mere business turmoil, all the finer sanctities and the sweeter significance of life. We feel very often when we pass down Broadway, and dip into Wall Street, that a week or two of Asia, if it could be interjected occasionally, would render us all an inestimable service. But there is reason to think that, on the whole, the newer times are the best times; and that what seems evil now, and perhaps inseparably so, will be eventually sloughed off, while the assured benefits must abide. It is well to remember that periods of transition from the old to the new are always more or less periods of pain and obstruction; but when the world gets accustomed to them—when the new itself becomes old and customary—will not some moss-covered sacredness, some tender halos of association, wreath *it* also and renain?

In the cities, the railroads come to their own. They bring activity and tumult, and find it. But in sequestered country retreats they ruthlessly break up the old habits and traditions, and change all the social and business polarities. Scores of picturesque villages are either extinguished or left stranded in isolation, and the new, flashy depots take their place. Old highways are changed or abandoned; and thrifty herbage and grass, with streamers at half mast, signaled the departure of busy motion, and the reign of unbroken silence. It is one of these that Buchanan Read has celebrated in his pathetic lines of—

THE DESERTED ROAD.

“Ancient road, that wind’st deserted
Through the level of the vale,
Sweeping toward the crowded market
Like a stream without a sail;

“Standing by thee, I look backward,
And, as in the light of dreams,
See the years descend and vanish
Like thy whitely-tented teams.

“Here I stroll along the village
As in youth’s departed morn;
But I miss the crowded coaches
And the driver’s bugle-horn.

* * * * *
“To the merry wayside tavern
Comes the noisy throng no more;
And the faded sign, complaining,
Swings, unnoticed, at the door.

* * * * *
“Ancient highway, thou art vanquished;
The usurper of the vale
Rolls, in fiery, iron rattle,
Exultations on the gale.

“Thou art vanquished and neglected;
But the good which thou hast done,
Though hy man it be forgotten,
Shall be deathless as the sun.

“Though neglected, gray, and grassy,
Still I pray that my decline
May be through as vernal valleys
And as blessed a calm as thine.”

By a quite natural symbolism, the picturesqueness of the road has been universally used to express the exaltations of mental and spiritual conflict. If “all roads lead to Rome,” assays the proverb, there is always in advance to all some capital of the heart. No one is so poor in expectation as not to have some Mecca of his pilgrimage in view. There are ways of pride and triumph, and *vias dolorosas*, hinting of the greatest tragedy in human history. Bunyan’s immortal allegory gets its unsurpassable power by de-

TRUE HEROES.

The dark clouds gather thick and fast;
 With eyes averted Peace draws back;
 War rides upon the coming blast,
 Grim Ruin howls along his track;
 Gaunt Famine hungers for the fray;
 Pinched Pain with labored feverish breath—
 Lest he should be too quick to slay—
 Fawns on her grisly master—Death.

Since War must come and Peace must go,
 Who now shall win the most renown?
 These kings who breed the quarrel? No;
 Who would not fight to keep a crown!
 These warriors, then—so brave and strong,
 May surely claim the highest praise?
 Nay, sword and spear to them belong,
 But not to them belong the bays.

The widow, as with breaking heart
 She lifts her hands to bless her son,
 Acts a more patriotic part
 Than he who has a battle won;
 The nerve to face the fire and steel,
 Beside her nobleness, grows slight;
 To bear the pangs her breast must feel
 So harder than the foe to smite.

The maiden, as with trembling hand
 She girds her lover with his sword,
 Fights bravely for her native land—
 His glory is her sole reward;
 The wife, who choking back her grief
 Bids her dear lord to battle go,
 Is braver than the warrior-chief
 Who scatters death among the foe.

Bards who the warrior's death applaud
 Count not these hearts among the slain;
 They suffer but have no reward,
 The risk is theirs but not the gain;
 Let glory rest upon the dead
 Who purchase honor with their life,
 But place the laurels on the head
 Of mother, sister, lover, wife.

San Francisco, October 27th.

T. A. H.

NEGLIGENCE ON THE NEVADA RAILWAY.

Last Sunday week, as the 9:15 train from Grass Valley to Nevada City (on the Nevada narrow gauge railway), was passing the turntable—just beyond Grass Valley, the engine driver perceived that the switch leading off the line was open, but before the train could be fairly stopped the engine, tender and baggage car were lying helplessly on their sides and within a few inches of a steep embankment. Another foot and all in the train would have been dashed to pieces, and but for the promptitude of the engine driver, we should have something more to record than a few broken carriages. The local papers, however, preserved total silence on this disaster—the proprietors of one of them not even hesitating to state that they “had taken this action for fear of damaging the interests of the line,” etc. Thus the outside world were kept in total ignorance of an accident which endangered the lives of so many people, and the passengers themselves have not even had the satisfaction of knowing what course has been pursued by the authorities in the matter, or what (if any) investigation has taken place. Will the Nevada Railway Company kindly let us know? You see we take a kindly interest in the lives of our fellow creatures.

A NEW OPERATIC STAR

A London correspondent writes: "Mr. Mapleson, who has introduced some of the best singers to the English operatic world, including Adelina Patti and Christine Nilsson, has just had another lucky 'find' in Paris. This consists of a young girl not yet out of her teens, and who for many years has followed the occupation of a mold-maker for plaster images in an obscure Italian village. Her voice, although lacking cultivation, is said to be soprano of wonderful range and flexibility, and she has been singing in the choir of a Catholic church for four years; she is well acquainted with music, and gives promise of becoming a 'star' of the first magnitude. Her beauty is also said to be of a kind that will take London by storm. She is a brunette, with large, expressive eyes; while her hair when loosened trails to the ground. Mr. Mapleson happened to be in the church one morning when he heard her sing, and being struck with the remarkably rich tones of the voice, he sought an interview with her. She referred him to her father—an humble image maker, and after much persuasion he consented to his daughter's accepting an engagement under Mr. Mapleson as an apprentice for five years, at what for these poor people must be a princely sum. The young lady is now at a musical school, and it is probable she will not make her *debut* in London for a couple of seasons yet. Mr. Mapleson, however, is well pleased with his discovery, and seems to think that his coming singer is a wonder. The operatic world will look forward with considerable curiosity to the appearance of this phenomenon."

HOPS.

During the past week transactions have been somewhat limited, as sellers have demanded more than exporters could afford to pay, a policy which, in the end, is of benefit to nobody. To date, probably 3,500 bales have been exported to the Eastern States, England and Germany—the last named being especially shipped on speculative ideas, as whether the quality of our growth will suit that market is a problem yet to be solved. It may be fairly estimated that we have as yet "6,000" bales to spare beyond local requirements, but whether holders will, as they have done in past years, overstand the market, remains to be seen. At 24 cents to 30 cents, hops are a paying crop, and the great tendency the article has to deteriorate in condition, and therefore in value, by being kept, should be an additional reason for realizing on them whenever the selling price is fairly above cost. The quality of this year's crop, so far as received, is good, and from Washington Territory and Oregon the lots to hand are an improvement on previous years. Shipments to the Australian colonies have hardly commenced, and whether we shall be able to find any outlet there for our surplus, depends entirely on the disposition of our holders to accept fair quotations. The market price at date may be quoted at 25@30c for 1876, and 8@15c for 1875.

Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation.—The half-yearly report, presented at the meeting held in Hongkong on the 16th of August last, states that the net profits, including \$19,111 brought forward from last account, after paying all charges, deducting interest paid and due, making provision for all bad and doubtful debts, and for difference in exchange between the rate at which the dividend is declared and the current rate of the day, amount to \$334,215, of which, after taking out rebate on bills not yet due, and the remuneration to Directors, there remains for appropriation \$315,863. A dividend of £1 per share was declared, leaving \$100,000 to be carried to the reserve fund, and £28,085 to be carried forward.

A Heavy Remittance.—The steamer *Indus* reached Southampton from Alexandria early in October with nearly a million of money in gold.

AN ENGLISH WAR SONG.

Mr. Alfred Austin sent the following verses to the *London Standard*:

A REVEILLE.

<p>Lift up thy gaze from the dust, Thou that wert downcast so long! File from thy helmet the rust, Phalanx thy spears for the thrust, Dare to be resolute, just, And, if single, yet strong!</p> <p>Let the old flag flap the breeze; Let the old keels kiss the foam; Smooth with thy ceptre the seas, Bid the waves fall on their knees; Show to the world thou hast these For thy pathway, thy home!</p> <p>Ruffle repose from thy sails, Beat out thy wings to the storm! Laugh to the laugh of the gales; Hail back the war-wind that hails, Till Battle's form less dread pales With the dread of thy form!</p> <p>Call thy peace curs to thy heel, All thy red war-throats arouse! Clang tocsin, steeple-bells peal! Thunderfreight rampart and keel! Let Europe see thee and reel From the flash of thy prowess!</p> <p>Hark to the gibers that ask, "Is she not shorn of her youth? She would but wallow and bask." Rend from their falsehoods the mask, Face them with candor for casque, For sole armor, with truth.</p>	<p>Rout the opprobrious dream, Riches have rusted thy soul. What thou art verily seein; Gleam in thy panoply, gleam! And exult as exulteth the stream When it goes to its goal.</p> <p>Prove, though thou prove it in gore, Thine is the banner that frees, Thou art the England of yore, Thou art thine own self and more. Thou art unchanged as thy shore, As untamed as thy seas!</p> <p>Tyrants shall scan thee and bend, Slaves overhear thee, and lift Faces to face of a friend Hands to thy sword-hand to rend Fetters false Cæsars pretend They would snap, but would shift.</p> <p>Call to the East from the West! Thunder from Solent to Nile! Shout back to the Mæsan crest, Thou—thou—wilt right the oppressed. Once thou hast stripped from the breast Of dissemblers their guile!</p> <p>Speak as thou spakest of old, Menace as seemeth thy fame; And when with steel, not with gold, Thou hast confronted the bold, Peace may re-shepherd her fold, Without fear, without shame.</p>
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THE CRISIS IN EUROPE.

It may have been somewhat arrogant, but the well-known expression of one of the Rothschilds, "*We cannot let Austria go to war,*" is undoubtedly true. Last week it was announced that Russia was in the market for a loan, and this week we hear that she has renounced her intention, and negotiations for an armistice, leading to a peace and readjustment of the grievances between Turkey and her Danubian provinces, seem to be more truly desired and more likely to be carried out. The Turks have been making desperate and successful attacks on the Servian troops, and are now not far from Belgrade. It was necessary to strike this blow at the end of the campaign, and before the winter set in, when operations would be impossible. The Servians, not the most courageous at any time, are now utterly disheartened. A strong party is formed opposed to the war policy of General Tchernayeff, and the greatest privation exists among the unfortunate riihs or slave peasants. Perhaps the one who secretly rejoices at the possibility of the war ending is the Czar. He has always been opposed to the Gortschakoff, or war policy, which is supported by the Queen and the Czarovitch, as well as by the mass of the Russian people. Roumania has been prominent in the world of news this week; but Roumania enjoys privileges that the other provinces of Turkey in Europe do not possess. It is governed by a prince of the house of Hohenzollern. It is flourishing and prosperous, and covered with a network of railroads. The last ten years it has paid off twenty million dollars of its debt, which was paying eleven per cent interest per annum. It is too prosperous to go to war for an idea, and Prince Couza is too well advised by the European powers to undertake anything rashly. Indeed, Roumania has publicly disavowed any intention of throwing off the Ottoman yoke, which presses so lightly. We hope next week to announce an armistice.

Always Bound to Follow Suit---Your tailor's bill.

TEMPTATION.

In that short and simple prayer which for countless years has been the model of all religious exercises, and which, composed by divine intelligence, contains the infinite comprehension of all human wants, we are taught to seek deliverance from temptation. The early saints associated the idea of temptation with a purely spiritual condition, and turned all their attention toward combating evil inspirations and unruly thoughts. In modern times the conception of temptation has been modified, and is held to apply rather to deeds and words than to thoughts and desires. Yet though it may possess a more tangible shape, temptation is as great a power as ever, and our complex civilization has lent it even more subtle weapons. We are without the temptation of the pagan world to secure comfort and peace at the price of theological apostasy; we are not liable to be burnt or tortured for our opinions; we may shape our lives pretty much as we please, so long as they are consonant with the current notions of decency and the habits of our contemporaries; we are not born slaves, nor are we exposed to the risk of being overrun and captured by barbarians, who would force us into an estate worse than slavery.

Temptation is a purely physical manifestation; and though the cry of intellectual enlightenment has gone up from our midst, never was there a time when materialism of conduct, if not of opinion, was more rampant than the present. The majority of human minds have no high heroic ideal, but are well contented with puny pleasures, small aims, and poor results; to such as these temptation, though it may be petty, is very real indeed. It comes in a hundred ways and shapes: in the facility for altering measures; for dealing out false weight; for slandering another man, and perhaps depriving him of his bread; for sitting still and doing nothing—almost the greatest temptation of all—while around us our fellow-creatures work and toil, or starve for lack of that affluence for which we cannot find any use.

But while temptation irresistibly assails the steadiest and most honest of men, it presses even more hardly upon women. It is hotly asserted and constantly believed that, guarded and sheltered in happy and cultivated homes, with no cares of importance to annoy them, and none of the grinding troubles of men to weigh them down, the weaker sex ought to be entirely safe from the remotest possibility of temptation. This is a fallacy. Such multitudes of diverse interests flood the world that each person is apt to seek his diversion where he chooses. A man may belong to the literary coterie, to the scientific body, to the sporting club, or to the haunts of vice. Young men, as a rule, prefer amusement to instruction. A girl must not be a *bas bleu*, nor an adept at scientific problems, nor a good classical scholar if she would please in the 'best' society. Women do not originate, but men lead and women nimbly follow. It has pleased the stronger sex to crave luxuries which were formerly undreamt of; to require sybaritic indulgences which twenty years ago would have been despised as effeminate. Naturally a wife becomes indoctrinated with her husband's views and fancies, and educates her daughters in the same train of thought. As the stone, carelessly thrown into the middle of a silent lake, breaks its placidity, the troubled surface spreading itself out and widening into ever larger circles, so the example of a man, his thoughts, fancies, or eccentricities, influences for good or evil the moral health of a whole generation.

There has been such a demand for luxurious accompaniments to existence that fashion has become to the majority a welcome habit, and to the girls who have reached maturity in the mean time an imperative necessity. Their whole existence is one protracted act of worship of a certain kind of sensuality. Not the Oriental sensuality of the Empress Poppæa, nor the unbridled license and coarseness of Christina of Sweden; yet for all that a life which, enervating and weakening healthy aspirations and powers, and removing all necessity for exertion and the discipline of the passions, must needs reduce its votaries farther and farther below the level of a good woman. While modern prudery points at the coarseness of Mrs. Behn's novels, in what way are they more immoral or more subversive of principle than the famous French novels of the period, or the notorious and not more innocuous imitations of the Ouida and Miss Broughton type, which are the ordinary reading of maidens in their teens? Women used to be laughed at for thinking life but a synonym for love;

yet surely a constant love founded on something romantic, and susceptible of the noble and the generous feelings of the mind, was better than the passionate pleadings of unprincipled heroines, and the perpetual dwelling on their fleshy charms, the crimson of their lips, the whiteness of their limbs, and the varied and rapturous warmth of the true lover's kisses.

The freedom of intercourse between the sexes, which has been triumphantly quoted by some as a proof of the innocence of English girls, is in itself a great temptation. The average young man is not particular in talk, and, so long as he finds a willing listener, will rattle on about himself and his concerns, perhaps enlarging on topics which ought to startle modest ears. The bloom of reserve is, however, pretty well brushed off the *debutante* after a couple of seasons, and with that adaptability which is the special appanage of woman she soon accustoms herself to anything. She soon learns that any effort of the brain is displeasing to men, and that vapidty and a lively interest in trifles are the qualities she is expected to cultivate. She only lives for the hour when, borne along in the arms of an admirer possibly more foolish than fond, intoxicated with the heavy perfume of the sweet-scented flowers with which the ball-room is filled, the strains of music making her head whirl and her heart beat madly, she deems herself the happiest of mortals. Lights, wine, music, and dancing have not lost their potent charm since the days of Herodias' daughter. Ordinary home life has its ecstasies of subtle enjoyment too. The repose-inviting couches, the roseate-shaded windows, the artistic decorations, the silks and satins and beautiful china, all tend to the satisfaction of the senses and the dreamy indulgence of dissipated thoughts. A modern house is the embodiment of Thomson's Castle of Indolence, the atmosphere is redolent of voluptuous ease. Husbands have their pursuits, and get their brain-fancies brushed away by the friction of every-day life; but their wives, highly strung, nervous, unreal in their tastes, enervated in their health, sit at home shrouded in mystic darkness, indulging in that idleness which may be the preparation for things infinitely more terrible.

To say that the great proportion of women are virtuous is indeed to confer an immense meed of praise. Women have sometimes violent passions, and the life of a fashionable woman is about the most dangerous possible, both for her moral and her physical health—she has absolutely nothing to do but to consume herself away in idle and morbid fantasies. All men can make love in a fashion, and will probably succeed to a certain extent in impressing a woman favorably; for such intricate study of the tender passion as prevailed in the *Hôtel Rambouillet* has long since passed away, and the famous *carte du pays du tendre* would now have no more value than a last years *Bradshaw*. To love is an obsolete word, to make love is a natural and easy accomplishment. Silly women are quite as often taken in by the counterfeit as by the real coin. So long as it is adroitly done, the heartless bully has as great a chance of succeeding as the most refined and honorable of men. When love is play, and affection has changed places with passion, temptation to women is invested with gigantic proportions. And where can they turn for anything better? Marriage, though, as Dr. Johnson calls it, 'a certain security from the reproach and solitude of antiquated virginity,' is surrounded by difficulties and hedged in with troubles. The companionship and confidence of his wife are the last things acceptable to a man of the world, with such flimsy articles as *feelings* he has nothing to do; so long as her conduct is outwardly correct, her thoughts and affections may roam and revel as they list.

It requires great effort on the part of a woman to rise superior to the follies and frailties she beholds around her; education has not fitted her for this, nor does custom sanction it. Frivolous conversation, an utter absence of deep or serious aims, amusement worshiped as the God of life—this is what she sees in the past, the present, and the future, while riches and happiness are inextricably connected in her mind. There is nothing fresh, natural, or sensible about the life of a fine London lady; hypocrisy, affectation, conceit, and forced enjoyment have taken the place of refreshing mental improvement, innocent gaiety, and a regard for duty, as well as for the paramount claims of self-indulgence. Educated in the Mabometan notion that the sole use of woman is to please, lapped in luxurious indolence, and condemned to utter vacuity of mind,

it is not the weaker sex that can be capable of setting an example, nor should extraordinary beroism be expected of them : rather it is far more to be wondered at that so many women are virtuous than that a very few should go astray.—*The World*.

THE BIBLE NOT AN AUTHORITY UPON DISEASE.

Score one for Health Officer Meares! Whilst testifying, the other day, before the high and mighty Commission appointed by Congress to inquire into the sanity of San Francisco upon the Chinese question, Dr. Meares was asked by Senator Sargent "if the disease existing amongst the Mongolians was the true leprosy of the Bible." To which he replied he didn't know, as "medical men were not in the habit of consulting the Bible as an authority upon diseases." The discomfiture of the worthy Senator may be better imagined than described. The reply was well-timed and admirable. It was an argument clothed in exquisite satire. The question that drew it forth was, in truth, a very fair specimen of the prejudice which is artfully instilled into the minds of the ignorant against the Chinese. The poor fellows have hitherto walked about our streets with this disease, and have entered our hospitals with it, and, deplorable as it is, and indeed all diseases are, yet no serious consequences have arisen to our people through its presence here. But then it may be made a bugaboo of. Attach to it an awe-inspiring Biblical name and origin, and it instantaneously becomes a worse scarecrow to certain people here than does the Banshe woman to them elsewhere; whilst it would be in reality no more substantial. Very much more worthy of Christian statesmen would it be to propose the cure of the disease, rather than use it as a means to frighten ignorant people. If the Commission will inquire as to its curability they will be accomplishing a beneficent, humanitarian work, and before they are through may possibly astonish our medicos at the amount of useful information revealed. The disease is by no means unknown or confined to the Chinese. In Norway there were in 1856 as many as 2,850 advanced cases of it; hy scientific treatment then commenced the number of cures soon amounted to 40 per cent. of the whole, and since then an average of 56 of the worst cases is cured annually, whilst the spread of the disease has been absolutely stopped. Dr. Beanperthny has worked marvelous results in the island of Trinidad by the use of cashew oil and alkalies, aided by hygienic observances. In Western India chalnogra oil has been used with good effect, and now come advices from Australia. Our very latest exchanges mention that the Government had long supported a colony of Chinese lepers, believing them to be incurable. Scientific attention was at last focused upon the subject, and now the patients are convalescent, and the medical staff have been dispatched to another district, in the hope of producing like results there. Here, then, is an unexpectedly good work for the Chinese Commission to do. If in good faith they do it, then verily will their evil designs be turned into beneficence, and the mischief they would now do shall in that event be remembered against them no more forever.

Counterfeit Austrian Notes. -- A copy of the *Neue Freie Presse*, of Vienna, has been sent to the *San Francisco News Letter* with the following paragraph, requesting us to print the same as a caution to California money brokers and others:

"The Polizeidirektion of Vienna has issued a warning against counterfeit Austrian 50 gulden notes, which have lately been put in circulation. The counterfeit notes look well, but on being closely examined it will be found that the paper is machine made, only slightly sized, and without real watermark, the appearance which does duty for it being produced by stamping. The face of the right hand standing figure is ill drawn, the right hand looks deformed, and the left hand and drapery of the figure on the front is weak in drawing, the character of the type generally is different from that of the genuine notes, and the unequal thickness of the strokes in the letters of the principal line 'Fünfzig Gulden' is easily distinguished, the 'i' particularly so. In the next line, 'diese Staatsnoki,' the two long 'ss' slant too much, and the printing in the cautionary paragraph at the foot is most irregular. The printing on the back differs both in drawing and type from that of the real notes, and the colored ink used is not the same."

LADY BOUNTIFUL.

It is somewhat a favorite custom with those who devote all their energies to the prosecution of their own schemes of pleasure and diversion to speak sneeringly of a woman content to live in her own home among her own people, rendering them such service as may be in her power. Thus it is that the expression 'Lady Bountiful' is employed in scorn and derision. Her retirement is represented as the refuge of her dullness; and she is depicted as alternately demoralizing the rustic population by indiscriminate almsgiving, and rousing their wrath by inquisitorial visits and the distribution of tracts. It would considerably surprise those who sneer at the duties and the occupations of a Lady Bountiful, and imagine that there is nothing needful but to distribute flannel petticoats and to desire the housekeeper to make and dispense soup, if they could have a glimpse of the round of duties which falls to the lot of the wife of the squire of a parish if she be resident in the country, and desirous of doing her utmost to benefit those around her. They affect to believe that 'all that sort of thing' devolves, as a matter of course, upon the clergyman's wife. It has never occurred to them to consider what is to become of a parish where the clergyman is unmarried, or where his wife may be too delicate to do much, or has a numerous young family occupying her time and attention.

Such superficial critics as these should be informed that much skill and forethought, temper and judgment, is necessary to the making of a really good Lady Bountiful. There must be the tact not to rub against the prejudices of the varied classes with whom she is constantly brought in contact; to work in harmony with the clergyman, and apparently under his direction, and yet to prevent harm being done by his injudiciousness; the forethought to perceive to what employments it will be wisest to direct the energies of the juvenile population springing up so rapidly around her; the temper not to be offended, or, if that is absolutely impossible, not to show offense, at the criticisms made on her wisest and most necessary acts; the charity to ascribe to ignorance and want of accurate knowledge, rather than to spite and malice, garbled accounts which construe sensible actions into follies, if not crimes; the judgment to know those who really need help, and will repay care and pains, from those who will not work while they can beg, and on whom any amount of labor is lost, as well as to discriminate between those who oppose wise measures from thoughtlessness or ignorance and those whose antagonism proceeds from self-interest or positive ill-will. Before a woman can become a truly useful and judicious Lady Bountiful she must possess all these gifts: when she does possess them, her influence is more omnipotent in her own small sphere than is that of any Prime Minister over the fortunes of his country. A woman endowed with tact, the sixth sense, as it has been truly called, can do almost anything; but in no position is she so absolutely autocratic, while at the same time remaining so truly feminine, as when holding the position of Lady Bountiful at her husband's country-seat. If she be not by nature absolutely sympathetic she will feign the sympathy till it becomes an inalienable part of her nature; to her all her dependants within reach will turn as to an assured friend.

But toil is a necessary contingency of sovereignty; and the Lady Bountiful is no exception to this rule. When she has once assumed the sceptre there is no turning back; and whether she do her work for love or for duty she, must, having once begun, go on. It is not enough for her to take the usual prefatory interest in the schools, asking the rector when he dines at the Hall whether the attendance is satisfactory, and looking in once in two months for five minutes. It is not necessary that she should teach, though if she have daughters it is well that they should do so; but she should know something of each child and its circumstances, its average attendance, disposition, and general conduct. All this can only be learnt by intimate knowledge of the master and mistress; and will be found eminently useful in assisting the further career of the children, one of the principal cares of the Lady Bountiful. It is for her to initiate improvements and suggest new ideas, to superintend the development of that plain and unpretending cooking-school which will hereafter prove the most powerful engine for the disestablishment of the public-house; and to restrain the tendency of the sewing-school to launch forth in *broderie Anglaise*, to the neglect of the less

interesting but more useful patching and darning. She has to struggle too against those of her own household; the head housemaid sorely disapproves of teaching the *minutiae* of household work to a raw village girl, preferring to have her subordinates educated ready to her hand; and it is not without much grumbling and considerable detriment to the *entrees*, consequent on the cook's ill-humor, that Martha Snooks is installed as scullery-maid. The other heads of departments equally object to the trouble of teaching; and it can only be by a judicious mixture of tact and determination that Lady Bountiful has her way, and renders her well-ordered household a training-school for the promising girls and boys of the parish. If she be rich she has to put a stern cheek upon herself to prevent herself from simplifying all matters by providing the whole of the necessary funds, and thus rendering the various projects merely Hall charities instead of matters of general local interest. And this requires the more self-control because it naturally involves sacrificing the right to absolute authority, which would otherwise be hers.

It is always advisable, if it be practicable, for the Lady Bountiful not to engage too much in the practical work, but to endeavor to be the head rather than the hands. If she live constantly at home—and she cannot be a practical Lady Bountiful unless she do so—she will know quite enough of the general circumstances of the people without constantly visiting them: it is better that the ordinary work should be done by her daughters and any others willing to assist, the visits of the head being reserved for great occasions of either sorrow or rejoicing. It is a great thing to interest as many people as possible in the administration of a district; and if the Lady Bountiful undertake the superintendence she may well leave the details to be carried out by her subordinates. One of her greatest difficulties will be to do all the work that lies ready to her hand, without either encroaching on the clergyman's rightful sphere or in any other way wounding his susceptibilities. If those who sneer at the good works of the Lady Bountiful, and associate her ministrations with nothing higher than flannel petticoats and tracts, will spare five minutes from the newest-fashion book or latest sensation novel to consider the manifold duties that fall to her share, and the thought and consideration which they require, they will perhaps confess that she is deserving rather of their respect and admiration than of their scorn.—*World*.

MINING FRAUDS.

Could a list of all the frauds perpetrated by Directors in those mines that so fascinate as well as ruin thousands of our citizens be kept, it would be as large as the registry list itself. These frauds are in every avenue—from the striking of the first pick into the ground to the dealing out of the stock to the public—hoodwinked by false news and false statements. The era of investigation into these mining frauds, which began about one year ago, has developed not only the extraordinary rascality of some of these men, but the gullibility of the public in submitting complacently to robberies, which if carried into the criminal courts would consign the perpetrators to imprisonment the balance of their natural lives. There is J. W. Pearson, of Woodville-Trojan-Lady Bryan notoriety, who for these three mines had sufficient machinery purchased, according to the accounts rendered by him to these companies, to have placed all these mines in first-class positions so far as machinery went. Pearson so far has proven the smartest of the gang of tricksters that infest California street, and has always managed to evade the clutches of the law by some compromise with his dupes. A. P. Minear's rascalities have led him into trouble several times, and once in Idaho he came near losing his scalp at the hands of an infuriated populace. His conversion of funds of several mining companies when acting in the capacity of Treasurer, may yet bring him more prominently forward in either criminal or civil courts. The introduction of these two worthies with this issue, and the exposure of their frauds in subsequent numbers of the *News Letter*, will give our readers an insight into how numerous and large are the rascalities perpetrated in the management of our mines, and why the Directors grow rich and stockholders poor.

A Split in the Republican Party -- The flag on Kearny street in front of Republican headquarters.

[From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter.]

The sensation of the week has been the sale of animals at Cooper & Bailey's circus. The prices brought by these necessities of life caused agreeable surprise to the public. Many a poor woman or hard-working mechanic attended the sale with their scanty earnings in their pockets, and apprehensive that hyenas had risen or that dromedaries would prove too high for their humble means. It cheered the benevolent heart to see their faces brighten as the first lot, a sacred cow and calf, was knocked down to a poor minister at \$32 50. A milliner secured three camels at \$46 apiece, which was a great bargain, as the beasts were large, and would work up into at least three shawls apiece. Mr. De Young carried off a fine Knu for \$200. De Young always pays well for the knu's. Jimmy McGinn, the undertaker, purchased a pair of thoroughly reliable hyenas at \$24. Corpses that have not paid for their lodgings will please take note. Jimmy proposes to give thirty days' notice, and then, up they come. Many of the birds went for a mere song; the parrots, however, hid themselves in. A poor widow drove home a fat hippopotamus, with a large litter, the whole costing but \$822. The agent of the *Bulletin* bought two large, hairless baboons at a great sacrifice, which gives it two pair in all. McDonald found very little competition in securing the elephant "Betsy." This completes his show, though the new acquisition is a black one. Frederick Clay was knocked down by mistake as the Great Australian Skunk, but was released under heavy hands. In a word, the sale was a most gratifying success, and we expect business to at once brisk up all over the country. The indications are that the time is not far off when every family can have their lion and giraffe, and when armadillo will be found on every poor man's table.

You can't fool a visitor from the country on pianos. They may get taken in at hunko, the strap game, faro and confidence illusions, but when it comes to music you can bet your mucous membranes they are all there. This week a middle-aged farmer's wife, from Blind Gulch, came to the city determined to buy a box of music for the girls at home. She had \$500 tied up in a handkerchief, and hitched on to the hay bands which formed her bustle. After interviewing one of the polite clerks for over an hour, during which time she had listened to the different tones of sixty-nine Weber pianos, her attention was called to one particular instrument specially recommended by the courteous Mr. Benham. "Young man," she said, "you can't fool me with no pianner as has got smooth legs like that. I'll have 'em carved if I die first." The astute manager signaled to the clerk to try a richly carved square grand, on which he performed "Kiss Me as my Mother Used." Bringing down a hand, which had daily milked thirty cows morning and evening for fifteen years, on to the shoulder of the astonished musician, she remarked: "Jes' let up on that for once, Mr. Man, for I don't want no pianner as plays funeral music in my house." With a hasty movement, and his neck smarting all over, the youth retreated to the next instrument and plunged into "Hail Columbia," "Langigan's Ball," "The Mulligan Guards," and "Pull Down the Blind" till he was black in the face. "Them's my piannerforty," cried the delighted purchaser, and after requesting the somewhat obfuscated piano men to look the other way while she unhitched her twenties, she departed smiling all over, the happy possessor of "the kind of music box as ud suit the gals."

The just man falls seven times a day, and, without casting any slur on the unfortunate missionary who has just been sentenced to two and a half years hard labor in New York, it is safe to say that emotional piety of any sort is not safe. Henry M. Little is a lay preacher and a missionary, who became prominent as a revivalist and an exhorter several years ago. He converted "Kit Burns" rat-pit into a church, but failed to convert himself. His offence was obtaining \$50 under false pretences to buy hymn books for a camp meeting. He added to his wrong-doing by flying to England with the young daughter of his benefactor. After deserting the girl he returned to this country, and had the good sense to plead guilty to the least of his crimes. Whether he was once sincere, and "like the angels fell," is a question for good people to decide. In any case he can extend his sphere of usefulness for some time to come by converting the hardened occupants of Sing Sing.

There was a very interesting sight one morning in New York lately. Thirty-two Bohemian swains led thirty-two Bohemian lasses to the hymeneal altar. Dressed in their national costume, they were all tied up by one service "amid the loud lamentations of the mothers of the brides." Oh! how those wretched old mothers-in-law did weep and wail like a chorus of Dantean ghosts, at the wholesale declaration of independence! But they are not of a kind who weep long. Many a young Bohemian glass-blower has felt the bitterness of their tongues since that happy morning, and knows too well that those tears were solely caused by his refusal to let a voluble mother-in-law come and live with him. If Americans only clubbed together in this way and got married, this bachelor death would be deprived of half its terrors, though it would be necessary for each one to look well after his particular bride, as young ladies in white resemble each other very much, and it would be awkward for a man, after having had the pick of the family, to find out when it was too late, that he had married his wife's homely sister.

Dr. Julius Le Moyne has just presented the poor of Washington, Pa., with an elegant cremation furnace, where they can be incinerated free of cost and be delivered from the nuisance of coffins, undertakers charges and extortionate burial lots. It is built of brick, is one story high, has three chimneys and two rooms. In the reception room there is a catafalque, with chairs for the mourners, and beyond a furnace in the cremation room. The ashes can be put in a bottle, corked up, sealed and labeled, and there is room also for four lines of poetry and a photograph. A poor widow, who has buried two husbands within six weeks, carries them both in her pocket, and sleeps with them under her pillow. In a fit of passion she threw one of them lately at a neighbor and gave him a blue eye. The undertakers are all down on Dr. Le Moyne, as they don't sell one coffin now where they used to sell six. An exchange says it is a nice, tidy, quiet place to roast a dead friend, and the beauty of it lies in the fact, that like this glorious republic, it is a free institution.

Any man may lose his head during life, but it seems a crime for him to desire its abscission after death. A certain John Swinburne died recently at Rockland, who for years had labored under the idea that a Federal bullet was imbedded in his revolutionary brain. He accordingly commissioned a certain Dr. James D. Montgomery to make a *post mortem* search in the interest of medical science. The secessionist expired, and the surgeon at once complied with his request. He trepanned him, explored his cerebellum, pia mater and dura mater, with what result is not stated. The enemies of science at once indicted the *medico*, and pursued their persecution with unflagging bitterness. The *nolle prosequi* which followed will be a source of great gratification to moribund politicians, and enable them hereafter to prove to an incredulous world the number of times they were shot by their opponents.

The way in which conductors of religious journals take leave of their readers is not precisely similar to the customary valedictory of a secular scribe. De Witt Talmage considers that the proper thing to do is to smuggle in an editorial just as the paper is going to press, announcing his departure to his publishers and the public simultaneously. His reasons for leaving the editorial chair of the *Christian at Work* were based on incompatibility of temper, which, among conductors of serious journals, is a thing no one hitherto believed possible. Mr. Talmage threw up his position without a moment's warning. Contributors, editors, publishers and printers were alike ignorant of his intention. He trusted solely in Providence to care for his future, after he had previously engaged with another newspaper, *The Advance*, at a higher salary. "Yet never saw I the righteous deserted," etc.

The lecture fiend had better stay away from San Francisco. A secret society is being formed here which will effectually stop the ravings of the itinerant, second-hand platitude vendors. As soon as a lecturer arrives here a committee will call on him at midnight, with a barrel of tar and two sacks of live goose feathers. After carefully dressing him in this mediæval costume, they will assist him to mount a large rail, on which he will ride to Long Bridge. He will then be invited to take a swim in deep water with a ton of ballast round his neck as a life preserver, and should he not be able to appear afterwards, suitable apologies will be made to the audience for his sudden indisposition.

They know how to run an election in Savannah. Both parties send circulars to all absent voters of opposite politics, warning them not to come back at present on account of the yellow fever. As nearly all the population is out of town the vote polled there will be very small and unimportant. Committees are writing to voters on their own side imploring them to come back and offering to provide carbolized ballot papers, hacks stuffed with camphor, and polling places watered with disinfecting fluid. The latest calculations are that the Democrats will poll 13 votes and the Republicans 12; but the result may be easily changed at any time by two or three on either side facing the danger and coming into the city. They must be very timid in Savannah. We have men here who would cast their votes in a pest house for three dollars and a drink.

Stephen Birch is the last bartender who has fallen heir to an estate in England worth in the neighborhood of \$50,000. Two years ago, he says, he was a street-car conductor, and as impecunious as the majority of that class of laborers. Stephen must be a very unsophisticated sort of a cock-tail artist, indeed, if he supposes the public will swallow so diaphanous a story as that with his drinks. A bartender and a conductor, too! It staggers the imagination. In this vicinity the former generally buys out the landlord in five years, and that without an English relative to his back.

At Virginia City a man with over a million dollars is, just at present, under sentence of death. When driving out with the Judge, a few days after the sentence, he accidentally ran over an insurance agent, who has been pestering him to take out a policy ever since the trial. For our part we are not sorry. A rich man never gets sentenced to be hung, or anything, nowadays, but what some of these pests try to work on his fears. It is time this sort of annoyance should stop.

Mile. Boesgontier, who ten years ago bathed in a bath-tub of solid silver at Paris, is now a helpless paralytic at Picpus, covered with loathsome rags, and consumed by a rage for tobacco. The moral of this is that people who will deliberately, in cold blood, and with their eyes open, bathe in a tub of solid silver, will surely become paralyzed on the home-stretch of life, and go to cigaretteless graves. The *Town Crier* always keeps the ice and cold meat in his silver tub.

The Nantucket people are growling about their fog-horn. They say it is of no more use than a footless stocking without a leg. Rather than not be neighborly, we are willing the Nantucket folks should borrow ours for a while. It is good for something—nightmares, and the spread of profanity. How many thousand curtain lectures has that infamous instrument of torture paved the way for by preventing sleep on both sides the domestic couch.

"As Flat as a London Punch" has passed into proverb, but that expressive simile will doubtless be changed to "as Bret Harte," when the combined quill-drivers of the country arise solemnly from his compressed anatomy. They have been sitting on that writer with astonishing unanimity for the past month. Such it is to be a beat and a snob. Time brings its revenges, and old Friscan's now tear up Bret's protested notes with content.

"When Angels weep the Devils dance," says the old song. It has come to a strange pass when fugitives from justice and skulking assassins hold up their heads and perpetrate their crimes in broad daylight in this city of once speedy and certain justice, and this while the law's delays and evasions compel decent citizens to seriously and soberly contemplate a return to the days of the "Vigilante."

Boat owners will be pleased to know that since yesterday's rain Market street is navigable by boats not drawing over three feet of water, as far as Montgomery street. The Supervisors contemplate putting the Kearny-street tow-path in order in preparation for the canalling season. Duck-shooting on Montgomery street, it is expected, will be first-class, after two or three days more of rain.

A Buffalo lady has just had her handsome residence sold over her head by the sheriff, to satisfy a judgment in favor of a young lady school-teacher whom she had maligned. If this happy precedent should obtain here, we think we could name a number of society ladies on Nob Hill, at the Palace, South Park, and such localities, who would have to camp out.

GLAMOUR

Ah, dear, my love! how consummate you are!
 Ripe with the perfectness of all delight,
 And whitely shining like that far, fair star,
 That tops the glory of June's sweetest night!

Oh, my all-beautiful! my soul's chief good!
 What is this strange pain that devours my heart?
 I suffer, yet am glad in this strange mood,
 In which my pulse beats all my life apart.

You draw my soul up to your splendid eyes!
 Ah, fair, full moon! I am your vassal sea!
 Let not one cloud your lovely light disguise—
 Pour your full flood of radiance over me!

Ah, sweet! too sweet! since love has grown to fear!
 Ah, sweet! too sweet! for what now shall I do?
 I live but through my eyes when you are near;
 Yet death's dark in them would not trouble you!

—Appleton's Journal, for November.

THE UNDER DOG.

Again we ask, and we cannot do so too often or too impressively, that the gentlemen composing the Commission take careful heed to judge with their own heads and see with their own eyes during their investigations. If nothing else should induce them to do this, they should be influenced by the feeling of chivalric fairness toward what has been expressively called "the under dog in the fight." Against these hapless strangers, unused to the arts of the white politician, and speaking another language, is to-day arrayed the most powerful and persistent of partisan influences. Apart from any inherent evils that may or may not lurk in a Chinese population, there is a well directed and active movement to discredit and unfairly oppress them in every way. Starting with the axiom that this is a free country, and admitting the Chinese to be human beings, it becomes impossible to avoid doing them the simple justice that would be accorded to the Irish, German or any other race of people under the sun. It is only necessary to read the character of the evidence that is assiduously foisted upon the Commissioners to see that a deliberate and infamously unjust statement of facts is brought forward and sworn to. Policemen whose offices, they are told, hang upon their willingness to be made tools of, are put forward to swear to the most unblushing exaggerations. Every Chinese difficulty, every brawl, that would go unnoticed among white men, is painted in the blackest colors. Their habits, homes, customs, business traits, religion, are all made as purposely and strikingly offensive as possible. As for the faults and crimes which these descendants of Adam presume to have, they are made to verily stink in the nostrils of mankind. We loudly and emphatically protest against this. There is a good big word to be said in favor of John, and it shall go hard if the *News Letter* does not say it. That the Chinese are an unfortunate people we are quite ready to admit. They are ignorant and idolaters, it is true, but with all that how do they compare as employees with the average emigrant from any part of the earth? Place them side by side with the arrival at Castle Garden, and then say which of the two the merchant or the housekeeper most gladly accepts. John may worship his strange God in the Joss House, and, betimes, take his whiff of opium, but for all that he is faithful, humble, civil, quick and industrious. He is the under dog in the fight, gentlemen. Let him have fair play!

The oxen in Brooklyn are all Tildenites since the Republicans have had a grand barbecue and roasted several of them whole. As the ox is early and late at the pole, and draws a heavy weight after him, this wholesale roasting at Myrtle Avenue Park, is an ill advised movement in the Republican campaign.

WHAT THE WORLD SAYS.

The Grand Union, at Saratoga, is the largest hotel in the world, and a veritable shrine of luxury and ease. It was begun by Mr. A. T. Stewart, the millionaire, and finished by his friend, Judge Hilton, who resolved to make it the biggest and best thing of its kind in the world. It has a street frontage of 2,400 feet, forming three sides of a hollow square, each side about 800 feet long. A very handsome iron piazza three stories high and about 20 feet broad runs along the entire portion of one outer side of the square and the greater portion of its inner sides. These inner sides enclose a lawn and flower garden, which cover from five to six acres, and upon which more than \$20,000 have been spent chiefly in flowers and rare plants. Once this season the Grand Union held 1,800 persons, besides 450 employes, or a total of 2,250 souls, a larger population than that of many an English market town. The drawing-rooms are gorgeously furnished, and there are two cozy "flirtation rooms!" The dining-room is 275 feet long by 60 feet wide. The *chef* of the kitchen requires 26 aides, not a matter for surprise when we learn that he sometimes signs in one day the death-warrant of 1,000 fowls, and presides over the cooking of, on an average, 4,000 lbs. of meat a day. All the meat is brought in ice vans 900 miles from New York, and at once placed in extensive refrigerators. A hundred thousand gallons of water a day are forced by an engine from the hotel's private spring, bought for it by Mr. Stewart. The laundry, with its 75 helps, sometimes washes nearly 20,000 pieces in a day. A man can have his shirt washed in 15 minutes, or spend nine dollars on the making up of his wife's petticoat. The hotel cost \$3,000,000, and is only open four months a year; yet as it is "run to pay," intending visitors must make up their minds for stiff bills at the end of their residence.

The designs of Russia on the East appear to have assumed an aerial form. Some light was thrown upon them the other day by Professor Wells, "the great American aeronaut," in an interesting lecture he delivered at Lahore on the progress of balloon improvements of late years. "These improvements," the professor observed, "are of such a nature that balloons may now be employed for the transport of large bodies of troops, with armament, etc.; and from personal examination which he (the Professor) made in 1874 of the war balloons under construction by the Russians at St. Petersburg, he is impressed with the belief that the time is not far distant when Russia will be able to (and will more than probably do so) descend on British India over the mountains in balloons, with 100,000 warriors; and he thinks the British Government should make preparations to meet such a contingency." It is difficult to know what can be done under these circumstances. If the Professor's anticipations prove correct, we may hear any day of a descent by the Russians not only upon India but also upon England by means of these war balloons. All that can be done is to keep a good look-out, and to fire at the balloons directly they come within rifle-shot; but then, again, a shower of 100,000 Russian warriors would be a serious affair. One such victory might be almost as disastrous as defeat. Iron-clad umbrellas would, perhaps, best meet the emergency.

The "Celestial Empire" of August 5th says that the news it published of a terrible onslaught upon the Catholic Christians at Ning-kuoh Fu, in the province of Nganhwuy, when a crowd of about a thousand soldiers and ruffians, under the guidance of officials, burst into a chapel during service-time, and brained numbers of the congregation, has been confirmed by a gentleman to whom the horrible details were recounted by one of the French priests themselves. It seems that the men entered the chapel, interrupting the service, forced the officiating priest upon his knees, and demanded that he should cease promulgating the doctrines of the Tien-chu sect. The priest declined to promise anything of the sort; whereupon a scene of indescribable uproar ensued, during which most frightful outrages occurred. The priest was tortured, and eventually put to death, being hacked to pieces; a little child whom he had adopted was torn limb from limb, and the corpse of another father, who had died previously, was taken from its grave and brutally ill-used. The members of

the Indian Mission have all left the neighborhood, and the Roman Catholics have now a guard round their house. The origin of this outrage is fixed upon a military mandarin named Wu, who has openly expressed his hatred of the religion of Christ. The priest in charge of the mission proceeded by steamer, accompanied by three officials, to Wuhu, to institute inquiries. Three other priests are missing.

Reckless Agitation. The *Saturday Review* thinks it will be well if the agitation against Turkey has reached its climax in the late meetings in the City and Exeter Hall, for it becomes more reckless and more mischievous as it proceeds. Mr. Fawcett, who is not habitually an adulator of the multitude, absurdly asserted that every working man who read a penny paper knew more of foreign politics than the Prime Minister or his colleagues. The working man and the excitable portion of the community have not yet learnt from lay or clerical declaimers that both the suspension of hostilities and the virtual withdrawal of inadmissible terms of peace have been obtained from the Porte by the urgency of the English Ambassador. The disinclination of Austria to concur in the policy of Russia is another not immaterial fact which has not been communicated to indignation meetings, and which has apparently not reached the knowledge of Mr. Gladstone. In all quarters there are abundant proofs of the complicated nature of the problem which the English Government must assist in solving. The task will not be accomplished by reiterated appeals to unreasoning passion and sentimental indignation.

It has been publicly and seriously stated that on the 9th proximo a Mr. Ralph Stott intends to start on an aerial voyage from Dover to Calais. The new Icarus expects to accomplish the feat within the space of sixty minutes, thus beating the ordinary Channel steamers by a good hour; nor does he think his flying powers will be in any way lessened by the force or direction of the wind. Hail, rain, snow, sleet—anything save fog—he is also prepared to defy. Mr. Stott states that he has privately tested the apparatus which he purposes to use, and that he has found it to work remarkably well. The machine weighs some 3,000 lbs. It is five feet long, two feet six inches wide, and four feet high, including the car and the machinery. The wonderful object is without wings, tail or rudder; but in general terms Mr. Stott describes his device as a strong, light built frame, in which a peculiar mechanical arrangement is placed, and which is acted upon by a spring. This spring is compressed by a screw and wheel somewhat resembling a railway brake, and when it is desired to set the apparatus in motion one end of the spring is allowed to press against the fore part of the frame, whilst the other part presses the "mechanical arrangement."

A correspondent of the "London World", writing from Stuttgart, says: To Englishmen away from England, living amongst foreigners and listening to foreigners, the effect produced by Lord Derby's speech to the City deputation on Wednesday, Sept. 11th, is as soothing as the south wind in winter. Lord Derby's speech is its great fact. Englishmen out of England are hearing that speech unanimously described by foreigners as the speech of an orator, a statesman, and a gentleman. The better informed amongst us are already aware that Prince Gortschakoff has defined it as 'supremely able'; that the Duke Décazes has said enthusiastically to everybody who has approached him, 'I never read anything more perfect'; that Count Andrassy, with his outspoken frankness, has exclaimed, 'Ah, if I could talk like that!' and that Prince Bismarck has observed, 'I did not fancy Derby had it in him.' We English abroad may, therefore, really be excused if we too admire the speech, if we toast the Minister who delivered it, and if we comprehend 'the influential deputation' less than ever when we learn from the *Times* that it was good enough to go away 'disappointed.'

Theodore Tilton says if there is much more talk about this sleeping-car business, he will sue Henry Ward Beecher for slander.

The obliging readiness of the Spanish Government to arrest "Boss" Tweed and hand him over to the United States authorities, notwithstanding the fact of there being no treaty for the extradition of criminals between the two nations, may perhaps be accounted for on other grounds than that of an amiable desire to perform an act of international courtesy. The possible reappearance of the Boss on the scene in New York has, it is stated, created considerable excitement in what are called "political circles," owing to a fear or expectation that the "old man," weary of wandering and being hunted, will "get mad," and do what he has often threatened to do—publish some disagreeable revelations likely, whether true or false, to have a certain electioneering value. He has long been said to have a book which he carries with him, to be used in the last extremity for safety or deliverance, the production of which would spread dismay through the State. Considering the way he has been treated, the wonder is, says the *Nation*, that he has not produced it sooner. The number of people he once befriended who have "gone back on him" must be very great.

The "Economist" scarcely thinks that the Money Market is fully aware as yet of the serious difficulties in which the country is engaged. A very large number of great meetings have demanded that a large province of Turkey, which is in its present possession, and which the present belligerents could never touch, should, nevertheless, be taken from it by the Great Powers and declared to be substantially independent under our guarantee and that of the other Powers. If a large province of Turkey is to be taken away, Turkey will not probably consent to it without a struggle, which will prolong the war. The Great Powers must interfere by arms, which will extend the war; and those Powers may quarrel as to who is to have the province abstracted, which will begin a new war, of which it is difficult to see the end. These contingencies are serious in a monetary point of view, because we, as beginners of the new policy, should probably have to take part in the new war, and this, more than anything else, would alter the course of trade and affect every kind of business arrangement.

Prof. Mowbray of North Adams has gone to Omaha to get permission to ship ten tons of nitro-glycerine over the Union Pacific Road to Virginia City for use in the Sutro tunnel. All the other roads allow its transportation now, even the New York Central, which will not take baled hay, for fear of fire. The nitro-glycerine is carried in refrigerator cars, and, as it congeals at 40 degrees, it is easily kept frozen, and in that state it cannot be exploded. It takes about ten days to ship it to the tunnel, and, if it can be taken by rail, Mr. Mowbray can have a contract for 25,000 pounds a month for a number of years. The professor has his new factory so systematized that but two men are kept in the works, and they can make all the nitro-glycerine he can sell. He uses only a ton of coal a week; now, whereas he used to burn a ton a day. He buys his coal in New York, and puts it down at his works on the mountain at a total cost of \$6 a ton.

In the Second Chamber of the Dutch Parliament, the other day, the Minister of Finance brought forward the budget for 1877. The expenditure is estimated at 115,500,000 fl., of which 10,000,000 fl. are for the making of railways, 27,000 fl. for interest on the public debt, and 4,000,000 fl. extraordinary expenditure for improving the national defences. The receipts are estimated at 107,000,000 fl., thus showing a deficit of 8,500,000 florins, which will be covered by the accumulated surpluses from previous budgets and the regular increase in the public revenue.

Edward King, in the *Boston Journal*, has classified the Centennial Exhibition awards, thus far made, with the following result: To the 8,175 American exhibitors 3,690 medals have been given, and 5,107 to the 22,689 exhibitors from the rest of the world.

TO AN ABSENT LOVER.

That so much change should come when thou dost go,
 Is mystery that I cannot ravel quite.
 Then my house seems dark as when the light
 Of lamps goes out. Each wonted thing doth grow
 So altered, that I wander to and fro,
 Bewildered by the most familiar sight,
 And feel like one who rouses in the night
 From dreams of ecstasy, and cannot know
 At first if he be sleeping or awake,
 My foolish heart so foolish for thy sake
 Hath grown, dear one!
 Teach me to be more wise,
 I blush for all my foolishness doth lack;
 I fear to seem a coward in thine eyes.
 Teach me, dear one—but thou must
 Come back!

THAT INJUNCTION.

"Every citizen may freely speak, write, and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right, and no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of the press."—*Extract from the Constitution of the State of California.*

The above quoted section of the State Constitution is the charter of our liberties; it is the guarantee under which the press is, or rather ought to be, free. That charter has been set aside, not by a vigilance committee, nor by a reckless mob, but by the illegal and unwarrantable act of a legally constituted judge. An authority sworn to uphold the Constitution sets it at defiance. An administrator of justice, to whom we have a right to look for the protection of the law, not only denies us that protection, but by the force of his sovereign will alone repeals and nullifies guarantees emanating from a source from which he and we alike derive the right to exercise our functions. The restraining order ought never to have been issued at all, for the all-powerful reason that it was in opposition to all upheld precedents, and was in direct violation of the law. From what conceivable source can a judge derive the power to enjoin us from publishing our sentiments upon a particular class of subjects, when the Constitution expressly says we may freely publish them upon all? Such authority will be searched for in vain. The opposing counsel knows this, because futile have been his efforts to find even one sustained precedent to justify the act. Furthermore, the Judge knows it, because he substantially so admitted at the close of the absolutely unanswerable argument of our counsel. But the first wrong of granting the temporary order having been committed, why should it be perpetuated? An injunction granted on *ex parte* pretenses is a matter which in its very nature should be promptly heard and determined. Yet week by week for six weeks we have appealed in vain to Judge Wheeler to hear and pass upon the case. Meanwhile indirection is doing that which cannot be accomplished directly. An injunction is being maintained upon *idle pretenses* that would have to be forthwith dissolved if the matter were finally argued. We have no hesitation in saying that the Court is being intentionally used by the other side for this illegal and monstrous purpose. Now we are not without a remedy. We might from the first have ignored the restraining order, it being null and void, and necessarily no evil consequences could have followed. It was only an act of graciousness on our part which induced us to submit to the illegal act of constituted authority. But the time has about arrived when patience ceases to be a virtue. That being so, we shall proceed to take our own course. With the greatest respect for the Judge personally, we shall next Saturday fully exercise our undoubted constitutional right to freely publish our sentiments. We have shown courtesy and respect to authority by obeying even an illegality. We now propose to perform the higher duty of maintaining a guaranteed right by exercising it.

Six thousand ewes were recently disposed of by auction in Dublin, at prices varying from 42s. to 4 guineas.

ART JOTTINGS.

The desperate intrigues of artists and their friends at every art exhibition to obtain awards are so well known that very little attention is paid by the aesthetic public to the subject. They naturally conclude that awards *may* have been given to pictures upon merit, but more likely through influence brought to bear upon the judges by either the artists themselves or their wealthy patrons, some of whom have been known to buy a picture from the artist at a nominal figure, in consideration of bringing sufficient pressure to bear upon the judges to award it a prize. The Centennial Art Exhibition has acted, in the matter of awards, in a more ridiculous manner than has any which has gone before it to which our observation has extended. They commenced well by appointing nine judges, three of whom were residents of the United States; and the other six were chosen, one each, from France, Germany, England, Spain, Italy, and Holland, which included the names of several of the best known art critics in Europe and this country, such as G. Ward Nichols, of Cincinnati; F. Weir, New York; C. West Cope, R. A., London; Carl Schlessinger, Berlin; Emile Saintin, Paris, and Kruseman van Elten of the Hague. These gentlemen are said to have been very attentive to their duties, holding two sessions each day for several weeks, agreeing at last upon eighty-five awards. After assigning these eighty-five premiums, they concluded their labors, and made ready their report a little later, and here doubtless the pressure began from those whose pictures had been ignored. An attempt was made to reopen the list. It was refused, and the committee made its final report, and asked the commission to be discharged. They were told that they could have leave of absence, but that a final discharge could not be granted until the close of the exhibition. All but two or three of the judges, whose business kept them in Philadelphia, separated and went to their homes in France, England, Italy, and elsewhere. Several weeks after this the Chief of the Bureau called a meeting of all the judges in Group 27 (which included paintings). At this meeting not one of the judges who served on the regular Painting Committee was present; but a fresh committee was appointed, consisting of three—two from the United States and one from the Netherlands, and two out of three did not attend but one meeting, and that the closing one to make a report. They made 128 additional awards to paintings, which were all confirmed by the commission. The principal increase was in the United States department, which was increased from 12 originally to 42, and the Netherlands department from 7 to 24. To permit such a farce was a disgrace to American art and an insult to every member of the first committee.

Can we fancy Frenchmen, having sought and received the assistance of an American as a judge at one of their *salons* after he had returned home, virtually stamping his judgment under foot by quadrupling the awards he had made? Our reputation abroad in art circles has never been of the best, and after this if Americans, when spoken to on the other side about our love of art, etc., etc., do not blush, it will be owing to the fact that they belong to a large class of traveling Americans who cannot. It will be gratifying to Californians to learn that of the three San Francisco artists—Hill, Rosenthal and Brooks—exhibiting at the Centennial two have received awards—Hill and Rosenthal—and they are two of the twelve given by the *first committee of nine*. The subsequent bogus awards indicate that this committee could not be used much in the interest of artists who have been *buzzing* for awards since the beginning of the exhibition, and in view of the fact that Mr. Hill was in San Francisco and Toby Rosenthal on a sick-bed in Germany at the time the awards were made, all must admit that true merit did the work. Even the prejudice said to exist there against California had no influence with those foreigners.

We have always insisted, in the face of no little opposition, that our esteemed friend, Thomas Hill, would yet achieve national, if not universal, recognition. Behind much that once and again we have felt bound to condemn, we have seen indications of undeveloped power that was likely at any time to give him deserved prominence. It is gratifying to us to note that our judgment as against all gainsayers is sustained by the able Centennial committee. It is true the best picture of the three exhibited is a duplicate in subject to one of the same size previously painted, and, of course, it is an advantage to an artist to treat the same subject a second time. We admit the award is made upon *comparative* and not upon

positive merit, and we regret, as others must do, that Keith and *Williams*, for example, were not represented, for in each case the honors if carried off, would have shone with brighter lustre; but as it is, we joyfully salute our artist and give him congratulations.

Hill has enjoyed great advantage from our grand scenery for the artist's subject (if the handling fall below the touch of a master) has much to do with his success or failure. And then again, it may not be forgotten, we have upon occasions given him the benefit of some sharp criticism upon careless work.

Toby Rosenthal's father has gone to Europe to bring him home. Toby has been ill over seven months, and it was wisely concluded that he should not attempt to make the journey alone in the Winter time. His large picture is nearly finished, and will be brought with him and completed here.

WHO CAN TELL?

In 1849 or 1850 there were sold in this city bills of the Bank of Missouri to the extent of \$100,000, or thereabout. These bills were bought by Western men, who knew the Bank of Missouri to be one of the soundest institutions in America. In due time the bills were taken to St. Louis, or remitted. Seven thousand dollars of them were paid to a firm carrying on the foundry business, and by them deposited in the Bank of Missouri, from whence they purported to have been issued. Without a word the bills were received and passed to the credit of the depositors. In the afternoon of the day of the deposit, however, the bank discovered that the money so received, though not in the strict sense counterfeit, was nevertheless fraudulent. The bills had been purloined from the bank in sheets after the clerk had numbered them, but before the President and Cashier had affixed their signatures, and the name of these latter officers forged. The forgery was tolerably well executed, but was easily detected when attention was called to it. The fact that the bills had come from the genuine plate of the bank made the money pass without question, and even over the bank counter without challenge.

The bank called upon the depositor to make good the amount of the forged bills, which was refused, and a suit resulted, which ended in the triumph of the depositor, upon the technical ground that the bank could not certainly identify the bad bills as having come from the party sued. In the course of the trial the fact was proven that the bills were struck from the genuine plate of the bank, and a clerk testified that the numbering was in his hand writing. The signatures were undoubted forgeries. This money came from California.

How did it get out of the bank, and how did it get to California? It could only have been stolen by some person having access to the bank behind the counters, and who came to California with it. Was there such a person? There was. One in the employ of the bank was an impecunious editor, with a general bad reputation, who had acquired his position through politics. He resigned his post and came to California, and, although he engaged in the doubtful and uncertain business of publishing a small interior paper, he grew rich, and in a very few years became a capitalist, and has ever since continued rich, though still noted for his utter meanness and want of principle. At the head of a great newspaper, he sells its influence to the highest bidder, while pretending honesty. We do not say that this individual stole the bills from the Bank of Missouri, and after forging the names of the President and Cashier, sold them. We do not say that his sudden wealth can be traced to that source. We say nothing of the kind. Others are free to think, and even say what they please.

A few of the coins which were lately found near Jerusalem have been secured by Mr. John Lornie, F.S.S., Kirkcaldy. The find was a small one, and consisted of shekels and half shekels of Judea, which are considered the most interesting of all ancient coins. They are silver of the Great High Priest, Simon Maccabæus, and have the cup of manna on one side, and on the other the budding rod, with the legends in Hebrew. The date is also in Hebrew, viz.: year one, being the first year of the Pontificate of Prince Simon, or 144 years B. C.—*Five Free Press*.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

The past is not,—the hues in which 'tis drest
 Fond memory supplies;
 The future is not,—hope-born in the breast
 Its fancied joys arise;
 The present is not,—like the lightning's gleam
 Its brief allusions seem;
 This is the life allotted unto man,
 A memory—a hope—a fleeting moment's span.

REFLECTIONS ANENT THE ANTI-CHINESE COMMISSION.

Just prior to making the Presidential nominations the feeling was strong with both political parties that it was necessary to their success to carry California, Oregon and Nevada. The Chinese question was then exciting an exceptional degree of attention amongst us. Its prominence at that peculiar moment was undoubtedly owing to the tricks of the politicians. Cincinnati, no less than St. Louis, believed that the Pacific coast States must be bid for, and that an anti-Chinese plank must be the bid. Accordingly the price was offered, but with this essential difference between the two parties: The Republicans only agree to pay it if upon investigation they find it owing. The Democrats, however, declare that they have already examined the account, and having found it entirely correct, propose to discharge the obligation at the earliest moment at which they may be placed in possession of funds for that purpose. In throwing these anti-Chinese tubs to appease the Pacific whale it must be confessed that the Republicans made the puniest effort and yet got wrenched the most. They boldly denounced Chinese competition, and then, as if half repenting the act, they in the next breath said, "Well, we will inquire into it." It is surely rather a novel procedure to first declare the presence of an active evil and then propose to inquire if it exists. The truth is, the Republicans were conscious that they were ignoring their *best traditions*, and setting at naught their convictions whilst toying for a time, in order to gain a political end, with as absurd and as anti-American a craze as ever entered even the heads of our Irish fellow citizens. Furthermore, it is due to the more solid and thoughtful men of the Democratic party to say that their *real belief* differs in no manner from that of their Republican brethren, and if the Democratic platform is more pronounced than that of the other side it is only because there is a large, but not remarkably enlightened, element in the Democratic party, whose fervid imaginations would not be satisfied with less. Writing for thoughtful men of both parties, and not for the unthinking crowd, we know that they will inwardly, if not outwardly, admit that we have correctly stated the situation. Now comes in hot haste the Republican party with its commission of inquiry. Senator Morton rushes from Indiana without waiting to hear the result of his labors in order to begin the investigation forthwith. Why this haste? Is it not apparent that the object is to influence the pending election? But as the election will be over before the inquiry is ended we shall be surprised if the final result is not disappointing to the demagogues. Though conceived in evil it is just possible that this inquiry may end in good. If the evidence for as well as against the Chinese be patiently collected, it will be seen that the truth is not all on one side. Whatever the evidence, it may be taken for granted that it will not silence certain elements here which are incurably afflicted with the anti-Chinese mania, but it will do much to dispel erroneous notions East, and above all it ought to convince Congress that no such evil exists as calls for the reversal of that grand American policy of free immigration of all races that has produced such mighty and beneficent results. In favor of the Chinese much may be briefly said which we are persuaded admits of no sufficient answer. It should be remembered that in the first instance we sought them, and not they us. We forced our trade and our presence into *their* country, and that being so it is a poor reflection upon our supposed higher sense of equal and exact justice to now seek to exclude them from *ours*. Besides the American imagination in general, and that of California in particular, has been fired by the

grand possibilities of tapping the trade of the four hundred millions of people in the Chinese Empire. The expectations in that direction are realizable, and, indeed, we have really begun in some measure to realize them. The imports and exports by our two lines of steamers indicate the beginning of a trade that need know no end. To win that trade we have built a transcontinental railroad, subsidized steamers, contracted solemn treaties, excited the jealousy of other nations, and fired the pride of our own. We could not, of course, shut our ports against the Chinese without expecting them to shut theirs against us. Why enter upon a path that leads to so ignoble an ending of our great expectations, and presents us as laughing stocks to all the world? Surely it is sacrificing much to obtain but little to give up these ends in return for the votes of a few hundred unthinking men! It may be safely asserted that these thoughtless voters know not what the effect, even to themselves, would be of their own proposal. Exclude the Chinese and what then? White labor would certainly find less employment in consequence rather than more. The steamers that now directly and indirectly furnish positions to thousands of white mechanics would be hauled off, and solemn silence would prevail in thousands of channels that are now all activity. That the Chinese by building railroads, draining tide lands, and generally by extending commerce really increase, rather than decrease, the amount of white labor required in the State is apparent when we reflect upon the immigration to California during the past two years. Never since '49 has the inflow been so great, and yet there has been no disturbance in the labor market, but all comers have been absorbed into industrial occupations. The demand for labor, like many other things, grows upon that which it feeds, and so the Chinaman, by turning many of our least promising elements of wealth to good account, really in the end extends the area of useful employment and promotes the welfare of the white laborers as well as his own. Moreover, exclude the Chinaman, and the white workingman would immediately find that he, of all men, would be the greatest sufferer. In the first place, his linen would go unwashed, except at rates which a rich man might pay, but which he couldn't. It is some evidence that the California workingman has little to complain of, that he would resent the idea of his wife being employed as a washerwoman; but until he can reconcile himself to even that idea, it is somewhat impertinent to object to the presence of the only possible substitute. It is a fact, deny it who can, that without John Chinaman our citizens would go unwashed, our strawberries and other fruits that are plentiful enough to render even the workingman's living luxurious and cheap, would go ungathered, our market would be even worse supplied with fish than it now is, our wonderfully plentiful and cheap supply of vegetables would know an immediate change, and scores of other advantages would disappear with the plodding, useful and peaceable Mongolian. It is said that John enters into servile labor contracts. It will be found that he does nothing of the kind. What he does do is to agree to pay back the price of his passage so soon as he has earned it, at such occupation as he shall himself choose to follow, and, like an honest fellow, he invariably carries out his contract. It is alleged that John does not keep his quarter of our city as clean as he ought to do. The same is true of Paddy in the tenement houses of New York. But it ought not to be, and need not be true of either, if the respective local governments did their duty. We do not believe that our political Board of Supervisors desires to do its duty in this direction. It prefers that John Chinaman shall remain dirty, in order that at election times he may the better serve as a red herring to trail under the nose of the workingman, whose sense of smell it is then desirable to vitiate, so as to prevent him nosing out corruption in more exalted quarters. But we have already exceeded the space we can afford to this subject. More, very much more, remains that might be said with advantage. The anti-Chinese maniacs may rest assured of this: That when our Constitution is of no effect, when the literature of our country is blotted out, every page of which proclaims this the home of the oppressed of all nations, and when the sense of right of the whole people is changed into a love of wrong, then, and then only, will it be possible to declare that any peace-loving, law-abiding, hard-working race shall, because of its too great usefulness, be excluded from free America.

Mr. Swap edits a Kentucky exchange.

From the San Francisco News Letter.

COMMON SENSE FROM THE COUNTRY.

To the Editor of the News Letter---SIR: As yours is the only paper that has ventured to say a word in defence of the Chinese on the Pacific Coast, I send you my views on the question, in hopes that you will give them a place in your columns. And here let me state, I am a farmer resident in the country, and a steady employer of both Americans and Chinese. The first thing that strikes me is, that the whole question has hitherto been limited to San Francisco, and I have often fancied that the San Franciscan people and San Franciscan press treat political matters generally as if San Francisco were California, and never more so than on the present occasion. The only consideration they have shown for the country is they would like to force upon the country people their hoodlum youngsters; get rid, in fact, of a nuisance to themselves; force it upon us, and try to persuade themselves they were actuated by the noble spirit of patriotism in so doing. It strikes me forcibly it is about time the country squared its political account with San Francisco. One thing I am sure of, it owes San Francisco a deep debt for *dear money* and *dear labor*, whilst it expects the country in return to supply it with the cheapest produce in the world. Where will you find such profusion of fruits, vegetables, poultry and meat as you have in San Francisco, and at such low prices. Where have you such dear money and dear labor? These two items make a rich town and a poor country. And where does all this cry against the Chinese come from? Well, just from the corner grocery stores, where all the concentrated essence of political wisdom, *honesty* and patriotic purity congregates. Men talk about the gold rings, the corn rings, the whisky rings, but the ring of all rings is the ring that hangs round the door of the grocery store. I cry shame to the politician that would pander to the passions of the mob that hangs round the doors of the drinking saloons. That mob would be delighted to see my wife and I wash our own shirts and cook our own food. That mob would be gratified to see every one houseless and homeless that refuse to obey their dictation, particularly that lot that leave the grocery store and go round the country looking for work, and praying to God they may not find it. Where are the country people to find domestic servants? How are they to get their land cleared, their ditches cut, their potatoes planted and dug, their fruit picked, dried, and packed, their vineyards cleaned and grapes gathered, their hops cultivated? What will become of the woollen manufactures? What is to become of our mines, already taxed with the dearest labor in the whole world? For all the lighter portions of our work in California, take away the Chinese, and we have no labor. The present system of education completely unfits the rising generation for manual labor. The greatest crime of the Chinese is they are sober, they do not patronize the grocery stores, worse still, they do not subscribe to the *Call* or *Chronicle*, and they are more particularly hated because they are industrious. That the Chinese should have been allowed to occupy the center of San Francisco has always appeared to me a frightful mistake, and as injurious to the Chinaman as the American. Had we followed their example, I think it would have been an advantage, and perhaps it is not too late to alter the treaty and allow them a place at a distance from San Francisco, on the shores of the bay, where they could enjoy their own customs, and thus be prevented from contaminating the young of San Francisco. Keep them apart, and then no man, save those who wish to engage a Chinaman, need approach so near as to offend either his nose or his principles. That the Commission to take evidence should be sitting on the eve of an election, particularly with the strongly declared views of many of its members, leaves very little hope that its report can either be dispassionate or rational.

I remain,

A FARMER.

The London Asiatic and American Company (Limited) having retired from business, it is announced that the London Joint-Stock Bank will, from October 2nd, act as agents in London of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for the payment of the coupons on that company's bonds, and also for the registration of their Consolidated Mortgage Sterling Bonds.

PEG-GY.

As we walked—May and I—side by side,
 Her hands closely linked on my arm,
 I poured out the tale of my love,
 In a way I felt certain must charm.

I dwelt on my hopes and desires,
 And sketched out a picture most fair,
 When she suddenly stopped—gave a gasp—
 Then staggered—and clutched at the air.

“Oh, my love,” I cried out in alarm,
 “Have I startled you? what must I do?”
 She simply replied, *“It’s a beast of a peg
 Sticking up through the heel of my shoe!”*

THE NEW TRADING PORTS IN CHINA.

In the telegram announcing the concessions made by the Chinese Government in satisfaction of the Yunnan outrage it was stated that four ports would be opened to foreign trade. Hankow (an old treaty port), is 650 miles from Shanghai; and those which will probably be opened are: (1) Shasi, 943 miles from Shanghai; (2) Ichang, 1,013 miles; and (3) Choong-King, 1,400 miles; (4) either Woo-hoo on the lower Yang-tze-Kiang, or Weng-chow, on the coast is supposed to be the other, or fourth port. This latter city is about midway between Foochow and Shanghai, and is said to possess a very extensive trade. Our commerce with China is roughly estimated as being worth £40,000,000, but the opening up of the Upper Yang-tze-Kiang will doubtless increase trade enormously in the future. The first year after the last war the trade of Shanghai increased from £13,000,000 to £27,000,000, and it is supposed that the opening up of these four new ports will prove a source of great benefit to our merchants in the Far East, as it will have the effect of destroying the mandarin dues and Lekin taxes between Hankow and Choong-King. Navigation is comparatively easy from Shanghai to Ichang by American river craft, say a distance of over 1,000 miles. Rapids exist between Ichang and Choong-King similar to those in the St. Lawrence between Kingston and Montreal.

WAR CLOUDS DISPERSING.

Last week we predicted, despite the then strong appearances to the contrary, that there would not, at least for the present, be a great war in Europe. That we were right is evidenced by the rapid manner in which the war clouds have ever since been dispersing. Somewhat close students of European politics, we were enabled to be wise *before* the event, which, we need not point out, is a very different thing from being wise *after* it. The situation we were persuaded was not as alarming as it appeared. The interests involved were too vast to permit of their being jeopardized by inadequate causes; besides, there was an unquestionable disposition on the part of the great powers to bridge over difficulties. The one element of danger was, and is, the passion which exists amongst a considerable portion of the Russian people for the creation of an independent Slavonic Kingdom. But if the worst came to the worst, and peace could not be maintained in any other way, even that passion would be allowed full gratification. When the disposition is to yield in the end, if need be, the principal point in controversy, then it is manifest that a great war is one of the most improbable of events.

Eastern Extension, Australasia, and China Telegraph Company, Limited.—The directors have declared an interim dividend for the quarter ending June 30, 1876, of 2s. 6d. per share, or at the rate of five per cent. per annum, free of income tax, payable on the 16th of October. The transfer books of the Company will be closed from the 6th to the 14th of October, both days inclusive.

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Recorded in the City and County of San Francisco, Cal.

*Compiled from the Records of the Mercantile Agency of Hoop, McKillop & Co.,
317 California Street, San Francisco.*

Saturday, September 23d.

ORANTOR AND GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
Frank Coen to Theresa Wippler ..	Lot 5, West End H'd.....	\$ 600
Wm Woodward to C P Robinson ..	E Howard, 75 s 15th, 35x65.....	3,500
R H Lloyd to City and Co S F	N Pine, 206:3 w Sansome, 10:9x137:6.....	1
Pacific Exchange to same	Same	30,542
J Bluxome to Martin Bulger	Se 24th and Bartlett, 36x100.....	2,200
City and Co S F to P McDonnell ..	W Howard, 95 n 22d, 30x122:6.....	
Wm Hollis to Pot'k Lannon	S Geary, 47 e Broderick, 23:6x62:6.....	2,750
Wm Sherman to I Wickersham.....	Lots 5 and 6, blk 401, S S F Dock Co ..	2,000
Lizzie S Collins to A Arrechea	S Clay, 58:9 e Dupont, 34:4½x60.....	1
T L Com'rs to Sam'l Dragan	N Moss pl, 80 nw Folsom, 25x75.....	7
J C Tucker to A Borel	Sundry O L hks	16,000
L L Robinson to C P Robinson	Nw Market, 473 sw Cburch, nw 116:1, etc	1,865
Sam'l Dragan to G Raggio.....	Ne Moss pl, 80 nw Folsom, 25x75, subj't to mortgage for \$1,524:35.....	3,550
W S Jewett to John Griffin.....	S cor 7th and Jessie, 80x80.....	24,000
P McDonnell to A Gieglingen	W Howard, 95 n 22d, n 30x122:6, subject to mortgage for \$2,000.....	1,500
J D Prescott to Helen Pershbaker..	Sub 2 acres of Pt Lobos Grant.....	100

Monday, September 25th.

F E Luty to Pat'k McGrath	J 19th, 130 e Noe, 25x114.....	\$ 400
Eliz'th O Bates to C Josselyn	S Bush, 52:6 w Powell, 30x112:6.....	13,000
Geo Strasser to Lisette Strasser ..	N Page, 110 e Gough, 55x120.....	Gift
T A Fletcher to John Griffin.....	Ne McAllister and Leav'th, 87:6x37:6.....	25,000
Great Park H As'n to E A Mullen ..	Lot 14, Great Park H'd.....	365
Philip I Fisher to F Wolf	W Webster, 107:7½ n Cal'a, 50x104:3.....	3,300
S E Smith to H I Thornton	W Van Ness, 40 n Eddy, 20x109:9.....	5,250
John W Mackay to C O'Connor	S O'Farrell, 137:6 e Polk, 50x137:6.....	10
John Parnell to John B Roberts ..	Nw Mission, 55 ne 4th, 25x80.....	15,500
H F Williams to Barthett Doe	Blk 1 W A—b'd by Larnin, Polk, Hayes, Fell and Market.....	5
S E Foster to Juan M Luco.....	Sundry lots in various parts of city.....	10,000
J Sebeidicker to Barbara Kramer ..	Sw Greenwich and Dupont, 60x64; also, w Dupont, 77:7 s Greenwich, 20x60; s Greenwich, 106:6 w Dupont, w 31, etc	5

Tuesday, September 26th.

B V H'd Ass'n to F E Luty	Lot 5, blk 207, Buena Vista H'd.....	\$ 640
F E Luty to Wm Murphy	S 19th, 105 e Noe, 25x114.....	550
L R Meyer to Geo Edwards	L 18th, 75 w Hartford, 25x75.....	600
Arthur Cornwall to W Hollis	Sw Ridley and Guerrero, w to Market, sw to Dolores, etc	5
P B Cornwall to same.....	Same	5
W Hollis to P B Cornwall.....	Se Market and Dolores, s 24, etc.....	5
F L A Pioche to S J Baskerville ..	Lot 18, blk 32, City Land Ass'n.....	90
Thos Magee to Reimelt Decker	Nw Davis'o and Grove, 27:6x90.....	1,750
S and L Soc'y to Wm H Norton	Sw Buchanan and Cal'a, 55x81:3.....	3,400
A Parrott to E W Burr	N Filbert, 138:6 w Laguna, 137:6x137:6.....	3,000
Catb Fogarty to T F Bacheider ..	S Mills pl, 100 w Dupont, 10x25.....	1,500
Geo Kennedy to R C Ogilvie	Und ½ s Cal'a, 25 e Devisadero, 55x110, subject to mortgage for \$2,000.....	4,500
John Bell to Mary E Cox.....	N Pacific, 72:6 w Octavia, 65x137:6.....	12,500
R Macfarlan to L Wadhams.....	S Union, 25:6 w Leav'th, 28x137:6.....	800
E O Brown to Julia A Travis.....	E 11th, 225 s Mission, s 50x100; also, ne 11th, 225 nw Howard, nw 50, etc	5

Wednesday, September 27th.

John Maskell to Julius Tourny....	S 17th, 20 e Capp, 25x100.....	\$4,000
E B McLaughlin to M McLaughlin	S Pine, 81:3 w Webster, 25x100.....	1
Chas Cameto Albert Leiser.....	Sw 7th, 255 nw Harrison, 20x85.....	2,900
J D Casebolt to Lorenzo Nunn....	S Greenwich, 137:6 e Laguna, 27:6x80.....	2,900
W Hollis to E Meyer.....	S Geary, 115 e Broderick, 22:5x137:6.....	2,900
Same to L F Binder.....	S Geary, 374 w Steiner, 22x82:6.....	4,050
Same to C H Cotton.....	S Geary, 418 w Steiner, 22x82:6.....	4,150
Same to Jas McElroy.....	S Cal'a, 68:9 e Steiner, 68:9x137:6.....	5,200
Same to Geo Rodman.....	E San Jose av, 75 n 25th, 37x90.....	6,580
Same to C A Hawley.....	Ne 21st and Stevenson, 39x85.....	8,400
J McElroy to St Paul's Mission Ch	S Cal'a, 68:9 e Steiner, 68:9x137:6.....	5
A E Head to John P Jones.....	Sw Jones and Clay, 53:9x136.....	2,850
Sam'l Cowles to same.....	Se Clay and Leav'th, 137:6x137:6.....	10,500
R J Tiffany to same.....	S Clay, 53:9 w Jones, w 83:9, etc.....	10
A N Brown to same.....	S Clay, 137:6 w Jones, 137:6x137:6.....	9,000
Same to same.....	W Jones, 73:7 s Clay, 64x68:9.....	4,100
J Daly to Rob't Barton.....	Nw Jackson and Gongh, 137:6x127:8½, subject to mortgage for \$10,000.....	22,000
Thos Magee to Lucille A Forman..	W Davis, 27:6 n Grove, 25x90.....	1,100
Wm Bosworth to Emma S Code....	E Treat av, 120 s 20th, 25x122:6.....	88
S F Sinclair to same.....	E Treat av, 145 s 20th, 25x122:6.....	25
J J Welsh to Mary G Welsh.....	E Ritch, 120 s Folsom, 25x80.....	2,000
J Winters to Chas Smith, Jr.....	S Folsom, 275 n. 6th, 25x75.....	3,025
Peter O Krook to Wm Maguire.....	S Ney, 350 w Congdon, 50x110.....	225
L R Bell to Selina Sennett.....	Ne Julius & Lombard, 85:6 e Dup't, 20x70.....	1
Selina Sennett to M Fitzsimmons..	Same.....	4,000
B Power to Dennis Sweeney.....	W Jones, 60 s Vallejo, 20x68:6, subject to mortgage.....	1,300
Mich'l Hogan to M C Doyle.....	Sw Moss, 125 se Howard, 25x75.....	2,075
Thos Kearney to A J Plate.....	W Guerrero, 85 s 17th, 25x80.....	800
H Hastings to Jas L King.....	N Cal'a, 28 e 18th av, 25x100.....	1

Thursday, September 28th.

A C Waitt to W Hollis.....	W Yerba Buena, 115 s Clay, 45x80.....	\$4,500
Thos H Holt to Tully R Wise.....	All int in se ¼ sec 13, 12 s, 7:6 w.....	1
F Mason to C H Bailey.....	N 16th, 25 w Vermont, 75x100.....	5
C H Bailey to F Mason.....	Nw 16th and Vermont, n 130, etc; also, all int in P N blk 131.....	5
Mary Cnsker to P T Gaven.....	E 20th av, 335 n B st, 46:8x238:8; also, n Sac'to, 81:3 w Scot, 50x127:8½.....	500
John Duff to P Prignon.....	W Folsom, 95 n 23d, 60x122:6, subject to mortgage for \$4,000.....	12,200
W A McCanley to J C McCanley..	W Elgin Park, 212 s Herman, 22x75.....	61ft
J L Koster to Jos Poblex.....	Und ½ s Fulton, 137:6 w G'ch, 65:9x206:3.....	5
G McWilliams to Wm Cahill.....	E Cal'a av, 266 s Coso av, 25x122:6.....	250
John Argall to J H Fish.....	N 23d, 53 e Guerrero, 26x90.....	1,500
S L Peasley to Ellen Keller.....	E Sanchez, 85:6 n Day, 28:0x80.....	600
R Gregory to Jeremiah Riordan..	Nw Clementina, 75 ne 5th, 25x90.....	3,000
Henry Marsden to Chas Mursky..	S 23d, 125 e Valencia, 30x80.....	1,575

Friday, September 29th.

Antoinette Meier to Jeanett Joel..	E Fillmore, 55 s Ellis, 27:6x71.....	\$ 5
J C Tucker to E B Badlam.....	Portion of Outside Land blks 325, 326, 339, 338, 336, 422, 423.....	100
Occidental H'd As'n to T Taylor..	Lots 15 and 16, blk 500, Occidental H'd, re-record.....	1,290
Edw Welbe to Bertha E Taylor....	Ne California and Broderick, 55x105.....	1
H Bendel to W Hollis.....	Same.....	2,700
Mary C Perkins to A H Wulzen....	S 23d, 100 e Guerrero, 25x114.....	1,600
F H Whitney to J Mains.....	E Taylor, 137:6 s Clay, 2x57.....	40
G T Marye to W A Marye.....	Se Park av, 100 sw City Hall av, 25x100, in trust for daughter of first party.....
P White to Eckhard Ebert.....	Ne 5th, 255 nw Harrison, 20x80, subject to mortgage for \$4,000.....	2,250
B L Levy to John E Ruggles.....	Se Bush and Gongh, 27:6x120.....	6,500
Wm Hollis to H Thomas.....	E York, 236 n 23th, 23x100.....	2,800
I I Holmes to Jos A Conhoie.....	5 acres in nw ¼ Sect 1, T 2 S, R 6 W.....	3,000
Edw Heringh to same.....	Suadry lots in Glt Map 3 and 4.....	2,000
R Cushing to Peter Finegan.....	E Stotts Alley, 116:6 s Jackson, 21x62.....	6,000
Theo Lawton to Mary E Lawton....	W Howard, 130 s 25th, 65x115.....	1
Wm Hollis to Hector Vanhan.....	W Mission, 187 n 21st, 21x90.....	6,000
Levi Hess to Jas Simpson.....	Ne Post and Stockton, 23:1x80.....	18,000
T B Valentine to Wm Levison.....	Portions o: Outside Land Blocks.....	8,630
G S Andrews to R H Bradshaw....	S Cal'a, 82:6 w Laguna, 27:6x107:6.....	6,250
A M Tullis to Geo R Starr.....	N Geary, 102:11 w Octavia, 25:10x132.....	2,500

Saturday, September 30th.

B Geraghty to M D Sweeney.....	N w Mason and Turk, w 74x42:6, 50-vara 680	\$9,713
Cath Powell to John Collins	Se Mission and Precita ave, s 25, e 100, n 62, etc, sub P V 100	1,900
John Benson to City and Co S F ..	N Pine, 206:2 w Sansome, e 11:3x137:6, 50-vara 201	47,697
E P Wilde to Henry Voorath.....	Lot 30, blk 2, Johnston Tract	425
G McWilliams to J M Forrest.....	Se San Jose Road, 435 ne Virginia ave, 23:4x200	1,500
T LeRoy to P H Canavan.....	W Wisconsin, 300 s Napa, 25x100	275
P H Canavan to E Linsley	Same	
S and L Soc'y to Moranda Weele..	S 29th, 180 w Sanchez, w 25x114—H A 123	350
Geo Frink to Jas H Hitchcock	Nw Sacramento and Battery, 23:10x63:4, B and W 171	5,000
Jas H Hitchcock to Minerva Frink ..	Same	
Minerva Frink to Selina Franklin..	Same	
E E Northam to Adam Sweigert....	Se Mission, 30 ne 6th, 15x30	1
John Hinkel to Wm A Shaw.....	N Grove, 87:6 e Webster, 25x120, subject to deed of trust for \$3,600	6,000
H Heitmuller to Wm Heitmuller....	Ne Brannan and Ritch, 25x75	14,000
E F Woodbury to C E Woodbury....	31 acs in Sect 1, T 2 S, R 6 W	Gift
Wm A Shaw to Elsie Jane Shaw....	N Grove, 87:6 e Webster, 25x120	425
A V Stockwell to E F Russell.....	Lot 1, blk 365, Great Park H'd	425
E F Russell to John Fletcher	Same	450
Henry Ralston to Cath Fitzpatrick	S 15th av, 120 e O st, 25x92:6	1,500
Anna C Lundin to Frank Shelton ..	S Gerke Alley, 87 e Dupont, 25x50	

Monday, October 2d.

T L Com'rs to G Frink.....	Lots 1 to 10, 21 to 24, blk 21, T L	\$2,058
Same to same.....	Lots 1 to 8, 21 to 24, blk 1043, T L	252
F B Wilde to same.....	Lot 2, blk 51, Paul Tract H'd	1
Mary Young to same.....	Ne 15th av, 200 nw R, 25x100, O'Neil & Haley Tract	1
O F Rogers to J J Roche	E 8th, 46 s Minna, 23x65	186
G Frink to same.....	Same	181
John J Roche to Burr Dauchy	Same	
Burr Dauchy to H Rosekrans.....	Same	
J B Lewis to same.....	Same	200
M L Meeter to C L Wolf	E Castro, 203 s 17th, 24x50	1,000
J D Farnsworth to W P Wilson	N Geary, 137:6 w Laguna, 50x137:6	6,700
G Reis to Wm Sbaron	Nw Channel, 68:9 ne 6th, ne 114:8x137:6; also, nw Channel, 45:10 ne 6th, 22:10x 137:6, S B blk 22	12,000
D Lambert to A Schoenwald	S Geary, 80 w Devisadero, 45x100	1,800
F Berton to Jos E Smiley	Nw Utah and Augusta, 200x100, subject to mortgage for \$250	1,200
Jos S Friedman to Morris Wolff....	Sw Buchanan and O'Farrell, 90x25	2,500
Rob't Mardock to Leopold Well....	N Pine, 83 e Octavia, 1x137:6	5
J G Jackson to same.....	N Pine, 46 e Octavia, 56x137:6	7,750

Tuesday, October 3d.

Jas G Walker to John Brearly	Und ½ lots 42, 43, 48, 49, 50, 85, 106, Visitation Valley H'd; also, lot 2 and 3, blk 112, lots 14, 15, 16, blk 243, S S F H'd and R R Ass'n	\$8,000
B L Brandt to Amelia Brandt	W Van Ness, 60 s Geary, 60x137:6	Gift
M L Bryngelsen to J Lawler	Lots 22 and 23, blk 15, City Land Ass'n	100
J Lawler to Wm Hilling	Same	100
F L A Pioche to W Mommonier	Lot 11, blk 26, same	90
R C Rogers to C H Ackerson.....	N Kate, 131:3 e Fillmore, 50x120	2,200
Same to F A Birce	N Kate, 106:3 e Fillmore, 25x120	1,100
A E Head to John Bensley	Und ½ por of P N hks 162, 163, 174, 200, 207, and that por of Jackson Park, inclosed by John C Ayres	3,500
Wm Ford to H S Hinson.....	Ne Chesley, 40 se Mary, 5x60	3
A Mathieson to same.....	Se Berry, 183:4 ne Harris, 11:5½x137:6	3
C L Duncan to same.....	E cor Bryant and Decatur, 6 in x 43 ft.	3
M Gibbs to same.....	Se Berry, 45:10 sw 5th, 11:5½x137:6	3
S M Mezes to same.....	N Virginia Pl, 117:6 w Dupont, 10x57:6	12
John Haynes to A P Hotelling.....	Nw Clipper and Castro, 160x114	800
Germania H Ass'n to J C Junge ..	Nw Gongh and Fell, 120x27:6, to correct error in former deed	720
Wm H Graves to John Folsom.....	E Mission, 195 s 24th, e 115, etc	2,525
A Schmolz to Rob't Thiele.....	S Union, 192:6 w Taylor, 2:6x120	1
Wm Stuart to S B Binny	Nw Laidley, 163 ne Mateo, 100x100	650
Laura A Mowry to N Curry	E Buchanan, 72 s Grove, 24x51:3	2,200
Geo Nicholas to Jos Johnston	W Kansas, 300 s Sierra, 100x25	450

Wednesday, October 4th.

L Gottig to W Hollis.....	N 1111, 100 e Guerrero, 25x114.....	\$ 5
Wm Hollis to Ellen McCarthy	Same	1,000
A J Gnnison to Chas Main.....	All his int in Gift Map 4.....	10,000
N S F Hld & R R Asn to R Herman.....	Com at nw cor of tract conv to said corporation as per liber 1 of Patents page 18, thence se to a point, etc.....	1
John Center to Jas B Saul.....	E Howard, 80 n 33d, 50x122.6.....	4,250
Jas H Fish to Ann Spring.....	N 22d, 53 e Guerrero, 29x90.....	1,500
A M Randolph to C Gehret.....	N Ellis, 171:10½ e Mason, 34:4½x137:6—50: vara 956.....	23,000
A Maepherson to John G Beck.....	Sw 1st, 215 se Harrison, se 60, sw 250, nw 10, ne 80, nw 40, etc.....	11,500
John S Hand to A B McCreary.....	Sw Turk and Baker, 137:6x137:6.....	3,000
D P Wheelan to Mary Baldwin.....	N Oak, 97.6 w Mason, 20x60.....	2,750
Pat'k Swift to August Reasche.....	S Fell, 247:6 e Octavia, 27:6x120.....	4,800
H L Davis to Wm Leifert.....	Se Folsom, 404:6 sw 3d, sw 88, se 90, ne 40, nw 10, ne 48, etc.....	20,000
Pat'k McAtee to Edw Martin	W Guerrero, 11½ n Ridley, s 116, w 301:6, ne 246:8, etc.....	100
P B Cornwall to J D Hooker.....	E Fillmore, 120 s Fulton, 11:6x137:6; also w Webster, 120 s Fulton, s 17:6x137:6.....	1
J D Hooker to T M Cunningham.....	Se Fulton and Fillmore, 27:6x137:6.....	4,300
H Barroilhet to A de Urioste.....	N Post, 161:5 w Hyde, 25x237:6.....	5,500
Jos Doolittle to Jas Mooney.....	S 24th, 101:9 w Dolores, 25:5x114.....	305
S Holladay to O F Sav Bank.....	Ne Main, 137:6 se Folsom, se 137:6x137:6.....	10,800
Jas Doney to Wm B Kreger.....	E Guerrero, 27:6 s 20th, s 50x100.....	3,300
P B Cornwall to S L Jones.....	Ne Grove and Fillmore, 137:6x137:6.....	1
Mary Hennessey to J Lewis.....	Se Clementina, 375 sw 5th, sw 30x75.....	4,000
Ellen McGinn to Jas E McGinn.....	E Morel Pl, 91:7 n Pacific, 22x58.....	5
H Lynch to C de H Pruzzo.....	Dolores w, 325:3¾ n 16th, n 38:10½, etc.....	5
Alonso de Haro to same.....	Sub 3 of por M B 37.....	Gift
A D Spilvalo to same.....	Same; also, sub 7 of por M B 03.....	500
LC Marshutz to Wm Ware.....	Se Bush and Jones, s 104x60.....	11,200

Thursday, October 5th.

N Atkinson to John Gale.....	W Polk, 60 s Bush, 30x110.....	\$7,000
John Ewing to Pat'k Kelley.....	Nw Dora vnd Bryant, 80x30.....	7,000
J B Morrison to O F Sav Bank.....	Sw Dolores and 20th, 105x26.....	1,385
E L Sullivan to Henry McCrea.....	Sw B and 12th av, 210x226.....	5
H McCrea to John M A Brown.....	Same.....	805
M D Sweeny to A T Geraghty.....	Nw Mason and Turk, 42:6x75.....	10
R M Anthony to Chas S Healey.....	Nw 18th and Diamond, 125x75.....	1,800
Mary Wightman to Jas Phelan.....	S 13th, 178:3¼ e Howard, 87:8½ x 8 in, Mission Block 18.....	5
Edw Barrett to C F Hartman.....	Sw Dora, 180 nw Bryant, nw 25x80, 100—vara 254.....	3,100
G Haskell to Eliz'th D Laidley.....	E Guerrero, 77:6 s 20th, 25x100.....	5
M Heverin to Wm Y Ripley.....	W Stockton, 63:6 s Lombard, 21x87.....	1
W Y Ripley to O F Sav Bank.....	Same.....	5
W J Gunn to Owen McHugh.....	N O Farrell, 127 e Devisadero, 27x137:6.....	1,200

Friday, October 6th.

Annie A Pratt to O C Pratt.....	Sundry lots in various parts of city.....	17,600
Job Bigwood to A Weber.....	W Columbia, 115 s 25th, 25x100.....	1,800
Chas F Brown to Annie Ferigan.....	Lot 12, blk 14, Mis'n & 30th St Ex H'd.....	250
B Joseph to Johanna Joseph.....	Sundry lots in various parts of city.....	Gift
City and Co S F to J C Cary.....	Ne Fulton and Devisadero, 137:6x139:6; s Fulton, 96:2 e Devisadero, e 41:4, etc.....	1
J C Cary to City and Co S F.....	Streets and Highways.....	1
John Owens to Carl Schlus.....	N Tyler, 105 e Pierce, 32:6x137:6.....	3,900
City and Co S F to Jno Harrison.....	Ne Larkin and North Point, 145x68:9, 50—vara 1339 and 1439.....	3,760
A de Laguna to C E Blake.....	N Union, 20 e Jones, 20x77:6.....	1,550
Joel Linder to W H Benson.....	E Folsom, 65 s 23d, 30x90.....	4,112
Wm Hollis to Otto Esche.....	S Geary, 352 w Steiner, 22x82:6.....	Gift
John J Theisen to A Theisen.....	Ne ¼ of lots 38, Tiffany and Dean Map, sub to mort.....	1
C E Woodbry to G L DeBlois.....	E Maple, 180 n Broad'y, e 200, etc; also, w Maple, 190 n Broadway, w 500, etc.....	1,150
Alex Nockin to Geo Lang.....	Se Buchanan and Post, 33:6x57:6.....	3,250
Wm Hollis to Edw Bangs.....	W Stevenson, 106:6 n 21st, 21:6x75.....	3,619
Same to H B McAllister.....	E Stevenson, 107 n 21st, 22x75.....	3,250
Same to H Delafield.....	W Stevenson, 216 n 21st, 22x75.....	3,383
Same to Jas L McLagan.....	E Stevenson, 129 n 21st, 22x75.....	6,000
Same to J M Loller.....	W Mission, 139 n 21st, 24x90.....	2,309
Same to M A Anderson.....	S Ridley, 80 e Guerrero, 39x80.....	

Saturday, October 7th.

J D Casebolt to C Foster	N Harry pl, 247-6 e Laguna, 27-6x80.....	\$1,560
G P Dalton to I N Thorne.....	N Bay, 206-3 e Leavth, n 76-54, se 99-60, w 63-73 to com.....	100
Thos Magee to Lily H White.....	W Devisadero, 52-6 n Grove, 30x50	1,300
Cath Powell to J Ormiston.....	Se Precita av, 107 ne Mission, ne 26-8, s 146, w 25, etc.....	750
C C Robiffs to H A Jones	W Webster, 45-6 s Fulton, 23x60	5,000
H J Holmes to John Roach.....	Lots 11 to 18, blk 766, Tide Lands.....	100
J M Loller to Cecilia L Loller	W Mission, 139 n 21st, n 24x90, Mission Block 66.....	Gift
John Little to Chas G Mayborn ...	W Ritch, 205-5 s Brannan, s 24-7x78-4— 100-vara 112
Geo A Gates to A C Wightman....	Und $\frac{1}{4}$ of 56-vara 4, W A 277, se Geary and Webster	2,600
Same to same.....	Same.....	2,600
H Delafield to Sarah Delafield.....	W Stevenson, 216 n 21st, n 22x75, Mis- sion Block 65.....	Gift
Wm Murphy to Frank H O'Brien....	S 19th, 105 e Noe, e 25x114, subject to mortgage for \$250	750
Jas McLagan to Martha McLagan..	E Stevenson, 129 n 21st, 22x75, Mission Block 66.....	Gift

Monday, October 9th.

John Landers to A Borel.....	S Pine, 137-6 e Hyde, e 44-2x137-6, 50- vara 12-27	\$ 10
W Hollis to Cath Irvine.....	S Geary, 25 e Broderick, 22-6x92-6.....	2,750
A J Lindenberger to Rob't C Doyle	N Pine, 137-6 w Taylor, w 25x137-6—50- vara 103-2	9,750
Geo L Gordon to A P Minear	Ne Van Ness and Broadway, 86-8x137-6 Se Solano and Hampshire, 94x45	5
Barbara Smith to Cath Filbert.....	Nw Octavia and Sac'to, 137-6x137-6	Gift
M Heverin to Wm Y Ripley	W Church, 177-6 n 23d, 47-6x117-6	1
Edwin Goodall to Marg't Taison....	W Church, 177-6 n 23d, 47-6x117-6	1,300
Jas Forgarty to Dennis Daly.....	S Bush, 22 w Broderick, 27-6x137-6, sub- to mort for \$1,000.....	1,440
Pat'k Burns to Edw Purcell.....	Lots 33 and 35, blk 294, O'Neil & H T'et E Main, 183-4 n Howard, 22-11x137-6, B and W 63-5	1,500
Asa Nichols to John Smith.....	E Capp, 150 s 17th, 30x122-6	50
J H Hurlbutt to C J Renter.....	Ne Mission and Powell av, 25x100.....	5,000
Cath Powell to Geo McHenry	Nw Perry, 350 ne Third, ne 25x75—100- vara 77	1,375
Oliver Merrill to Matilda Quinn....	S Hill, 130 e Guerrero, 25x114, Mission Block 74.....	1,400
Chas Meyer to L Weglehner	Sw 6th, 75 nw Brannan, nw 50x75—100- vara 313	1,150
L Gottig to E de Sabla	8,000

Tuesday, October 10th.

Horace L Hill to Jas R Keene.....	N Bush, 127-6 w Taylor, 82-6x137-6, 50- vara 103-4
Louis Reusch to Benj Curtaz	N Vallejo, 155 e Kearny, e 20x137-6, 50- vara 217	\$1,200
W Hollis to Cath Meyer.....	W Elgin Park, 250 n Ridley, 21x75	4,500
G Robinson to Dora Robinson.....	Lots 5, 6, blk 424, Pt Lobos Av & P H'd	Gift
J Callahan to T Connelly	S Bernal, 91-6 w Taylor, w 23x60, 50- vara 81-3	2,700
S Gray to R S Drumond	Building and furniture, e Mission, 150 n 19th, 30x122-6	976
B McGowan to Jos Blaxome.....	N Post, 137-6 e Buchanan, 25x137-6.....	2,300
B C Wright to Carl R Rahskopf.....	N Sac'to, 143-9 e Fillmore, 25x128.....	2,450
G Fowlie to P T Seculovich.....	Lot 39, blk 96, Horner's Add'n, n Valley, 580 w Church, 25x114	186
Thos F Darby to M Griffiths	N Liberty, 125 e Guerrero, 25x115	2,000
Thos Magee to Anna Giselman	N Grove, 90 w Devisadero, 23-9x82-6	850
B Eisen to Ferd Mantele.....	N Grove, 57-6 w Franklin, w 54, n 137-6, e 39, s 31-6, etc.....	10,700
Frank Cullum to M E Kimball....	N Cortland av, 32-6 e Chapultepec, 25x77	370
Wm Hollis to B R Sweetland	W Mission, 115 n 21st, 24x90	6,000
A C Henry to C Reis.....	S California, 49 e Powell, e 46, s 137-6, w 95, n 13-6, etc.....	12,000
T Burke to Ephraim Simon	N Hayes, 76-3 $\frac{1}{2}$ e Gough, 17-11 $\frac{1}{2}$ x120	5,100
Honora Burke to T Burke.....	N Hayes, 94-6 e Gough, 7x120.....	100
Same to Wm A Byrnes.....	E Stevenson, 80 n 21st, 22x75.....	3,680
John Mee to Edw Simpson	N 20th, 200 e Guerrero, 2x114	50
Eliz'th Cairns to S Goldberg.....	Ne Downey, 181 se Bryant, 36x80, subj to mortgage	1,500
I Lees to John Nightingale.....	Nw Hayes and Pierce, 412-6x275	1
J Nightingale to B Richardson.....	Same; nw Hayes and Steiner, 412-6x275	1,000
Z D Laine to M Laine	E Mason, 92 n Lombard, 45-6x60.....	1

INSURANCE AGENCY
OF
HUTCHINSON, MANN & SMITH,

No. 314 California Street, San Francisco.

AGENTS FOR THE

Franklin Insurance Company,	-	Indianapolis, Ind.
Union Insurance Company.	- -	Galveston, Texas.
Home Insurance Company,	- - -	Columbus, Ohio.
People's Insurance Company,	- -	Newark, N. J.
National Life Insurance Co., U. S. A.,	-	Washington, D. C.
New Orleans Insurance Association,	-	New Orleans.
St. Paul F. & M. Insurance Co.,	- -	St. Paul, Minn.
Atlas Insurance Company,	- -	Hartford, Conn.
Revere Fire Insurance Company,	- -	Boston.
Girard Insurance Company,	-	Philadelphia, Pa.

Capital Represented, - Twelve Millions.

POLICIES ISSUED
On Desirable Properties at Fair
Rates.

Losses Equitably Adjusted and Promptly Paid.

HUTCHINSON, MANN & SMITH,
General Agents,

Sept. 1.]

314 California St., San Francisco.

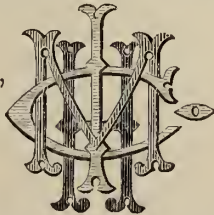
HOME MUTUAL
Insurance Company,
OF CALIFORNIA.

406 California St., Next to Bank of California.

Fire & Marine Insurance

CAPITAL,

\$300,000.



CAPITAL,

\$300,000.

H. HOUGHTON, President.

C. R. STORY, Secretary.

G. H. HOWARD, Vice Presiden

N. B. EDDY, Marine Secretary.

California Beet Sugar Company,

CAPITAL, \$250,000,

314 CALIFORNIA STREET.

C. I. HUTCHINSON, President.

THOS. FLINT, Vice President.

L. FRANCONI, Secretary.

EWALD KLEINAN, Gen'l Manager.

C. I. HUTCHINSON,

BENJ. FLINT,

THOS. FLINT,

A. OTTO, Superintendent of Factory.

} Executive Com.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.,

Nos. 204 and 208 California Street, San Francisco, Cal

Shipping, Commission

AND

Forwarding Merchants.

Agents of the Hawaiian Islands and Oregon Packet
Lines.

Particular attention paid to the sale or transhipment of merchandise, and all business connected with the Pacific Whaling Fleet. Liberal advances made on consignments.

OREGON

Steamship Company.



Regular Steamers to Portland,

Leaving San Francisco Weekly :

STEAMSHIPS

George W. Elder,

John L. Stephens,

Oriflamme,

Ajax,

Connecting with Steamers to

SITKA AND PUGET SOUND,

AND O. AND C. R. R. CO.,

And Oregon C. R. R. Co., through Willamette,

Umpqua, and Rogue River Valleys,

Oregon.

K. VAN OTERENDORP, Agent,
No. 210 BATTERY STREET,

QUICK TIME AND CHEAP FARES,

—FROM—

Australasia, China, and Japan,

—TO—

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL.

**THE GREAT TRANS-CONTINENTAL
ALL RAIL ROUTE,**

—VIA—

Central and Union Pac. R. R. Line,

Is now in complete running order from

SAN FRANCISCO TO THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD.

THROUGH EXPRESS TRAINS

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO DAILY,

Making prompt connection with the several Railway Lines in the Eastern States, for all the Cities of the

United States and Canada,

Connecting at NEW YORK with the Steamer Lines to

ENGLAND, FRANCE,

AND ALL

EUROPEAN PORTS.

Through Time Going East.

From San Francisco to Omaha, 4 days and 6 hours; to Chicago, 5 days and 6 hours; to New York, 6 days and 20 hours.

Silver Palace Sleeping Coaches,

Second to none in the world, are run daily from San Francisco to New York and intermediate points. These Drawing Room Cars by day, and Sleeping Cars by night, are unexcelled for comfort and convenience to the Passenger while en route—combining the elegance of a private parlor, and all accommodations pertaining to a well-furnished chamber, with comfortable coaches, clean bedding, etc. A competent Porter accompanies each Car, to attend to the wants of our patrons.

Children not over Twelve Years of Age, Half-Fare—Under Five Years of Age, Free. 100 Pounds of Baggage per full Passenger, Free. Fifty Pounds of Baggage per half Passenger, Free.

**Through Ticket Office: Oakland Ferry Landing, Foot of
Market Street, San Francisco.**

S. H. H. CLARK,
Gen. Supt. U. P. R. R.

A. N. TOWNE,
Gen. Supt. C. P. R. R.

THOS. L. KIMBALL,
Gen. Pass. Ag't, Omaha, Neb.

T. H. GOODMAN,
Gen. Pass. Ag't, San Francisco.

Advertisements of the Leading Business Houses in San Francisco.

INSURANCE AGENCY OF **HUTCHINSON, MANN & SMITH.** NO 314 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

AGENTS FOR THE

Franklin Ins. Co.	Indianapolis, Ind.	New Orleans Ins. Ass'n	New Orleans.
Union Ins. Co.	Galveston, Texas	St. Paul F. & M. Ins. Co.	St. Paul, Minn.
Home Ins. Co.	Columbus, Ohio	Atlas Ins. Co.	Hartford Conn.
People's Ins. Co.	Newark, N. J.	Revere Fire Ins. Co.	Boston.
National L. I. Co., U. S. A.	Wash'n, D. C.	Girard Ins. Co.	Philadelphia, Pa.

Capital Represented, Twelve Millions.

POLICIES ISSUED ON DESIRABLE PROPERTY AT FAIR RATES. LOSSES
EQUITABLY ADJUSTED AND PROMPTLY PAID.

HUTCHINSON, MANN & SMITH, General Agents,

Dec. 5.

314 California street, San Francisco.

HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA.

No. 406 California street, next door to Bank of California.
Fire Insurance Company. Capital, \$300,000. OFFICERS: J. F. Houghton,
President; Geo. H. Howard, Vice-President; Charles R. Story, Secretary. H. H.
BIGELOW, General Manager.

DIRECTORS.—San Francisco—Geo. H. Howard, F. D. Atherton, H. F. Teschemacher,
A. B. Grogan, John H. Redington, A. W. Bowman, C. S. Hobbs, B. M. Hartshorne,
D. Conrad, Wm. H. Moor, George S. Johnson, H. N. Tilden, W. M. Greenwood, S. L.
Jones, George S. Mann, Cyrus Wilson, W. H. Foster, Jr., Joseph Galloway, W. T.
Garrett, C. Waterhouse, A. P. Hotaling. Oregon Branch—P. Wasserman, E. Gold-
smith, L. F. Grover, D. Macleay, C. H. Lewis, Lloyd Brooke, J. A. Crawford, D. M.
French, J. Lowenberg. Hamilton Boyd, Manager, W. L. Ladd, Treasurer. Marys-
ville—D. E. Knight. San Diego—A. H. Wilcox. Sacramento Branch—Charles
Crocker, A. Redington, Mark Hopkins, James Carolan, J. F. Houghton, D. W. Earl,
Isaac Lohman, Julius Wetzlar; Julius Wetzlar, Manager; I. Lohman, Secretary.
Stockton Branch—H. H. Hewlett, George S. Evans, J. D. Peters, N. M. Orr, W. F.
McKee, A. W. Simpson, A. T. Hudson, H. M. Fanning; H. H. Hewlett, Manager; N.
M. Orr, Secretary. San Jose Branch—T. Ellard Beas, Josiah Elden, A. Plister, J.
S. Carter, Jackson Lewis, N. Hayes, Noah Palmer, B. D. Murphy, J. J. Denny, Man-
ager; A. E. Moody, Secretary. Grass Valley—William Watt, Robert Watt. Na-
vada—T. W. Sigourney. Feb. 17.

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF BOSTON,

Has transacted the business of Life Insurance for nearly
thirty-five years. Its assets amount to over FOURTEEN MILLION DOLLARS. The
law of Massachusetts makes all its Policies nonforfeitable. It is a Purely Mutual Com-
pany, dividing every cent of surplus among Policy-holders. This is the ONLY Com-
pany on the Pacific Coast governed by the Massachusetts Law. This company
has complied with the new Insurance Laws of California.

WALLACE EVERSON, General Agent.

April 23.]

313 Montgomery street, Nevada Block.

NORTH CHINA INSURANCE COMPANY.

Capital Taels, 2,000,000.
The undersigned, agents of the above Company, are now prepared to grant
Policies on Merchandise and Treasure, to ports in China, Japan, and the East
Indies. Policies can be made payable here, in Shanghai, Hongkong, Yokohama, New
York, or London. [July 8.] MACONDRAY & CO., Agents.

LONDON AND SAN FRANCISCO BANK (LIMITED).

Capital, \$3,000,000, of which \$3,000,000 is fully paid up as
present capital. San Francisco Office, 424 California; London Office, 22 Old
Broad street. President, M. S. LATHAM; Manager, JAMES M. STREETEN; As-
sistant Manager, CAMILO MARTIN. London Bankers, Bank of England and London
Joint Stock Bank; New York Bankers, Drexel, Morgan & Co.; Boston Bankers,
Third National Bank. This Bank is prepared to transact all kinds of General
Banking and Exchange Business in London and San Francisco, and between said
cities and all parts of the world. October 23.

THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK (LIMITED).

422 California street, San Francisco.—London Office, 3
Angel Court; New York Agents, J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.
Authorized Capital Stock, \$6,000,000. Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make
Collections, buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, and issue Letters of
Credit available throughout the world. FRED. F. LOW,
Oct 4. IGN. STEINHART, } Managers.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

D. O. MILLS.....President. | **THOS. BROWN.....Cashier.**
AGENTS:

In New York, Agency of the Bank of California, No. 12 Pine street; in Boston, Tremont National Bank; in Chicago, Union National Bank; in St. Louis, Boatman's Saving Bank; in London, China, Japan and India, the Oriental Bank Corporation.

The Bank has Agencies at Virginia City and Gold Hill, and Correspondents in all the principal Mining Districts and Interior Towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued, available for the purchase of Merchandise throughout the United States, Europe, India, China, Japan and Australia Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, St. Petersburg, Amsterdam, Antwerp, Hamburg, Bremen, Berlin, Leipsic, Vienna, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiana, Goteborg, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, New Zealand, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama.

Sept. 26.

MARKET STREET BANK OF SAVINGS,
634 Market St., Opposite Palace Hotel.

President.....THOMAS B. LEWIS.
Secretary.....W. E. LATSON.

Interest allowed on all deposits remaining in Bank over
thirty days. Interest on term deposits, 12 per cent. per annum. Deposits received from one dollar upward. No charge for Bank Book. On receipt of remittances from the interior, Bank Books or Certificates of Deposit will be forwarded or delivered to agent. Bank open on Saturdays till 9 o'clock P.M. October 28.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION,

532 California street, corner Webb. Capital and Reserve, \$231,000. Deposits, \$6,919,000. DIRECTORS: James de Fremercy, President; Albert Miller, Vice-President; C. Adolphe Low, D. J. Oliver, Charles Baum, Charles Pace, Washington Bartlett, A. Campbell, Sen., George C. Potter; Cashier, Lovell White. Dividends for two years past have been 7½ and 9 per cent. respectively, on ordinary and term deposits. Dividends are payable semi-annually, in January and July. Money loaned on real estate and on United States Bonds, or equivalent securities. October 30.

PIONEER LAND AND LOAN BANK OF SAVINGS AND DEPOSIT.

Southeast corner California and Montgomery streets, Safe Deposit Block. Incorporated 1869. Guarantee Fund, \$200,000. One Hundredth dividend payable on October 5th. Ordinary deposits receive 9 per cent. Term deposits receive 12 per cent. This incorporation is in its eighth year, and refers to over 4,900 depositors for its successful and economical management.

H. KOFAHL, Cashier.

THOS. GRAY, President. J. C. DUNCAN, Secretary.

March 27.

MASONIC SAVINGS AND LOAN BANK,

No. 6 Post street, Masonic Temple, San Francisco, Cal.---
Moneys received on Term and Ordinary Deposits; dividends paid semi-annually; loans made on approved security. This bank solicits the patronage of all persons. [March 25.] H. T. GRAVES, Secretary.

THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, \$5,000,000.---Alvinza Hayward, President; R. G. Sneath, Vice-President; H. F. Hastings, Cashier; R. N. Van Brunt, Secretary. Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers on all principal Cities. Collections made and a general Banking business transacted. August 22.

FRENCH SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

411 Bushstreet, above Kearny, G. Mahe, Director. Loans made on real estate and other collateral securities at current rates of interest.

SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO,
S. E. Corner Montgomery and California Sts.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.
This Company is now open for the renting of vaults and the
transaction of all business connected with a Safe Depository. Pamphlets giving full information and rates can be obtained at the office of the Company. Hours, from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M. September 13.

CASTLE BROTHERS.---[Established, 1850.]

Importers of Teas and East India Goods, Nos. 213 and 215
Front street, San Francisco. Jan. 13.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.

Wholesale Auction House, 204 and 206 California street.
Sale days, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 10 A.M. Cash advances on consignments. Dec. 14.

FOR ARIZONA AND MEXICAN PORTS.

For Cape San Lucas, La Paz, Mazatlan, Guaymas and the Colorado River, touching at Magdalena Bay, should sufficient inducement offer.—The Steamship NEWBERN, Master, will leave for the above ports on SATURDAY, Nov. 11, at 12 o'clock M., from Folsom-st. Wharf. Connecting at the Mouth of the Colorado River with the Steamboats and Barges of the Colorado Steam Navigation Company for all points on the River. Through Bills of Lading will be furnished and none others signed. Freight will be received on No freight received for Mexican Ports after and Bills of Lading for those ports must be accompanied by Custom House and Consular Clearances. SPECIAL NOTICE: No freight for Mexican Ports will be received on board of this Steamer without an order from this office. For freight or passage apply to October 28. J. BERMINGHAM, Agent, 10 Market street.

BAGS, TENTS AND HOSE,

NEVILLE & CO.,

113 Clay and 114 Commercial Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

[May 24.]

DR. HUNTER'S PROFESSIONAL QUALIFICATIONS.

Toronto School of Medicine, Toronto, July 14th, 1868.... I certify that the bearer, Dr. James A. Hunter, attended lectures at this institution for two sessions, viz., 1861-62 and 1863-64, and obtained license to practice from the Medical Board for Upper Canada. (Signed) H. H. WRIGHT, M.D., Secretary Toronto School of Medicine.

Dr. Hunter's Office is at 222 Post street.

September 16.

A. S. ROSENBAUM & CO.,

Southeast corner of California and Battery streets, invite the attention of their customers and others to their large assortment of the Best and Finest Brands of CHEWING and SMOKING TOBACCO, HAVANA CIGARS and CIGARITOS. Consignments of Choicest Brands of Cigars received by every Steamer. [Oct. 18] A. S. ROSENBAUM & CO.

NEWTON BOOTH, C. T. WHEELER, Sacramento. | J. T. GLOVER, W. W. DODGE, S. F.

W. W. DODGE & CO.,

Wholesale Grocers, corner Front and Clay streets, San Francisco. April 1.

STEELE'S SQUIRREL POISON.

[Patented October 19th, 1875.]

Sure death to Squirrels, Rats, Gophers, etc. For sale by all Druggists, Grocers and General Dealers. Price, \$1 per box. Made by JAMES G. STEELE & CO., San Francisco, Cal. Liberal discount to the Trade. Aug. 21.

NOBLE & GALLAGHER,

Importers and Dealers in Painters' Materials, House, Sign and Fresco Painters, Plain and Decorative Paper-Hangers and Glaziers, No. 438 Jackson street, between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco. Ceilings and Walls Kalsomined and Colored. Jobbing promptly attended to. May 13.

CUTTER WHISKY.

A. P. Hotaling & Co., No. 431 Jackson street, are the Sole Agents on this Coast for the celebrated J. H. CUTTER WHISKY, shipped direct to them from Louisville, Kentucky. The Trade are cautioned against the purchase of inferior and imitation brands of "J. H. Cutter Old Bourbon." Owing to its deserved reputation, various unprincipled parties are endeavoring to palm off spurious grades. It is really the Best WHISKY in the United States. March 19.

J. H. CUTTER OLD BOURBON.

C. P. Moorman & Co., Manufacturers, Louisville, Ky.... The above well-known House is represented here by the undersigned, who have been appointed their Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

July 3.

A. P. HOTALING & CO., 429 and 431 Jackson street, S. F.



GRAND HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

JOHNSON & CO., Proprietors.

"WESTWARD
THE STAR OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY"



"The New Wall that rides the speed of the Old."